

The double sorolle of Troylus to tell
King Pyramus sone of Troy
In buyinge / hollis hys auentures tell
From woo to wexe / andi after out of Troy
My purpos is / or that I parte from
Desirynge thold helpe me for to endyce
These woful Verses / that bewyn as I wryte

To the clepe I goddesse of turment /
Thou cruel fury / sorolbyng euer in wryne
Help me that am the sorowful instrument
That ilt y bouri / as I can to wlayne
For wel hit / the sooth for to wryne
A woful bynghe / to kniue a dery fere
Ande to a sorowful tale / a sorw chere

For I that god of hys seruantes serue
Me dat not wile / for myn Unydelnesse
Pray for swete / al shuld I therfore serue
So fer am I / from hys help in derlnessse
But markeled / yif thys may do gladnesse
To ony bouri / andi hys lady awable
Here is the thank / andi myn be the traunale

What ye bouri that biforn in gladnesse
My ony dore of wile in yoll be
Remembre yoll in wryng heynesse
That ye han felt / andi in the aduersite
Of other folle / andi thynk holl that ye
Haue felt holl bire dirst yoll dysplease
Or y haue bounne hem bynghe to grete ease

Andi pray for hem that ben in the cas
Of Troylus as ye may after here
That bire hym bynghe / in fruene to solace
Andi che for me prayeth / to godis so deere
That I haue myght / to helpe in somer manere
Such wryne / woo / as hys seruantes endure
As in Troylus hysely auenture



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<i>British Museum</i>						
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The double sorow of Troylus to tell
Iryngz Pyramus sone of Troy
In buyingz / holt hys auentures fell
From woo to wele / andz after out of joye
My purpos is/or that I parre fro
Thesiphone thold helpe me for to endyce
These woful veres/that wepyn as I wryte



To the clepe I goddesse of turment/
Thou cruel fury/ sorolbyngz euer in payne
Help me that am the sorowful instrument
That helpe bouriers / as I can to playne
For wel sitte / the sooth for to sayne
A woful bygght / to haue a derry fere
Andz to a sorowful tale / a soray chere

For I that godz of houys scruauntis serue
Ne dar not loue / for myn only blynesse
Pray for spedz/ al shuldz I therfore serue
So fer am I / from hys helpe in derknesse
But nathelos / yif hys may do gladnesse
To ony buer / andz hys lady auayle
Haue he the thank / andz myn be the traayle

But ye bouners that bithen in gladnesse
Yf ony drope of ypte in yoll be
Remembre yoll in passyngz heupnesse
That ye han felt / andz in the aduertise
Of other folk / andz thynk holt that ye
Haue felt holt loue durst yoll dysplease
Or ye haue wonne hem bygght to grett ease

Andz pray for hem that ben in the cas
Of Troylus as ye may after here
That loue hym bryngz / in heuene to solace
Andz eke for me prayeth / to godz so dere
That I haue myght / to selbe in some manere
Such payne & lwo/ as houys scruauntis endure
As in Troylus onself aduenture

Andi byddyth eke for hem that ben dyspayred
In loue / that never wyl recouered be
Andi eke for theym that falsly ben aperred
Thurgh lykned tungen / be yt he or she
Thus prayeth god / for hys benyngme
So grant hym soone / out of thys world to pace
That is dyspeyred out of hys grace

Andi byddyth eke for hem / that ben at ease
That god graunt hem ay / goode perueruance
And send hem myght / their lades for to please
That is to loue by worshipp and plesaunce
For so hope I my self best auaunce
To pray for hem that loues seruauntis be
Andi wryte theyr woo / andi syue in chirchte

Andi for to haue on theym compassioun
As though they were theyr olyne brethern dene
Nolb kerkenyth byth goodi entencoun
For nolb I wil go seyght to my matere
By wypes ye may the double sorolb here
Of Troylus in louyng of Criseyde
Andi hold she forsooke hym or he deyde

It is wel wypse / holb y Grecis stronge
In armes with a thousand shippes wet
To troye ward / andi the citte longe
Assyegidz wel ten yere or they stent
Andi in dyuerse wypse / andi oon entent
The rauysshynge to wreke / of Heseyne
By paris don they brought alle theyr peyne

Nolb ful it so that in the toun ther was
Dlberkyng a lordz of gret auctorite
A gret deuynour / that clepydy was Calcas
That in science so expert was he
Benelbe wel that twye shulde destroyed be
By answere of hys god / that hyght thus
Dan ophesus or Apollo Delphicus

So Iwstan calcas knelbe by calcuynge
Andi eke by anslbet of thys Apollo
That grecis shulde such a peple bryng
Through whiche that Troye must be fordo
He cast anon out of the towne to go
For Iwste be Iwste by sort that Troye shulde
Dysewyed be Iwto so boldy or nolde

For whiche he thought to departe softly
Toke purpos thus in ful vnknothen Iwste
Andi to the grecis went ful priuily
He stale anon andi they in curteye loyse
Hym dyden both worshyp andi scrupse
In trust that he shuldy connyngz hem to rede
In eury perple / whiche that stoody in drede

Noysse vp roos Iwstan it was fyrt cspedy
In alle the towne / andi openly was spoken
That calcas traydour fledy / was andi alpedy
To hem of grec / andi cast was to be broken
On hym that fassely hath hys fayth so broken
Andi saydy he andi alle hys knyng attunes
Were worthy to be brent bothe fel andi lones

Now had Calcas left in thys myschauice
Unlyst of thys falso andi wylkedy dede
A daughter whiche that was in grete penaunce
Andi of her lys she was ful sore in drede
Andi wylst never what best was to rede
Andi as a wydelve was she al alone
And wylst to whom/six durst make her mone

Eriseide was thys ladys name a ryght
As to my dome in al Troyes citie
Most fayrest lady for passyngz eury lynght
So Angelyk shone hys natyf beaute
That thynge none mortal semyd she
Andi ther wylth was six so perfyte a creature
As six had Calcas made in scorynge of nature

Thys lady hat alday / brydʒ al ew
Hys fader shame / falsbrydʒ andy treason
Ful mygh out of hys lort / for sorolb & frue
In lyndelbes habyte large of lamp & broun
Byfore Hedes on knees sit ful adoun
Hys mercip lady / hys self excusynge
Wyth yþþous boþs / andy tenderly lþerþynge

Nolo was hys Hecor pytous of nature
Andy salbe that he was sorowful sygon
Andy that he was so sypr a creature
Of hys goodnes / he gladyd her anon
Andy sayd / late your faders treason gon
Furth wþtþ my schaunce & þe your selfen joye
þlvesth wþtþ þe wþile your good liste in towre

And al þ honour that men may do wyl haue
As ferforth as though your frider dwel lid were
Ye shul haue / andþ your body shul men saue
As fer as I may ought enquyr andþ were
Andþ sil hym thanked with ful humble esse
Andþ ofter woldy / andþ it shdy ben hys wyl
Toke her leue went home / andþ woldy hys seyl

And in her hous abode mythe such mythe
As to her honour nedē was to hold,
And whyle that she was dwellyng in þe citie
Kept her ceaste / and both of yonge and old
Ful wel behynd her and men of her wold
But wherher she chyd / and / or non
I rede it not / Therfor / I lete it gon

The thynges ful as they don of liberte
Welvryg hem of Troye andi Grecis ofte
For some day boughx them of Troye deute
Andi est the Grecis founde nothyngz lost
The folkz of Troye / andi thus fortune ahost
Andi Endyr est gan hem to repence bothx
After theys coura bishyn they liberte leborth

But holt hys folyn com to distruiction
Ne fullpith not to purpes me to telle
For it were here a longe dygessioun
Fro my matyer andy wyl ful longe to deibale
But the Twian gestis as thy telle
In Omere in Dares / or in Wyte
Who so that can may rede hem as they wryte

And though þ grecis them of Troie sixteen
Andy andy theyz aye blyegyd al aboute
Yet for alle theyr blage woldy they not leisen
To worshyp e honour theyr goddis ful deuoute
Wþth moste truerent in honour out of doure
Theyr worshyped a reliquye callid Palladian
On whom was alle theyr truse aboue eþen

And so holt wþtan comen was the tyme
Of Aþys wþtan clothyd is the mere
Wþth newe grene of lusyn beet the yvine
Andy silvre smelling foliess wþspere any rede
In fundry wþse silvþdy as I rede
The folke of Troie therþ obseruanted oddi
Palladian fesse wente for to holdy

Unto the temple in alther besee wþys
Generally theyr wente many a longht
To herkene of Palladian scrupel
Andy namely many a lusyn knyght
Andy many a lady fressh andy mayden bright
Full wel armyd both mest and leste
Both for the season andy the ype feste

Amonge this other folk was Crisypar
In wþdeþes habyte black / but natheles
Knyght as our first leittir is wyl an A
In healþe forst / so seode she makelos
Her goodly lookyngz gladdyd alle the peple
Has never seen thryngz to be vreyfyd were
Nor vnder cloþyd black so hryght a feste

As was Cristyde / as folke sayd echone
That her behelde in her blacd weede
And yet she stood ful folwe and seyl alone
Besyndy other folke in lytel brede
And mythe dore Under shames drede
Syngle of atyre / and debonayre of chere
Wyth ful assyrdy lookyng and manere

Thys Troplis as he was wont to gyde
Hys yong knyghtes lady hem by and down
In thysk large temple / on eueri syde
Welchdyng ay the lades of the toun
Noll her nold ther / for no deuocoun
Had he to none to toun hem hym resse
But gan to prayse and lask whan hym leste

And in hys walle ful fise he gan to waper
Yf knyght or squyer / of hys compaunys
Can for to sigh / or lete hys eyen wiper
On ony womman that he wold espy
He woldy simle and heldy in a folke
And said he thus god wold he steliche ful soft
For loue of polle / whan ye come ful oft

I haue herdy tel pardicur of polde syngynge
Ye knyghts andy eke pour felde obseruance
Andy wherest a labour folke haue in syngynge
Of loue and in the kyngys wherest dountace
Andy whan pour pray is lost two g penaunce
O beautey foolis / blynde andy myte he y
ther is not one can luate by other he

Andy with y lond he woldy cast by the brode
A scaunce is thys not leste y spoken
At whiche the gody of loue gan folke tolde
Kynghe for despyte / andy swope to be brokyn
He kyng anon / hys folke haad not brokyn
For sedaynly he bryt hym at the ful
Andy yet as prolld a pech can he pus

O Slynnyd woldy / O Slynnyd entencion
Holle oft fallyth alle thefet conterayre
Of surquidrye andy foul presumptioun
Hes caught is proldy & caught is debonayre
Thys twylyng is combyn on the seayre
Andy lytel bwenyng that he shal descenden
But alday faylyng hynge / that foole benden.

As proldy bryardy begynnyngh for to slay
Out of the way / so vryklyth hym hym corn
Tyl be a lassh hue of the longe whyp
Than thynklyth be though I prauynce al byforn
Fyrst in the trapes / ful fat andy neide y shyn
Pet am I but an horo / andy horses calbe
I must endure / andy bypith my feetis dralbe

So fierdy it by this herte and proldy hyngh
Though he a worthy hynge sones were
Andy benden nothynge hady hady succe myght
A gentl hys lyyl that shuld hys hert seere
Pet lyyl a boke hys hert was a fynre
Than be that nobl was mose in pride above
Way sodaynly mose subiect unto houe

For thy ensamble take of thys man
He lyppre proldy andy worthy folkis alle
To scorne houe / lykelye that se soone can
The fydoun of polde hertis to hym thralle
For euer it was andy euer be shal
That houe is he / that all thynge may hynce
For noman may forde the calbe of hynde

That this is sooth is prouyd andy doth yit
For thys trow I ye knolben alle andy some
Men warden not that folk haue gretter wyt
Than they y han ben mose lyyl houe y nome
Andy stengest folk be therlylyh ouercome
The worthihest andy grettest of degre
Thys was andy is / andy yet manys sulit see

Andz trewly it falleth wel to be so
For alther lypset han therlypthe ben pleasidz
Andz thry that han ben althermost in woo
Wyth loue haue ben confordey most andz easidz
Andz oft it hath the cruel herte apeasidz
Andz worthy folk made worthyer of rame
Andz causith most to dredre byce andz shame

Nolb sith it may not goodly be lyþtonde
Andz is a thyngr so vertuous in kynde
Refusith not in loue to be bounde
Sith as hym self lyst he may yolb kynde
The verdy is better that bolven wyl and lynde
I han that that breseth/ and therfor I yolb rede
To folowbe loue/ that yolb so wel can lede

But forth to telle / in espeyal
As of this kynges sone of wþyche I woldz
And lete other thynges collateral
Of hym thynk I my tale forth to holdz
Both of hys joye andz of hys cares coldy
Andz all hys werkis tolþnygr thys matere
For ther as I gan I wyl thereto refere

Within the temple he wete hym forth pleyenge
Thys twilis of eueri wight aboute
On thys lady andz nolb on that lokyngr
Whether so sse were of tolwne or of lyþhoutt
Andz upon mas byfel that thurgh a folwe
Hys eye peridz andz so depe it went
Al on Criside it smet andz there it stent

Andz sodainly he waz therlypthe astonyedz
Andz gan hys herte beholdz in thryfþ lyse
O mercy godz thought he/wster hast þ wonedz
That art so fayre andz goodly to occupye
Therlypthe hys herte began to sprede andz ryse
Andz soft sighedz / leſt men myght hym here
Andz caught agayn hys fyre pleyengz clere

She was nat byth the leste / of hyr statuē
But alle her lymmes / so wes answertyngē
Werē to wōmmānhoode / that creature
Was never lassē manyssh in semyngē
Andē eke the pure wypse of her meuyngē
She lvydē wele that men myght in her gesse
Honour estate / andē wōmmānly noblesse

The Troilus ryght wonderly wel wthal
Gan for to lyke her meuyngē andē hyr chyret
Whyle sumdel deynous was for sic leete fal
Hyr booke a lyte asyde in suchē manere
Askaunce what may I nat sondē ferre
Andē after that her lookyngē gan sic lyght
Hym never thought haue seen so goodē a sight

Andē of hyr booke in hym ther gan quylēn
So gretē desire / andē suchē affectionē
That hys hert bottum it gan styken
Of hyr fygure byth depe oppressioun
Andē thought he eerst had polvredē up & doun
He was tho glady / hys hornes in to shrynkē
Winneth wist he holē to booke or wyrke

To se that leete hym self so connyngē
Andē scornedē theym that louys peynes dryen
Was ful vnlbare / that loue hath his dwellsyngē
Within the subtyl stremes / of hyr eyen
That sodaynly hym thought he shuldē dryen
Ryght byth hyr booke the spyrat in hys hert
Blessedē be loue / that can thus folk conuert

She thus in black / lykyngē to Troilus
Ouer al thyngē / he stode to beholde
Ne hys desyre / ne wylfor he stode thus
He never chyret made / ne wordē toldē
But from afer / hys maner to beholde
On other thyngē somtyme hys booke he caste
Andē eft on hyr whyle the scruyse caste

Andi after hym not fully al albaydy
Out of the temple / al easly he went
Repentyng hym that he had euer happyd
Of louis folk / leste fully the descent
Of scorn ful on hym self / but what he mente
Lest it were wryt in ony maner spide
Hye Iwo he gan dyssimulen / andi to hym

Whan he was fro the temple thus deparde
He strenght anon / unto hym palaces turyngh
Right with his book thurh shot a thurh dat lid
He seyneth he in luse / ther he souourngh
Andi al his chev & speche / also he bourngh
Andi ap of louys seruauntis / every lwhyle
Hym self to wreke at hym he gan to smyle

Andi sayd lord so ye knye alle in lese
Ye knye for the conmpngest of polv
That scruply most entynghly andi leste
Hym hit therof as ofteh furme as prolo
Your herte is quyt agayn / ye godly wode hold
Mat wese for wese / but scorn for godly seruyngh
In seyng your ordre is / mid in goodly wryt

In no certayne ben al your offseruauntis
But it a sely spye weynche be
Ne nothyngh aslyth so gret attendaunte
As doeth your lady / andi that knolde al ye
But that is not the wrose so mote I the
But wold I polv the wrose wryt I leue
All sayd I soth / ye wold I at me grieve

But take hym that ye knye oft eschewle
Or ellis den of godly entenciouyn
Hul oft your lady / wryt it my consente be
Andi deme it furme / in hit oppynyoun
Andi put yf hit for other entrasoun
We wroth thene hulst þ haue a groyne anoy
Lordy wese is hym / that may be of polv con

But for al hys / whan that he salbe hys lyne
He held his wæs none other booke hym gayned
For loue bygan hys fetys / for to lyne
That wel unnethe into hys folke he seyned
That other besy nedis / hym dyscreyned
For wo was hym that wist to do he myst
But bidy hys folke go wher that hem lyt

Andi whan that he in chambre was alone
He doun wron hys beddis feele hym sette
Andi furse he gan do sigh / andi est to grove
Andi thought ay so on hir / wþouthouten lete
That as he sat andi wroke / hys spirit mette
That he hit salbe temple andi alle the gypse
Ryght of her leoke / andi gan it nalle aduyse

Thus gan he make a myrour of hys mynde
In wþyche he salbe al hool hir fygure
Andi that he wel woude / in hys hert synde
He was to hym a ryght goodi aventure
To loue such one / andi yf he dyd hys cure
To scroun hir hit myght he fal in grace
Or ellis for one of hir scrouantis raze

Imagynynge that traunple ne grame
He myght not for so goodly one be born
As she ne hym for no desyre ne shame
Wel were it wþst / but in wþre wþ born
Of al woures wel more than byforn
Thus argued he in hys begynnyng
Ful unysed of hys wro compnyng

Thus wroke he wrotes / louys craft to syelbe
Andi thought he woldy wroke priuely
Fyrst to hys hys desite ni melbe
From euery wþyght v hir vterly
But he myght ought recouerd / he therly
Reme mþryng hym that loue to wþde y hys
Yeldith better faynt though silte seede be solbe

Andi curst al hys moche more he thought
What for to speke / andi what to holden grace
Andi to art her to knite he thought
Andi a songe / anon ryght to bagynne
Andi gan bolden on hys forcole for to lbyrnes
For lbyrnes goody hope / he gan fully assent
Cryseide for to knite / andi not to repente

Andi of hys songe not only the sentence
As lbyrnes myn auctor/callyd lbyrnes
But pecynly sauie outt tonges difference
I dare wel say in al that Tropus
Seyde in hys songe to cuery wordi ryght thus
As I shal seyn / andi who so lyke it hit
To next hys vers ye may it fynden hit

Yf no knite is / O godi what frele I so
Andi yf knite is lbyrnes thryng andi lbyrnes is bi
Yf knite be goody from lbyrnes compyth my lbo
Yf it be lbyrnes/ a lbyrnes thrynketh me
Whan cuery torment andi aduersite
That compyth of hym may to me sauory thrynk
For ay thrynk I the more that I it drynk

Andi yf that at myn olde luse I beinne
Fr3 lbyrnes compyth my lbyrnes yng 2 my piynat
Yf harm angre me / lbyrnes pleyn 3 thenne
I note not lbyrnes Unlvery that I feyn
O quylk deth / O sibete furme so ouerat
Hold may of the in me be suche quylk
But yf I consent / that it so be

Andi yf that I consent lbyrnes wrongfully
Compleyne yllys / thus possid to andi few
Al sterles / lbyrnes a boke am I
Amydde the see betwix lbyrnes lbo
That in contrary stondyn euctmo
Alas lbyrnes is thys lbyrnes maladre
For herte of coldy / for coldy of herte I dye

And to the god of loue thus sayd he
With pycous boves / O lordy nold yowre is
My spirit whiche that ought yowre be
Yow thank I lordy / þ haue me brought to this
But whiche goddesse or womman ylvis
She be I note whiche that ye do me serue
But as hyr man I wyl ay lyue and serue

Ye stonden in her eyen / myghtyly
As in a place / vnto your vertu dypne
Therefore lordy þf my seruice or I
May lyke yow / so be to me benigne
For myn ceseate kynge / I here resigne
In to her hande / and by þf ful humble chere
Upome hyr man as to my lady dere

In hym ne deyned to sparcybody / Kynge
The spre of loue wherfrom gody me blesse
Ne hym forlote in no degré for al
Hys excellent or vertuous yroffesse
But heldy hym as hys thral / in loue dyscreesse
And bient hym so in sondry wypse al nelde
That syxtyme a day / he lost hys helde

Somuche day from day / hys olde thought
For lust to hyr / gan quiken andy entacie
That euery other charge he sette at nouȝt
For hym ful oft / hys herte spre to cracie
To see her goodly clere he gan to preacie
For therby to be easedy wel he wendy
Andy ay the next he was / the more he brendy

But whan he had a spacie / from hys care
Thus to hym self / ful oft he gan to vleyne
He sayd o foole / nold art thou in the snare
That wherom I apprete / at loues peyne
Nold art þ fent / nold gnalb thyng olde cheyne
Thou wert ay won / eche boller to reprende
Of thyng whiche thou canst ther not defende

What lyke nold every boiter / say of the
If thys be wort / But euer in thyng absence
Laugh in scoty / and sey to boiter goth he
That is the man / of so greet sappence
That boldy be boiters / leste in reuertence
Nold thanked be god / he may go in the daunce
Of hem that boite lyk / faybly to auaunce

But e thou woful twylus god / woldy
Sith thou must boite / thurgh thy destynge
That thou byset were / on such one that sholdy
Er nolde al thy woo / al lakked be thyng
But also coldy / in boite woldaris the
Thy lady is / as frost in nynter moone
And thou for done as frost in nynter soone

God / woldy I were arayed in the port
Of deth the wryght / my sorow wyl me lede
A lord to me it were a grete comfort
Than were I quyte of languffhynge in dred
For by myn hys / sorow y bbliven in brede
I shal y iaped be / a thousand tyme
More than a foole of whos folys men ryme

But nold helpe god / and ye swete for whom
I pleyne / y caught ye neuer wryght so fast
O mercys deth hert / and helpe me from
The deth / for I whyle my lyf may last
More than my self wyl boite yold to my lase
And with som frandys booke / gladith me swete
Though neuer nothynge more ye me bythe

These wordis / and ful many another to
He spack and callid euer in his compleynt
Hys name for to tellyn hym / he is woo
Tyl mygh that he in salt teris dreynt
Al was for nought / he herd not hym pleynt
And iban that he bethought / on that folys
A thousand for / hym woo gan multiply

Bylwaylyng in hys chambre / thus alone
A frendy of hys / that callidz was pandare
Come oones in / andz herdy hym grone
Andz salb hys frendz / in such dysteres andz care
Alas quodz he / who causith alle thys hitte
O mercy godz / what unhap may thys mene
Hane nold thus soone / grecis made yold lene

Or hast thou some temors / of conscience
Andz art nold fallen / in some deuocioun
Andz layples for thy synne & for thyng offence
And hast for fere / nught contricioun
Godz sauve hem that bysiegedy haue thys dwyn
That so can leye / our Iolite on presse
Andz bryngge oure lusty folk / to holynesse

These wordis saydy he / for the nones alle
That with such thing he might him angry makē
Andz byth hys angré / do hys soroll falle
As for the tyme / andz hys corage albalen
Andz wel byst he / as fer as tunges spanken
ther nas a man of gretter hitdynesse
Thin he / ne nomore desiredz worthynesse

What caas quod twilus tho / or whtat aduerture
Hath guydedy the / to see me languysshye
That am refuse / of euery creature
But for the loue of godz / at my prayenge
So hens albay / for certis my deyng
Wyl the dysease / andz I mote nedis dñe
therfor so hens / ther is nomore to seye

But yf thou bene / I be thus sike for dede
It is not so / andz therfor scorn me nought
ther is another thyng I take of dede
Wel more thā ought the grecis han yit brought
Whiche cause is of my dede / sorely & thought
But thought I nold tel it the ne lest
Be thou not broth I hyde it for the best

Thys chandare that my malte / for woo & woe
Ful oft sayd alas / what may thys be
Nolb frenyd quodz be / yf euer loue or tryste
Math ben or is / bytildene the andz we
Ne do thou never / such a crueste
To hyde from me thy fornde / such a we
Wost thou not wel / that I am pandare

I wyl part wyth the al the wyne
Yf it be so / I do the no confort
As it is frendis ryght / sooth for to sayne
To entreparre woo / as glady dysport
I haue andz shal for frell or fale wort
In wrong andz ryght / I boundy the al my lyfe
Wyde not thy woo from me/but tell it Elpus

Than gan thys sorowfull Troylus to sike
Andz sayd hym thus/godz lieue it be my last
To tel it the / for sith it may the lyke
Put wyl I tel it / though myn art brent
Andz wel wote I / thou mayst do no wile
But lest thou deme / I trust not to the
Nolb frenyd / for thus it standyeth wylle we

Loue agynste wryght / who so defendyeth
Hym self mest / it al therlist auctorith
Wyth dyspeyre / so so; olbustly me offendyeth
That set ryght vnto the deth / myn art sayd
Therto desire / so brennyngly me assayd
That to be slayne / it were a gretter joye
To me than to be kyng/ of Grec andz Troye

Suffisith thys my ful frenyd chandare
That I haue sayd/ for nolb wost thou my woo
Andz for the loue of godz / my coldy care
Wyde it wel / I woldy it neuer nomo
For harmeo myght forwile me than i do
Yf it were iwyte / but be thou in gladnes
Andz lete me seue / unkno w of my dyscre

Holde hast thou thus / binkynysly andy longe
Hysys fro me / thou foole quodys Pandarus
Met auenture thou mayst / after suckston longe
That myn aduyse / anon may helpen vs
Thys libere a wounder thyngy / quodys Troysus
Thou colddyst never in loue / thy self wyse
Holde deuyl mayst thou than / bryng me to blisse

Ye Troysus ferken noll / quodys Pandarus
Though I be nyce / it haith often so
That oon that excesse doeth / ful euylfure
Wy goodys counsayl / can kepe hys frenyd therfro
I haue my self seen a blyndy man go
There as he fyl / that colde looke wyde
A foole may eke / a wyse man often guyde

A wosten / is no keruynge instrument
But yet it maketh / shry keruynge wosten
Andy therre thou woose / that I haue myselfent
Eschewell thou that / for sucke thyngy to scoole is
Thus oft wyse men / ben ware by fooleis
If thou do so / thy libert is wel belward
Wy hys contrary / is euery thyngy declandy

For holde myght euer / silenesse be knolle
To hym that never / tasedy bytternesse
Ne man may / be nly gladd / I tolle
That never was in soroll / or some dysresses
Eke white by black / by shame eke worthynesse
Eke set by other / more for oþyr semperis
As men may see / andy so the wyse it demperis

Syþ thus of two contraries / is oo bore
I that haue so oft / in loue assayred
Grauantes ought conne / wel the more
Counsayle the / of that thou art dysmayed
Andy eke the not ought / be euyl assayed
Though I desir / worth the for to lete
Thyn huy charge / it shal the lasse dete

I woot wel / it satith thus by me
As to thy brother charis / andy a prynesse
Whiche that y cleppyd was Denonc
Wrote in a compleynt / of hys fruyntesse
Thou salve the lettir / that he wrot i geffe
May never yit plys / quod I Troylus
Nolb quod Mandate / brekeyn it was thus

Phibus that fyrst founde / art of medycne
Quodys ffe that colde / in every lypgheis caue
Remedy andy rede / by herbis he knew syne
Pet to hym self / hys connyng was ful swa
For loue had hym / boundy in a snare
Al for the daughter of the kyng Amore
That alle hys crast / ne colde hym forolde he

Ryght so faire I / Unshaply for me
I loue one bestee / andy that me smertysh forse
Andy pit perauenture can I trow the
Andy not my self / it perces me nomore
I haue no cause I woot wel for to forse
No deeth an halvke / that lyseth for to drey
Wit to thyng dese / somwhat can I say

Andy of oþyng / ryght fforst mayst thou be
That artyn for to dren in the wyne
That shal I never more / dyscouer the
Ne by my croulth / I kepe not wittynge
The from thy loue / though that is wete Welwynge
That is thy broþers wyp / yf I u wyp
We wbat shal be / andy loue hym as the lyf

Therefore as friendfullly / in me assur
Andy tel me what now / what is thencfors
Andy synal cause / of woe that ye endure
For douthyng noþyng / my endancys
I wye not to you / of reþtension
To speke as now / for no lypghe may expreue
A man to loue / tyl that hym lyf to leue

Andi wyrte wel / that both tho ben vices
Myselfe al / or ellis al to leue
But wel i worte / the meane of it no wyt is
For to trust some wryght / it is a preue
Of trowth andi for thy / woldy i fayne remeue
Thy wronge concept / andi do the somwhat cryst
Thy woo to tel / andi tel me yf the lyte

The wryte seyth / Woo hym that is alone
For yf he falle / he hath no helpe to ryse
Andi falle thou haue a felowe / telle thy mone
For thy is not certeyne the next wryte
To lypnen houe / as telle vs the wryte
To haefelowe andi wepe / as wyle the quene
Who teneys yit in marshyl stone be scene

Take he thy wepyng / andi thy dreynesse
Andi lete vs lissen woo / wryth ourt spede
So may thy woful tyme / seeme leesse
Welpe not in woo / thy woo to seche
As don thyse fooles / that theyr sorowes eche
Wryth sorow / whan they haue mysauntur
Andi lyte not to seche hym / oþyr cure

Men seyn / to wretches is consolacion
To haue anothyr felaw in hys peyne
That ought wel be / oure oppynoun
For both thou andi / for loue we pleyne
So ful of sorow am i soth to seyne
That certaynly nomoore hardy grace
May sitte on me / for whyn ther is no space

Yf god wyl thou art not agase of me
Lest i woldy of thy lady the begylle
Thou wrost thy self whom that i loue parde
As i best can / goon with long wylle
Andi falle thou woost / i do it for no wylle
Andi leste i am le / thou trustest most
Tel me somwhat / falle al my wyt thou woost

Yet Twylus for al hys / no wordc sayd
But songc he lay stylle / as he deedly libert
Andi after hys / Wyth sighyngc he abreyde
Andi to pandatus boore / he sayd hys eve
Andi Up hys eyen cast he / that in fere
Was pandatus / lest that in frenesye
He shuld falie / or ellis soone dye

Andi crched alwake ful wonderly andi sharp
Whit stumbrest thou / as in a sytargy
Or art thou lyke / an Asse vnto the harp
That herith soline/Whan men the strynges plic
But in hys mynde of that no meddy
May synken in / to gladden for that he
So dul is of hys bestialyce

Andi Wyth hat pandare / of hys wordis stent
Andi Twylus vnt hym / no thyngc answred
For thy to telien / was not hys entent
Neuer to noman / for whom he so ferdy
For it is sayd / men make oft a verdy
Wyth whiche the maker / is hym self y betyn
In sondry maner as these Wyse tretyn

Andi namelij / in hys counsayl tellynge
That touchyth loue / that ought to be secre
For of hym self / it wyl ymough out spryngc
But yf that it / the bet gouerned be
Eke somyngc it is craft to scme fle
For thyngc whiche in effect / men hantyn fast
Al thys gan Twylus / in hys herde cast

But neuertheles / whan he hadi ferdy hym crche
Alwake he gan / andi sighed wonder sore
Andi sayd frende / though that I stylle lyce
I am not deef / nolb peas andi crche nomore
I haue ferdy thy wordis / andi thy bore
But suffit me / my myschyef to keldaylen
For thy prouerbis / may me not auaylen

None other cure canſt thou for me
Eke I wyl not be curid/ I wyl depe
Whit knolbe I of the quene I yoke
Eate be thy oldi ensamples I the preye
No quodij pandare therfore I seye
Sucke is delyter of foolis to hyldepe
Her Iwo but ſeeke boote they ne kepe

Nowt know I what reaſon in the faylyth
But tel me / yf I wylle what ſhe were
For whom that the al this myſauenture ayllyth
Durſt thou that I toldy it in her eere
Thy Iwo ſith thou darſt not thy ſelf for her
Andy hir leſouȝt / on the to haue ſome roibith
Why nay quodij ſe / by godij andy by my troulith

What not as busily quodij pandare
A i though myn olvne lyf lay in thyſe ne de
No certis brother quodij thyſe Troylus
Andy whyn for that thou ſhuldest never ſpede
Woore thou not wel / ye that is out of dredē
Quodij troylus for al that euer ye conne
She nyl to no ſucke wretche as I be wonne

Quodij pandare alas what may thyſe be
That thou dyspayridj art thus cauſelee
What lylyth not thy lady benedict
Holt woost thou ſoo / that thou art gracesles
Sucke cupl is not alibay booteles
Whyn put not imposſible thus thy cure
Syth thyngz to come is / oft hath aduenture

What sholdy ſe therfor fal in dyspreye
Or be recaunt / for hys olvne teene
Or ſle hym ſelf / al be hys lady feyre
Nay nay but euer in oon be freſh andy grene
To ſerue andy loue / hys dere hertis quene
Andy thyngz it is a gylberdon for to ſerue
A thouſandij foldij more than ſe can deſtrue

Andz of that wordz wile heede Troylus
Andz thought anon / wist folke he was in
Andz tolde that soth hym sayde Pandarus
That for to see hym self/mighte he not roynne
But both do unmanhoodz / andz a synne
Andz of hys deth / hys lady not i. wypre
For of his woor godz woot he knell but syde

Andz wryth that thought / he gan ful sore sike
Andz sayd alas / what is me best to do
To whom pandare / answereyd of the syde
The best is / that thou tolle me al thy woor
Andz knue my trouthe / but thou spide is so
I be thy woor / or that it be ful longe
Andz tolde to peis / do me dralve andz honge

Ye so seyst thou / quod Troylus tho also
But godz wote / it is not the rather so
Hul hardy wete it / to helpen in hys cas
For wete spide / that fortune is my foo
Ne alle the men that ryden conne or goo
May of hys cruce wiste the harm withistonde
For ac sti syde / sti pleynth wryth for andz hond

I graunt wel it at thou enduris woor
As shryp as doth curus in helle
Who seomack foldeis tyten cuerno
That hright vulture / as bookeis tolle
But I may not endure / that thou dresse
In se an unskillful oþwynyon
That of thy woor is no cuaden

But oones myself / for thy rebarde bett
Andz for thyne ire / andz foolish wylfulnesse
For wantruse cel of thy woundis smerte
Ne to thyne olvne helpe/ do besynesse
As mocke as speke a reason / more or less
But lyggest as he that lyft of noþyng wile
What womman coude haue such a wretche

What may sic deme / offyng of thy deeth
If thou thus dye / andy sic noce whyn it is
But that for drede is yolden vp thy breth
For Grekes han byleggyd vs ylbyd
Lordy such a thank shalt thou haue of thys
Thys wyl sic say / andy alle the tolde atones
The wretche is dedy / the devyl haue hys bones

Thou mayst alone here wepe knels andy cre
But bwe a woman that sic wote vsought
Andy sic shal quyte it / thou shalt it not espre
Unknow vnsyse / andy bwe that is unsought
What many a man bwe bwe / ful deere y boughht
Twenty wyrter / that hys lady ne wylst
That never yet hys lady mouth se syse

Quod panduis thou blamest fortune
For then art thow / nolb at erst I see
Wost thou not wel that fortune is comune
To euery maner lynght / in some degree
Andy pit thou haue thys comfort so parde
So as hit joyes must ouergon
We must hit sorowes passen eueryhon

For yf hit wile leuyt any thyng to turne
Than faceth sic anoy fortune to be
Nolb hit hys wile by no wyl may so ouerne
What woste thou / of hys mutabilite
Lynght as thy self wyl / sic wyl do by the
Or yf sic be not seen at thyng helppynge
What auenture thou hast cause for to synge

Andy therfor woste thou what I the beseche
Lete be thy wile / andy turnyng to the groundy
For whoso so lyte haue helppynge of hys leche
To hym byhoughth first / Unknower hys wounde
To certeine in falle / as be I bounde
Wete it for my sustre / al thy sorow
By my wyl sic shulde be thyng to morow

Looke up I say / and tell me what she is
Anon that I may goo about thy neare
Knolle I herte not for my loue tell me thynges
Thin woldy I hope rather for to speare
Thou gan the Beynes of Troylus to bleare
For he was hit and wox alle wids for shame
A ha quod Pandare / here begynnyng the game

And wryth that woldy he gan hym to shake
And sayd therif thou shal hys name tell
But thou gan helpe Troylus to quake
As thought þ men shuld hys ledy hym to tell
And sayd alas / of alle my lwo the welle
That is she my swete caledy Crisypus
And wryth that woldy / for fer ryng he deyde

And wban pandare therif hym set name newane
Lordy he was glady / and sayd therif so deare
Holt faire a ryght / for loue name in dwene
Loue shal be set the lbel be of goody chere
For of goody name / wrytedom and maner
She hath ryough / and eke of gentylnesse
If shal be hys / thou woose thy self I gesse

Never salb I none more boundyounous
Of her estat ne gladder of speche
A frendshir / ne more gracious
For to do wel ne lasse hady neide to seche
What is for to done / and al thyng her to eche
In honour to do for to do she may secrete
A kynges hert semeth by hys a bretche

And also thyng / and theribyng glady the
That hys thy lady vertuous is al
So folowyth it / that there is som perte
Among al thynges other in generat
And for thy see that in especial
Requyre not that is ayens her name
For vertu stretchyth not hym self to shame

Now sette thy brest / andy for to godz of loue
Thy grace lordy / for nold I me repente
Yf I my spack afor nold my self I loue
Thus sette wþth all thyng cert m goodz entente
Quodz twylus / a lordy I me consent
Andy pray to the / my Iapis to forue
Andy I shal neuermore wþpse I lyue

Thou sayst wel quodz pandare / nold I hope
That thou the goddis wrath hast apeasedz
Andy spþt thou hast wept manþ a drope
And said such thing wþterþth thy god is pleasedz
Nold woldz never godz / but thou were casidz
Andy thynk wel ffe of whom rise al thy woo
Here a fore / thy confort may be also

For this ground that beris the weeding wþcke
Wþþt the hollem herbis ful ofte
Neþt the foule netys wþgþ handz wþcke
The rose beris wþt silver / smooth andy soft
Andy neþt the valep / is the hyl abste
Andy neþt the dark nyght / is the gladi moroll
Andy also Jore is neþt thendz of soroll

Nold lookt that attempte be thy brydel
Andy for the best / ay suffre to the tyde
On ellis all our labour / is al ydel
He susþt wþl / that wþpse can abyde
Be dysþgent andy trelve / andy all þay hyde
Be lusep ffe / perleuere m thy scrupse
Andy al is wþl / yf thou werk m thy wþse

The tyme thou maist bliþ / that euer þ were born
Andy the goddis thank / that m so good a place
Haue the bisholbedz m loue / I dreste haue sworn
That þ shuldz never haue hadz / so fayre a gracie
Andy wþp for thou were euer won to chace
At loue m scorn / andy for dysþpte hem calle
Desyuer the wþldz / lordz of thyng foolis alle

Whan Coklus hadi herdy / Pandare assenyd
To be hys help in louyng of Crispyd
Way of hys woo / as who sayth Enturmentid
But hider way hys loue / andy than be seyd
Wþth sober chere as though hys bret hadi pleyd
Hold blyssful Venus / hys or that I serue
Of the Pandare / I may some thank desyre

But dere frendy holl shul my lwo be lesse
Tyl thys le don / andy goody eke al me thys
Holl wþst thou sey / of me andy my dyserset
Lesse shal be lwoþt / thys drede I most ylvis
Or wþl not here / or trolben holl it is
All thys drede I / andy eke for the maner
Of the hys Eme / shal wþl no sucht thynges bre

Quod Pandare / thou hyst ful gret care
Eke that the chere / ful out of the moone
Whyn wþd / I haue of the / thy myre haue
What entremet of that / thou hast to doone
For goddis loue / I bþde the a boone
Ho lete me alone / andy it shal be thy lesse
What stondy quod be nolde / do ryght as the lise

But herk / Pandare / o wordy for I nolde
That thou m me / wþndys se gret folys
That to my lady / I desir sholdy
That wþchþt harme / or any wþrom
For dredeles / me were leuer dñe
Than shal of me / ought ellis vndirstoode
But that / that myght soldne m to good

Tho wþgh thy pandare / andy anon answerde
Andy I thy bþrolb / sy no wþghe deth but so
I wþght not / though shal seedy andy herdy
Holl that thou seyst / but fare wel I wþl go
A dieu be gady / godys spedde to both tho
Pwe me thy labour / andy thy besynesse
Andy of my spedde / be thyn alle the swetnesse

Tho Troilus gan down / on hys knees fall
Andi Pandare m hys armes / bent hast
Andi sayd: nolb sy on the grecis all
Yit parde god: shal helpe vs at the laste
Andi dredeles yf that my lyp may laste
Andi god: to forn / yit some of hem shal smert
Andi yit me athynketh thys auaunt me astert

Nolb pandaris / I can nomore seye
But thou wile/ þ wose/ thou mervis/ thou art al
My lyp my deth / hool m thyn hande I seye
Help nolb quod: se / yis sy my trobith I shal
God: yeld: the frendy / andi thys m special
Quod: Troylus / that thou me recomandide
To se that may me / to the deth comandide

Thys Pandaris / tho desirous to serue
Hys ful frendy / tho sande m thys manere
Haibel andi thys I wyl / thy thank deserue
Haue lett my trobith / that thou shalt wel here
Andi went hys wepy thynkynge on thys manere
Andi holl se myght best / bysecle se of grace
Andi syndy a tyma her to / andi a place

For every wright / that hath an houer to foundy
Ne temyndi not / the werke for to beginne
With takil hande / but se wyl byde a stoundy
Andi sende hys frettis lyne / out from wyrthynne
Altherfist hys purwos for to wyrnne
At thys Pandare / m hys frett thought
Andi cast hys werke ful wryslly or he wrought

But Troylus tho / lay no lenger down
But by anon wpon hys steedy lyp
Andi m the heldy se pleþeth the lyoun
Wo was the grecy / that met wth hym that day
Andi m the tolne / hys manere he holdyth an
So goodely se was / andi gat hym so in grace
That ech hym loued / that behid m hys face

For he become / the frowndyse knyght
The gentyllest / andy the most fer
The thryftyste andy one the besy wryght
That in hys tyme / was or myght be
Ded y were hys japis / andy hys cruelte
Hys hys wort / andy hys maner straunge
Andy eche of tho / gan for a vertu chaunge

Nold late vs synt of Troylus a stounde
That farrith lyke a man / that hurtis sore
Andy is somdele of akyng of hys wounde
V lysseth wel / but he lidz no dcl more
Andy as an cly pacyent / the sore
Abydeth of hym that goth aboute hys cure
Andy thus he dryupeth forth hys aduenture

¶ Here endeth the first booke

¶ Andy begynneth the prologe of the
secunde booke

O wt of this black wbalbes / so: to sayle
O wynde the wadir / begynneth to clere
For in this see / hys boke hath such trauayle
Of my connyng / that vnneth i it stete
Thys see clepe i / the tempestous madere
Of dyspeyre / that Troylus was yngne
For nold of hope the kalendis begynne

O lady myn / that callidz art Cleo
Thou be my spede fro this furth / andy my muse
To fyne wel thys booke / tyl i haue do
Me nedeth here / none other art to vse
For why to every booke i me excuse
That of no sentement / i thys endyce
But out of satyn / in to my tunge i wryte

Wherfor I wyl haue / neyther thank ne blame
Of al thyt werk / but prey yold mekeley
Dyscomfitemeth me / yf ony wordz be lame
For as myn auctor sayth / so say I
Eke though I speke / of loue vnselvyngly
No wonder is / for it of thyngz nolb nolb is
A knyndz man can not wel juge in helvys

I knolb eke that in forme of specke / is chaunge
Wytyn a thousandz yere / of wordis tho
That haden ypre / ben nolb nyte andy straunge
Wt thyngz hem / andy yit they spack hem so
Andy spedz as wel in loue / as myn nolb do
Eke for to lbynne loue / in sondry ages
In sondry wondes / sondry ben usages

Andy for thy pf it hap / in ony lbyse
That ther be ony louer / in thy place
That kerkenyng as the story can deuyse
Holl Troylus come / to hys lady gracie
Andy thyngzith se noldz I / loue purcheſe
Or wondryng on hys specke / or doyngz
I not but vnto me / it is no wondryngz

For euery lbyght / lbyngz that to rone wente
Holt not oo path / ne alway oo manere
Eke in sondy sondz / were al thz game y sent
Yf they ferdz in loue / as men don fere
As thus in open doyngz / andy in clere
In vysitinge in forme / or saydys our salbes
For whyp men seyn / eke conte hit hys salbes

Eke scarsly be ther in thy place thre
That haue in loue seydz lyke / andy don al
For to thy purpos thy may lyke the
Andy the ryght nought / yit al is saydys & shal
Eke som men graue / in the stone wal
As it betydz but sith I haue bygonne
Myng auctor shal I fololle yf that I conne

Here endeth the prologue

Andi here beginneth the secounde booke

It may that modir is of monethis glade
That fressh folvnis/ blenni whate & more
Ben quykned agen/ þi blacr ded made
Andi ful of bume/ is fletyng curcyng mede
Within þis bus doth/ hys bryght bramec sprede
Ryght in the wþer wole/ it is seth dy
As I shal syng/ on Mayes day the thridy

That pandamis/ for al hys wþe sprede
Hest eke hys part/ of bueo shritte beene
That colde is never/ so wel of bauyngi wiche
It made hys blwe/ ful oft a day greene
þþope hys that day/ ther sp̄i hys a trene
In bue for wþerest/ to be ded/ is bente
Andi made or it wæs day ful many a went

The swakibl droigne/ wþch a scrollful lag
Whan moribl come/ made hys wþmentyng
Whiþ the forslipe was/ andi al the lag
Wandarr a bed/ half in a slomb: yng
Tyl the so wþh hys/ made hit a patryng
Holt Tereus gan forth/ hys susur take
That wþth the noyse of hys he gan alwake

Andi gan to calle/ andi dresse hys to ryse
Reincisburyng hys/ hys crandy was to done
From Troylus/ andi eke hys græt emp̄yng
Andi cast e knelb/m good vslit was the mone
To do viage/ andi take hys wæp ful soone
Unto hys neas paleys/ ther besyde
Holt Janus god/ of ente/ tholt hys guyde

When he was come / unto hys neis place
Whete is my lady to her folle quodij he
Andij they hym coldij / andij he forth in gan pac
Andij fondij tbo oþre ladyses / sit andij six
Wythm a pauedij parlour / andij they thre
Hedij hem a mayden / redyng the gest
Of the siege of thebes whyle hem leſt

Quodij Pandatus / madame godij polb see
Wyth your booke / andij al the compaynij
By Uncle noll / Welcom ylvis quodij see
Andij By sre Foo / andij By the hondij in hys
Sre toke hym fast / andij saydij thus myght thys
To godij more it turne / of polb I mette
And with that word/six deun on becij hym sette

Ye next ye shul fare / Wel the set
Pf godij wyl / al thys were quodij Pandatus
But I am sorij / that I haue polb set
To herken on your booke / ye praysen thus
For goddes loue whan seþt it / tel it us
Be it of loue / or some goodij thynqz ye me leue
Uncle quodij six your maystres is not here

Wyth that ther gonne laugh / andij tho six saydij
Thys romance is of thebes / that we rede
Andij we haue herdy / hou that kyng kyng dede
Thurgh Edipus hys sone andij al that dede
Andij heret we seþt / at thysc letters rede
Holl the bþshop as the booke can telle
Amphiorachys thurgh the groundij to sellle

Quodij Pandatus al thys knolle I my selue
Andij al the sieges of thebes / andij the care
For heret ben thre / booke made tbelue
But lete be thys / andij tel me holl ye fare
Do way your hymys / & sylve your face bare
Do way your booke / tþs By & lete hys dauntz
Andij lete hys do to may / some obsecuance

Ex godz forbede quodz sic / be ye madz
Is that a lyderles lyp / so godz yold faire
By godz ye makyn me / ryght sore adradz
Ye be so lycedz / it semeth as ye tene
It sit me lyel bet / to be in a caue
To hydri andi ride / on holly sayntes spues
Lat maydens go daunc / andi yonge lyues

As euer thypue I / quodz thys pandamis
Vit counte I et a thynge / to do yowt hit pyp
Nolb Uncle dert quodz sic / et le u bo
For goddis loue / is than the syge alwy
I am of the Grekes / so feedz that I dep
Nay nay quodz sic / as euer most I thypue
It is a thynge lyel hit / than such spue

Ye holly godz quodz sic / whist thynge is that
Whit hit than such spue / nay plyps
For al thys wold / ne can I ride what
It shal be some tyme / I knolle it is
Andi hit yowt self bo et / what it is
My wyt to atte it / is al to leue
No helpe me godz I noot whist ye ment

Andi I yowt boroll / ne never shal quodz hit
Thys thynge be wold / to yold / so most I thypue
Andi whyp so Uncle myn / whyp so quodz sic
By godz quodz sic / that wyl I et as tyme
For preluder wdmnan ie therre none on hys
Andi ye it wylsi / m as the tolbes of Troye
I sye not / so euer hine I Ioye

Tho gan sic wonder / more than yforn
A thousand fold / i down hys eres caste
For never sich the tyme / sic was born
To knolle a thynge / chyded sic so faste
Andi wylth a sigh / sic sayd hym at the laste
Nolb Uncle myn / I wyl you not dyspleaſe
We axe thynge / that may do you dyscaſe

So astir hys / wþþ many wordis glade
Andi frendly tales / andi wþþ mercy chare
Of hys andi that / they gonre pley andi wade
In many vñolbith glady andi deepe matere
As frendis don / whan they ben met in feare
þyl sic gan aske hym / wþþ that Hector ferde
That was the wal of Troye / andi greekes yerde

Hul wel / thank it god / quod Pandarus
Saue in hys arme / he hath a lytel wounre
Andi eke hys frendh brother Troplus
þe wþþe worthy / Hector the secunde
In whom that euery vertu / lyþe habounde
As al trouth / andi al gentylnesse
Wþþdom hñour / freedom andi worthynesse

In goodi seþh Eme quod si / that lykith me
They huten wel / god saue hem both tþo
For trewly / I holdi it gret deþte
A kynges son / in armes wel to do
Andi be of goodi condicions therw
For gret wþþer / andi moral vertu ferre
So selþen hem / in oo persone y feere

In goodi seþh / that is sooth quod Pandarus
But by my trouþ / the kyng hath sones tþo
That is to sare / Hector andi Troplus
That certaynly though that I shulþ dene
They ben as wþþe / of hys dat I seþ
As any men / that lyuen vndir the soane
þeyr myght is wide knolle / & what they kóne

Of Hector nedþt noþyng for to telle
In al hys wþþd / ther nis a bettre knyght
Than he that is of worthynesse welle
Andi he wel more vertu hath / than myght
Hys knolbith many a wþþe / & wþþy knyght
þe same yþþe of Troplus I seþ
God help me so / I knolle not sucht wþþe

By godz quodz sze / of Hector hat is soodz
Of Troylus the same kyngz troble z
For dredeles / men tellith that he doeth
In armes daye by daye / andz that so worshyp
Andz kerith hym here at hem so gentylly
To every bygght that outral prayor hath he
Of hem that were me leuest prayzedz he

Ye sey ryght sooth ylvis / quodz Chandalus
For yesterdaye / who hath wryth hym ben
Myght haue boundredz / vpon Troylus
For neuer yit so thyk a swarm of been
As than the Grecis / from hym gan flee
Andz thurgh the feldz in every bygghtis eve
The nac no cry / but Troylus is there

Molb heire nolb there / he hunteyd hem so fiste
The nac but Grecis blode / andz Troylus
Molb hym he hurt / andz nolb hym down he caste
A y blere he went it was araydedz thus
He was ther deth / andz feldz andz lyf for be
That as that day / ther durst none wryt stonde
Whyle he heldz / hys blody swerdz in hondz

The tw is the frendlyest man
Of greet estat / that euer I salbe in my lyne
Andz blere hym lyt / best felawshyp can
To such as hym thynketh/ able for to thryue
Andz wryth that wordz / tho Chandalus as blyue
Toke of theym leue / e saidz he boldz gon benne
May blame haue I myn Uncle quodz sze thenne

What erleth yoll to be thus very soone
Andz namely of bymmen wil ye so
May sitteth down by godz I haue to doone
Wryth yoll to speke / of bysdom or ye go
Andz euery bygght / that was aboute hem tho
That herdz that / gan fer alwy to stonde
Whyle they two hadz/ al that hem lest on hondz

Whan that hyr tale / brought was to an end
Of hyr estat andy hyr gouernaunce
Quodz Chandalis / nold is tyme I bendlz
But nold I say arysse / andy lett bo daunce
Andy caste your wydernes habyte / to myschauce
What lyt polb thus / your self to dyffygure
Wyth polb is betidz / so glady an aventure

A wel bithought / for loue of godz quodz sse
Whal I not wypre / what ye mede of thyz
No thyz thyngz akyng / leyser quodz be
Andy eke me boldz / mocke greue pluyz
Yf I it woldz / andy ye toke it amys
Pit were it bet / my tungz for to seyse
Than say a thyngz / that were agayn your will

For next by the goddesse Minerue
Andy Jupiter / that maketh the thunder to ryng
Andy by the blyssful Venus / that I serue
Ye be the womman / in thyz woldz lyuyng
Wythout paramours / to my wypthyngz
That I best loue / andy bothest am to greue
Andy that ye wypen wel / your self I seeue

Wdis myn Uncle / quodz sse grantmercy
Your frendshyp haue I founden euer yit
I am to noman / holden trublyn
So mocke as you / andy haue so lytys quyt
Andy wypth gracie of godz / wypth my ful wyp
As in my gyld / I shal you neuer offende
Andy yf I haue or thyz / I wyp amende

Wyth not agast / ne quakyng not wertw
Ne chaungyng not for fere / so youre selve
For hardyng the wort of thyz is do
Andy though my tale be nold / as to polb nelbe
Pit cruse alday / ye shuldz fyndy me trublyn
Andy were it thyngz / me thought unsittynge
To polb boldz I / no suchx talis bryngz

Noll my goodly Game / for goddis sake I pray
Quod thy come of / and tell me what it is
For both I am agaste / what ye wyl say
And tell me longyng / to wylte ylvis
For whether it be wel / or be amys
Say and tell me not / in thy fre dvelle
So wyl I do noll harkyn I shal tell

Noll next myn / the knynges dete sone
The goodly wylte worthy / friss and fur
Whyle alway for to do wel / is hys wone
I he noble Troylus / so knyng the
That but ye helpe / it wyl hys knyng be
To here is al / what shuld I more seye
Do what ye lyse / make hym lyue on drye

And yf ye lete hym dñe / I wyl retum
Haue ther my troulth / npl I not knyn
Al shuld I wylth thys knyng / my threke retum
Wylth that treke / brast out of hys eyen
And sayd / yf that ye do be both dren
What mene ye though we tolde amys
Thus gylth o / than haue ye frissid friss

Alas he wylth is / my lord so det
That treke man / that noble knyng
That nougnt desirith / ful wylte frondly dñe
I see hym dñe / ther he goeth upright
And basyng hym / wylth al hys ful mynghe
For to be slayne / yf hys fortune assent
Alas that god / such a beaute you sent

If it be so / ye so cruel be
That of hys deth / ye list not to retake
That is so trewe / and worthy as we see
Nomore than of a taper / or of a wreche
Yf ye be such / wylte knyng may not retake
To make amedes / of so cruel a dede
Aurgement is good / before the neede

Worworth / the fayre Gemme vertuiles
Worworth that ferke / that doeth no wort
Worworth that beaute / that is wolvhles
Worworth that bygght / that eke tret vndirwoote
Andi ye that be / of beaute crop andi wort
Yf that bythal in wolv be no wolvit
Than is it harm / ye lyuen by my trouthe

Andi also thynk wel that thyd is no galwe
For me were leuer / wolv andi I andi be
Were hanged / than I shuld be hys fulwe
As hys as any man / myght on we see
I am thyn Dame / the shame were to me
As wel as thyn / yf that I shuld affent
Thurgh my counsayl / that is thyd honour sient

Wolv Underwoode / for I not require
To byndy wolv to hym / by no bylist
But only that ye make hym better chit
Thin ye haue don or this / & make hym more fese
So that hys lyf be saued / at the lese
Thys is al / some / andi playnly our entene
Godly help me so / I never other ment

Lo thys request / is not but shyl yllys
Ne douce of treason perte is ther none
I set the wrose / that ye dredden thys
Men wold woundre / to see hym come andi gone
Telle agaynste / answere I thys anone
That everti bygght / but he be foole of lynde
Wyl come it soue / andi friendshyp in hys mynde

Whit wyl deeme / though he see a man
To temple go / that he the ymage ethyn
Thynk eke hys wyl / andi myself that he can
Gouerne hym self / that he nothyng forgeth
That wylt he comyth / the ympe & thank he getith
Andi eke therwo / he shal come here so seldy
What foris wert it / yf al the tolue be xldy

Suche soule of sondis/ regneth in all this woldone
Andi wryp you in that maner / certeine
Andi godi so wrypp / be my saluacione
As I haue sayd you / best is to do so
But goodi next allday to seyn hys lde
So lete your daunger / fygredi be alwyte
That of hys deth / ye be not to wryte.

Crisyde wrycke that sydy hym / in this wryft
Thought I shal fel / what ye meane ydis
Nowe came quod sy / what wryft ye dwyft
Whit is youre rede / I shuld be of thys
This is wel sayd quod sy / certayn best is
This ye hym bire agayn for hys bryngyng
No bire for bire / is shyftful giderdonnyng.

Thynk alle holl woldi / wasth myt bire
In eche of polde / a myt of braund
Andi therfor er that age / polde dwonwe
So bire / for oldi ther wryft no wryght of the
Lete this preciell / a bire bire polde be
To lete I bate / quod braund wryft it is past
Andi age dauntryng / daunger at the last

The kynges foole / is mont to cyp bider
Wryft that him tynkith / a wodman bryth her hys
So longe most ye lyue / andi al prodder
Tyl trolleye feet / ben lway vndyr your cyp
Andi sende polde than / a mytweir in to pipe
In wrypeth that ye may / see your face a morow
I syd than wryft you / nomore sorow

Wryth tyme se seyn / andi cast down the bide
Andi sit began / to breste to wryft anon
Andi sayd alas / for lwo wryft nec I dede
For of thys woldi / the fyrth is al gon
Alas wryft shuld / a straunger to me den
Wryft be that for my best / friendi I wryft
Wyl make me bire / andi shuld me defende

Alas I wold haue trustid my duncles
That yf I that / thurgh my dysaventure
Had ywypd hym oþyr Achylles
Hector or ony mannes creature
Ye nold haue hady / no mercy ne mesure
On me but alwy / hady me in repreue
Thys false woldy alas / holl may it leue

What is thys al / the iore andy the feest
Is thys your rede / is thys your blyssful caas
Is thys the veray mede / of your blyss
Is al thys peynedyn protes / come to thys alas
Right for thys synne / O lady myn Pallas
Thou in thys ordeful caas / for me purueye
For so aconyed am I/that I deye

With that sic gan sorowfully to syke
Andy may it be not fet / quod y Pandarus
Wy gody I shal nomore / come here his wypke
Andy gody to for / that am in penaunce thus
I see wel that ye sette lytel of vs
Or of our deth / Alas I woful wretche
Myght be yit lyue / of me is not to retche

O cruel gody / o dyspytous mart
O furies thre of hell on you I axe
So lete me never / out of thys hous depart
Yt that I ment harme or blyssme
But sith I see / my lordy mote nedis dye
Andy I wypth hym / here I me shryue andy seye
That blyssedly / ye do vs both deye

But sith it lyketh holl / that I be dedy
Wy Neptunus / that gody is on the see
Gro thys furth / shal I never ete bredy
Tyl I myn owne / lete hooly may see
For arayn I wyl dye as soone as see
Andy vs le stert / andy on hys wyp he caught
Tyl sic aȝayn hym / by the capaig

Criseyde wþþt that / ful ny starf for few
So as she was / the ferdfullest wþþt
That myght be / and herd eke with hys ere
And salb the sorowful errest / of the knyght
And in hys prayer / eke salbe none bright
And for the harm / that myght eke fal more
She gan to reþe / and dred hys wonder sore

And thought thus Unhappis fallen thys
A day for loue / in such maner was
As men ben cruel / in hem self and wþþt
And yf thys man sle hym self alas
In my presence / it wþþt be no solas
What men wþþt it deme / I can not seþ
It nedþt me / ful wþþtely to pley

And with a sorowful syke / she sayd thys
A lord what me is tyd / a sory chaunc
For myn estate lyeth in Iuparty
And eke myn Cames lyf / lyeth in balanc
But nathelos / wþþt goddis gouernance
I shal so do / myn honour shal I keþe
And eke hys lyf / and synt for to weþe

Of harmes illo / the lasse is for to chese
Yit hnd / leuer / make hym good / chere
In honour thgn myn oldne / comes lyf to keþe
Ye seþ ye not hys / ellis reþere
Molbis quod / myn oldne neer dete
Molb wel quod / she / and / I wþþt do my peyne
I shal myn hert / ageynst my lust constayne

But that I nyl not / holdyn hym in hond
Ne loue a man / ne can I not ne may
Ageynst hys wþþt / but ellis wþþt I fonde
My honour saue / please hym; from day to day
Therto nold / I not oones / haue sayd nay
But that I dred / as in hys fantasy
But cease the cause / cesith the malady

But here I make a protestacion
That in thy pross / or ye further go
That certaynly / for no saluacion
Of yow though that ye sterue both tbo
And al the worldy on a day / be my fooo
Ne shal I never of hym / haue other wylth
I graunt wel quod? Pandare / by my trouith

But may I trust wel to yow / quod? se
That of thy thyngz / that ye haule hygght me hit
Ye wyl holden trewly / unto me
Ye doute it not quod? se my Uncle dore
Ne that I shal haue cause in thy matre
Quod? se to pleyne / or ofter yow to preche
Why no partie what nedyth more speche

The fylen they / in other takis glade
Tyl at the last / o goode Dame quod? se tho
For hys loue / whiche bothe made
Tel me hyl fyrt / ye wylsten of hys hoo
Wott none of it but ye / se sayd? no
Can se wel speke of loue / quod? se I yow prepe
Tel me for I the bet / shal me pouruey

The panduris / a lytel gan to smyle
And sayd? by my trouith / I shal yow telle
Thys oþyr day / not go ful longe whyle
Wythyn the gardyn paleys / by a welle
Gan se and? I / half a day to dwelle
Ryght for to speke / of an ordynaunce
Hyl we the Grekes myght dysauaunce

Soone after that we gan to lepe
And? cast wyth our drittis / to and? fro
Tyl at the last se sayd? se woldy slepe
And? on the gras / adoun se leyd? hym tho
And? I after / gan come to and? fro
Tyl that I herd? / as I walkid? alone
Hyl se bygan / ful wofully to grone

Ther gan I stalk hym / softly behyndy
Andi silvryly / the sooth for to sayne
As I can clepe agayn to my mynde
Wryght thus to loue / gan hym for to playne
He sayd lord hiue wolth / vpon my payne
All hiue I be rebel / in myn entent
Now mea culpa / lord I me repente

O god / that thy dysposition
Ledyst the spye / by Iust penaunce
Of every wryght / my solewe confess on
Accept my gte / andi sendy me such penaunce
As lykith the / but from desperaunce
Lest not my ghooste / departe alway from the
Thou be my sted / for thye tenyngynge

For certe lord so sore smit hit me boundyd,
I hat stod in black with bokynge of hym eten
Ther to myn certe bottum / it is boundyd
Churgh whiche I wote / that I must nedis dren
Thys is the wroste / I dat not beliengyn
Andi wel the heire / ben the gledis irde
That men hem wrypen with assyn pale and wred

Wryth that he smot hym bdr / down anone
Andi gan to moote / I neit what he wryp
Andi I wryth that / gan syk alway to gone
Andi lete therof / as now þynge hit se hudy I
Andi come agayn anone / andi stode hym by
Andi sayd alwake / ye sleepyn alwe longe
It semeth not that heire doeth yold henge

That sleepyn so that noman may yold wake
Who salb euer or thys so dul a man
Ye hudy quod hit / do ye yeur hledis ale
For keue andi lete me / lyuen as I can
But though that he forwo / was pale & wan
He made he tho / as fresshe a contenaunce
As though he shuld hiue ledy the daunce

Thys passidh forth / tyl nolb thys other day
It fel that I come to nyng al alone
In to hys chambre / and foundy holl that he lay
Upon hys bed but man so sore grone
Me herdy I never / ne what was hys mone
Me wypst I not for as I was compnyng
Al sodaynly he left hys compleynyng

Of whiche I woke semblant suspcion
Andy here I come / andy fonda se hept sore
Andy gody so wpe / se my saluacion
Never pit of thyng / hady I wylth more
For nother wryth engyne / ne wryth sore
Wyn this myght I from the deth hym kepe
That pit feele I for hym / myn hert wepe

Andy gody wote / never sith that I was born
Was I so besp / noman to reele
Ne never was to wryght / so deere n silvyn
Or se me woldy / who myght le hys leele
But nolb to reseruen al hys speele
Or al hys blouful wordis / for to sellune
Ne hedy me not but ye wyl see me silvune

But for to haue hys lpf andy ellis nouȝt
Andy to none bar ne of polb / thus am I draynen
As for the loue of gody / that vs hath brought
Such exet hym do h / as de andy I may louen
Nolb haue I plat to polb / myn feet shryuen
Andy sith ye wote / that myn entent is cleene
To ke hert therof / for I none cupl meene

Andy ryght goody thyfyt I pray to gody haue ye
That haue such one caught wrythouten net
Andy se ye wyle / as ye se fayre to see
Wel in th: thyng / than is the Ruby set
That were never two / so wel n met
Whan ye se hys al hool / as he is polbre
Al myghty gody graunt vs to see that houre

May therof spack I not / a ha quodz fer
As bly me godz / ye slendery eueri dale
A mercy dene ree / anon quodz fer
What so I spack / I ment but wele
By Mars the godz/that helmedz is wþþþ fer
Mow be not wroth / my bþþþ my nee dene
Mow bel quodz fer / forþuen be it fer

Wþþþ hys he wole hys leue/andz home he went
A wordz so he was gladz / andz wþþþ bygon
Escryde awoes / no lenger fer ne stent
But crept into her closet / fer went anon
Andz set her deun as styl as ony ston
Andz eueri wordz / gan vp andz doun to wþþþ
As he hadz saydz / as it come to her myndz

Andz was somedel astonyedz / in hys thought
Ryght for the new cas / but wþþþ that fer
Was ful aysedz / than fondz fer ryght noughe
Of penle / wþþþix fer ought aferdz to be
For men may leue / of pessibylte
A wþþþan so hys fer may to breste
Andz fer not leue ageyn / but yf fer leue

But as fer sat alone / andz thought thus
A scrup awoes at scarmyslē / al wþþþout
Andz men cridz in the stree / see Troylus
Hath new iut to flight / the greeks rount
Wþþþ that gan fer meyne / for to sholde
A go we see / cast vp the gatis wþþþ
For thurgh this stree / he must to paleys ryde

For ofter wþþþ / is fro the pale none
Of dardanus / ther oppi is the chyne
Wþþþ that come fer / andz al hys folk anone
An cly pias rydyngz / in wþþþis elbeyne
Ryght as hys knypp day / was sooth to scyne
For wþþþix men seyn / may not dysturbedz fer
That shal betyde must be of necessite

Thys Troylus sat / on hys bry steede
Al armes sauē hys steed / ful ryckly
Andi wounydg was hys hor: / e gan to bleede
In wþycke he rode / a paas ful softly
But such a knyghtly sight trulys
As was on hym / was not wþthouten fayre
To booke on Mars / that is god of batayle

So lyke a man of armes / andi a knyght
He was to see / fulfylled of hys vroblesse
For both he hath a body / andi a myght
To do a thyng / as wel as hardynesse
Andi to see hys / in hys gerte hym dresse
So fressh so yong / so worthy semyd he
It was an heven / vpon hym to see.

Hys helme to helven / was in twentyn plattis
That by a tassel / hynge hys bryk behyndi
Hys steld / to diffyld wþth silverdis & mattis
In wþycke men myght / many an arolbe fynde
That thrypled stadi / horn nerf andi rynde
Andi ay the people creyd / here comyth our Ioye
Next hys brother holder vþ of Troye

For wþycke he waw / alle rede for shame
Whan he the people / creydon hym bretten
That to bryhold / it was a noble game
Hollis sobryly he cast down hys cren
Crisyd gan alle hys clere espren
Andi leete it so soft / in hys bret synk
That to hys self sic sayd / who yaf me drynk

For of hys owne thought / sic waw alle rede
Remembryng hys ryght thus / so thys is he
Wþycke that myn uncle silverith / he mott be dede
But I on hym haue mercy andi vpte
Andi wþth that thought / ashamedi waw sic
Gan in hys steed to pulle / andi that as faste
Wþyle he andi all the people forth by paste

And gan to caste / and wolle vp and down
Wrythm hys thought / hys excellent prodesse
And hys hys hys estate / and al hys renoun
Hys wyt hys ship / and eke hys gentylnesse
But most hys frouour / was for hys dyctesse
Was al for hys / and thought it was a wylle
To sle suche one / yf that he men troweth

Nolb myght somc emyous jangle thus
Thys was a soden hys / hold myght it be
That he so hastyly / boundy Troplas
Myght for the fyre sight / ye parde
Nolb who so seyth / most be never the
For every thyng / agrynnynge both it ned
Or al he brought wrythouten ony dread

For I seyn not that he / so sodaynly
Pas hym hys hys / but that he dyde enclyne
To lyke hym fyrst / & I haue woldy wryt
And after that / hys manhod and hys wryt
Made hys / in he herte for to myne
For whiche he proces / and by goody scruse
He gat hys hys / and not in sodayn wryt

And also blisful Venus / wile araydy
Sat in her seuenth hous / of truene tho
Dysposed / wile / and wryth aspectis wrydy
To helpen helpe Troplas of hys Woo
And sooth to sayne / he was not al hys foo
To Troplas in hys natwryte
God woot that wile the sonnet / swed /

Nolb leet he seyn / of Troplas a throlle
That rydeth forth / and leet he turne faste
Unto Erisyde / that hym hys freyd ful folde
The as he sat alone / and gan to caste
Wile that he woldy a peynt hys / at the laste
Yf it so were / hys Eame noldy crake
For Troplas vpon hys / more for to preake

Andi lordi so sic gan / in her thought argu
In thyg matere / of wþycle I haue you coldi
And what to do best were / and what to eschewe
That pþytedi sic ful oft / in many a foldi
Nold was hys bret warm / nold was it coldi
Andi what sic thought / somþut ful i wþyde
As that myn auctor / lyþyth to endyde

She thought wþe / that Troylus persone
She knelwe by sight / andi eke hys gentylnesse
Andi thus sic saydi / al were it not to done
To graunt hym loue / pit for hys wþynnesse
It were honour / wþyth pþey & wþyth gladnesse
In honeste / wþyth suche a bret to dele
For myn estate andi for hys helle

Eke wþe wote I / a knynges sone is he
Andi sith he bath to see me / suche desyde
þf I woldi bret rþy / hys sight flee
þt auenture he myght / haue me in dyspyte
Wer through I langht stande / in wþore pþyde
Nold were I wþyse me kniate to purchaſe
Wþhouthen nede / ther I may stonde in grace

In euery thyng / I wote ther lyþeth mesure
For though a man forbede dronkennesse
He not forbedyþ / that euery creature
Be drynkles / for alþer as I gesse
Eke sith I wote / for me is hys dysersetne
I ne aught not / for that thyng hym dyspyte
þgh it so is / he meanyþ in goodely wþyse

Andi eke I knolwe / of longe tyme agon
Hys helþys goode / andi that he is not nyce
Ne a bantour certeyn / mri seyn he is none
To wþyse he is to do suche a wþye
Andi eke I nyl not / so hym certeyte
That he may make auaunt / by just cause
þt shal me never hynde / in suche a clause

Nolb sette a man / the hardest ys yllys
Men myght deme / that he boughth me
What dyshonour / were unto me thys
May I let hym of that / whyn nap parde
I knolb also andy alday her andy see
Men bouen wrymmen / al beside hyr leue
Andy wryth hym lyse nomore lette hym leue

I wrynk hollb / he able is to haue
Of al thys noble wylne / the wryftyste
To be hys loue / so sic her honur sauue
For in andy out / he is the wryhest
Sauue only Hector / whiche that is the best
Andy pit hys lyf nolb / lyeth al in my cure
So suche is loue / andy eke myn aventure

He me to loue / a wonder is it noughe
For wel wolt I my self / so godz me sped
Al woldy I that noman wylst/of thys thought
I am one the fayrest / wythouten drede
Andy godlyest / who so takith heede
Andy so men seyn / in al the wylne of Troxe
What wonder is / though he of me haue Ioye

I am myn olyne wrymmen / wele at easc
I thank it godz / as for myn estate
Ryght yonge andy stondy bnyxedy/in lusty lease
Wythout Iabolysy / or suche debite
Shal no husbandy/sey to me clykmate
For outhir they ben ful of Iabolysy
Or maysterful / or bouen nouestrye

What shal I do to what fyne lyue I thus
Shal I not loue in an yf that me leste
What parde I am / nolb no religyous
Andy though that I myn herde / sette in rese
Upon thys knyght / that is the wryhest
Andy kepe alwyng / myn honur andy my name
By al ryght / it may do me no shame

But ryght as I bhan/ the sonne shyneth bryght
In march that chauengyth/ oft tyme hys face
Andz that a coldy put with wyndy to flyght
Wycke ouerspradz the sonne/ as for a space
A coldy thought/ gan thurgh her hert pite
That ouerspradz/ hys bryght thoughtis alle
So that for seire/ almost sic gan to falle

That thought was hys/ alas sith I am free
Shuldy I nolb loue/ andz put in Jeopartye
My sikernes/ andz thrassen lyberet
A eas holl durst I thynk that folye
May I not wele/ in other folk espere
Thei dreadful joy/ their constreynge their pena
Thei boughth none/ þe ne hath wey to pleyne

For loue is pit/ the most stromy lyp
Ryght of hym self/ that euer was bygonne
For euer some myserie/ or nyce serf
Thei is m loue/ some clowdy ouer the sonne
Wherw we wretchedy wymmen/nothynge conne
Whan vs is wo/but sitte wepe andz thynk
Our wretche is hys/ oure olvne woo to dynk

Also these wyckedz tunges/ ben so vrest
To speke vs hame/ cke men ben so vntelwe
That right anon/ as easidz is theyr leste
Decasith theyr loue/ & furth to loue a nelve
But hirm y do is do/ who so it relve
For though thyse men/ for loue hem self rende
Ful sharp begynnyngz/ brekyng oft at ende

- Hold often tymes/ knith it knolven ben
The treason that to wymmen/ knith be done
To what syne is such loue/ I can not seen
Or wher becomyth it bhan it is gone
Thei is no wyght I trowe/ that wote sone
Wher it bycomyng/ no wyght ther at speenyng
That erst was nothynge/m to nought tornyng

Hold busyn yf I loue / must I be
To please them / that jangle of loue & dreymyn
Andi cov hem / that they say no harme of me
For though ther be no cause / yit hem semyn
All be for harme / that folk her frendis benyn
Or who may stoppe / euery lyklyed tunge
Or solvyn of bellis / lyklye they ben tunge

Andi astyr that thought gan to clere
She sayd that he / nothynge vndyrtakeyth
Nothynge akeuyth / be hym bothe or dore
Andi lyþ another thought her hert quakyth
Than sleþyth hoope / andi after dredre albakyth
Nolw hote nolw coldy / but thus betlyþ tþey
She ryȝt hyz þp / andi went her for to pley

A doun the stepre / anone ryȝht doun she went
In to the gardyn / lyþþ hyz neccis thre
Andi þp & doun they made many a went
Flexible andi she Tarte andi Antigone
To pleyen that joye it was to see
Andi oþyr of hyz lyymmen / a gret wude
Hys folowyd in the gardyn / al aboute

Thys yerde was large and rayled al the alyes
Andi shadolbedy wele / with blosmy bolves grene
Y banchyd nelve / andi sandedy al the weyes
In whiche she walkith / arme in arme bytweyne
Tyl at the last / Antigone the stene
Gan on a Troyan songe / syngen clere
That it an heuene was / for to here

She sayd / O loue to whom I haue andi shal
Ben humble subiect / trelb in myn entent
As I best can / to yold bordy yeue I al
For euermore myn hertis lust / the rent
For neuer yet / thy grace no lyȝht sent
So clisful cause / as me my lyf to lede
In al joy andi scurte / out of drede

The blyssful godz hath me / so wel ke set
In loue ylvis / that all that berith lyp
Imagynne ne colde / holde to be set
For lordz mythout / Iesolusy or serys
I loue one whiche is most ententys
To seruen wel / vnlvery andy vnscreyned
That euer was/ andy leest with harm dyscreyned

As he that is / the welle of worthynesse
Of trowth groundz / myrrour of goodlykede
Of myt Appollo / ston of secreteynesse
Of vertu roote / of lust synder andy fredo
Thurgh whiche is al my soroll from me dede
Ylvis I loue hym best / so doth he me
Nolb goode thryft haue he / wherso euer he be

Whom shuld I thank / but ylbus godz of loue
Of al thyis blys / in whiche I bathe nolb in
Al thankid I be the lordz / for that I loue
Thys is the right lyp / that I am in
To eschelbe al maner / byce andy syn
Thys doth me / so to vertu entende
That day by day / I in my wyl amende

Andy who that scyth / that for to loue is byce
Or thraldom / though he feele in it dysstress
He outhyr is envious / or right nyce
Or is vnyngly / for hys shrebdnesse
To loue for such maner folke / as I gesse
Defamyn loue / as nothyng of it knolbe
They speke / but bent they never hys bolbe

What is the sonne the wile of kyndy ryght
Though that a man / for feblenes of hys eyen
May not endure on it / to looke for bryght
Or loue the wile / though bretches on it tren
No wele is he worth / that may no soroll dren
Andy for thy who that hath / an feedy of verte
Fro cast of stones / helbare hym in the werte

But I wryth al myn bret / and my myght
As I haue sayd / wryt houe unto my last
My dret bret and al myn oldne knyght
In wryghte myn bret / graun is so fise
And hys m myn / that it shal euer last
As dret I firs / houe hym to begynne
Holv wold I wel / ther is no paral yone

Andys of hys song / right at that woddy shre scynt
Andys therlypht al / holv next quod Crispyde
Who made thys song / lyght so goody entent
Antigone answeryd anon andys sayd
Madame ylvis the goodefest mayde
Of gracie cracie / m al the woldne of Iwry
Andys led hir lyf / m most honour andys Dope

Forsooth so it semþ / by hys song
Quod thre Crispyde / andys gan therlypht to hir
Andys sayd hir / is ther fule hir amonge
Thre louers / as they fyer endyte
Ylvis quod fressh Antigone the woddy
For al the folke / that haue or ben alþer
He could not wel the wryte of hir descreve

But hene ye that curty hertes hool
The parþer blisse of houe / nay ylvis
They hene al houe / yf one leþer
Do hir do hir they hir notyng of thys
Men must aske at scyntis / yf it is
Cought hirre m hirne / for they conne tell
Andys aske spredis yf it be houle m helle

Crispyde Unto that purp / noȝtis answeryd
But sayd ylvis / it wryt be myght as fise
But enry hir / wryghte that shre of hirde
She gan to prynit it / in her bret fise
Andys ay gan houe / it lessyd more to agast
Than it dyd erst / andys synkyn m her bret
That shre hir somþwhat / able to conuert

The daires honour / andy the feuenes eye
The nyghtie foo / al thys clepe i the sonne
Gan westeren fise / andy dounwardy for to ivry
As he that hadi hys daires courto y tonne
Andy wþþte thynges / wþþed y dymme 2 donne
For lack of light / andy seiris to awere
That sit andy al hys folk / home went in feere

So wþþin it lyketh her / to go to rest
Andy boþed y bret tho / that borden ought
She sayd that to sleepe / wel hys leste
Hys wþþmen soone / m to her bed y brought
Whan all was hush / tho lay sit seyl 2 thought
Of alle thys thynges / the maner andy the gylfe
To rette it nedyfth not / for ye ben wþþe

A nyghtyngale / wron a Cedre grene
Wondre the chamber wal / ther as sit lay
Hul huldy son y / ageyn the mone sicene
Parauenture m hys bryddis / wþþe alar
Of loue that made / hys heret fressh andy gan
That herkenth sit / so longe m goode entent
That at the last / the dedi sleepe hys hert

Andy as sit sleepe / anon ryght hys mette
Holl that an Egle / fetherid y wþþte as bone
Wondre her heret / hys longe elces sette
Andy out her heret went / andy that anone
Andy opdy hys heret / m to hys heret gone
Of wþþte sit nouȝt he agwes / ne nothing smert
Andy forth he fly / wþþth heret left for heret

Now lete her sleepe / andy we oute tales holdy
Of Troylus that us to paleys reten
For the scarmpish / of wþþte i woldy
Andy m hys chambre sitte / and hath abyden
Tyl this or thise / of hys messizers reten
For Pandarus / andy sought him so faste
Tyl they hym founy / 2 brought hym at the last

Chys Mandatis / com lepyngz in attones
Andz sayd thus / wch hñt ben wel i tre
To day wþtþ silberdis / wþtþ synges & stones
But Troylus that hath caught hym an hñt
Andz gan to Japs / andz sayd wch i ge silber
But ryse andz lete vs soupe / andz go to wse
Andz he answerd / go we wþtþ the leste

Wþtþ al the hñt goodely / that they myght
They spedz hem from the souper andz to bedde
Andz every wþgþt / out at the dore hym dygþt
And wþtþ hym leste / vpon hys lþvþ hym spedde
But Troylus / that thought hys hñt bleddre
For lwo / tyl he herd some tydyngz
He sayd frendz / shal i nold lþvþ or syngz

Quod Mandatis / be styl andz lete me sleepe
Andz do on thy hooðe / thy nedis spedz be
Andz chese yf thou wþlt / syngz daunce or keepe
At shorþ wordis / thou shal trust in me
Andz my next wþlt de wel by the
Andz loue the leste by godz andz by my trouþ
But lack of poursuit / make it in thy swolþt

For thus ferforth haue I / thy lþvþe bygonne
From day to day / to thy day by the morolþe
Hyr loue andz frendz hyp / haue I to the lbonne
Andz therwþ hath she leyde / hyr fþþt to sorolþe
Algate one foote / is lissen of thy sorolþe
What shal I lenger / sermon of it holdz
As ye haue herd byfor / be al hym toldz

But right as floures / thirgh the cold of nygþt
Wchasedz stoupen on hyr stalkis wilbe
Redressen ageyn / the sonne brygþt
Andz spreden out theyr colourz / byndly by wilbe
Nygþt so gan he tho / hys eyen vþ throlþe
Chys Troylus andz sayd / O Venus deue
Chy myght thy græt / i herzedz be it bre

And to Mandare/ helde Up with hys handis
And sayd lord al thyn be it that I haue
For I am hool / al brodyn be my bondis
A thousande Troyes / who so that me paue
Exe after other/ god so me lvyse and haue
Me myght me so gladdyn / so my hert
It spre dyth so for Joy / it wold out scert

But lord holde shal I do / holde shal I lyuen
Whan shal I next / my deere hert see
Holde shal thys longe tyme / alway be dryuen
Tyl thou be ageyn / at hys from me
Thou mayst answeire / abyde abyde but se
That hangyng by the neck / sooth to seyne
In greate dysease / abydyng for the peyne

Al Eysly nolb / for boute andi chypte
Quod Pandarus for all thyngs hath tyme
So longe abyde tyl that the myght departyd be
For siker as thou lyest here hym
Andi god to for I wyl be there at pryme
Andi for thy werk somwhat shal I haue
Or on somre other lvyghe thys charge leye

For god woot that I haue euer yit
We redy to serue / in to thys myght
Haue I not feyned / but enforced my myght
Do nolb as I shal say / andi fare a right
For I haue do thy lust / lvyng al my myght
Andi yf thou mylt / lvyte thy self thy care
On me is not a longe / thyn cupl fare

I wote wel that thou lvyer art han I
A thousande hold / but andi I lvere as thou
God help me so I woldy vterly
Ryght of myn olde hand / lvyte to ser nolb
A leter in lvyche / I woldy teke her hold
I ferdy amys / andi her beseech of tolth
Holde help thy self / andi let for no stouth

And I my self shal therwyth to hys gon
And whan thow wost that I am ther
Worth vpon a courser and that anon
Ye hardysly / ryght in thy best gry
And right forth by þ place as nought ne were
And thou shalt syndy be / þt I may fityngz
At some wyndolwe / in to the scote fityngz

And yf the lyfe / thou mayst be salwe
And vpon me make thy contraunce
But by thy lyf be ware / and fust eschewle
To warpen ouȝt / godz shal be from my schaue
Ryde forth thy wey / and holdy thy gouernance
And we shuln speke of the somwhat I tolde
Whan thou art gon / to make thyne etyn gylde

Touchyngz thy letter / thou art wryse ynowe
I wote wel thou myst / it clerly endyte
To make it wryth these / argumentis wil
Ne scrivansly / ne craftyly it wryte
Wrote it eke / wryth thy crans asþe
And though thou wryte / a goodly word e soft
Though it be good / telre it not to oft

For though the best harpe / vren syue
Woldy on the best solvned / wyl harpe
Thit cuer wad / wryth al hys syngers syue
Touch ay one sryngere / or ay one warble harpe
Wryth hys naples / wryntyd / neuert so shewe
It shalde make cuery wryght to dulce
To here hys glee / and of hys strokis fulle

Ne rompre not / no dyscordaunce in feete
Ne usen these armes of physik
In bores armes / holdy on thy mache
The fourme albewy / and do that it be syke
For yf a peynþour / woldy peyn a yþke
Wryth asþe feet / and beod as an ape
It cordyþ not / so net it but a jape

Thys consayl lykedyn wel Troylus
But as a dredful man he sayd thy
Alas my dere brother pandarus
I am assained / for to bryten ylbyng
Lest of myn innocent / I sayd amys
Or that sic noldy / for despyst it receyue
Thin were I ded ther myght nothyng it bryue

To that Pandare answeryd / yf the leste
Do as I say / and let me ther bryth gon
For by that lordy / that formede Ese andy West
I hope of it / to bryngre answery anoon
Ryghte of hys hondy / andy yf thou bryst none
Last be / andy soray most be be hys lyue
Agynse thy lust / that helþyth the to thryue

Quod Troylus depar dieu y pke assent
Sþþt that the lyf I bryl atyse andy bryte
Andy blystul gody pray I / bryth goody entent
The brage andy the letter / I shal endyce
So sped / andy tholb Mimerua the bryte
Byue tholb me bryt / my lettir to deuse
Andy sat hym down / andy wrote in thy bryse

Fyrst he gan se / hys ryght lady calle
Hys frettis lyf / hys lust / hys sorolbes leche
Hys blyo andy eke these other termes alle
That in such cas / ye bouers alle seech
Andy in ful humble bryse as in hys speche
He gan hym recomaundy unto hys grace
To tel al tholb / it asþþt moche space

Andy after t thys / ful boldy he hys prepde
To be not broth / though he of hys folys
So hardy was he to bryte or seyde
But boue it made / or ellis must he dye
Andy pþþwally gan mercy for to aye
Andy after he sayd / andy lyed folde
Hym self was lytel broth / & lesse goody colde

Andi prayd her haile emperid hys Unconnyng
That lytel was / andi eke hym self also
Was wele ny deedly / in hys wrayng
Andi after that / than gan he tel hys lwo
But that was endles / wrythouten hoo
Andi sayd he wold / in trowth alwey hym hold
Andi mid it ouer / andi gan the letter hold

Andi wryth hys salt crevis / gan he bathe
The Ruby in hys signet / and it he set
Upon the weye / desyuerly andi rathe
Therwryth a thousandy tymes / or he let
He kyst the lettys / andi after that it set
Andi sayd lettys / a klyffful destyne
The shifyn is / my lady shal the see

Thys chandare wike the letter ryght by tyme
On morow e to hys necis palays he hym stert
Andi fast he swore / that it was passedy pryme
Andi gan to Jape / andi sayd yldys myn hert
So fressh it is / al though it sore smert
I may not sleepe / neuer a mayes morow
I haue a joly lwo / e a lusty sorolwe

Cryseyde wshyn sic / her Uncle herde
Wryth dredful herte / andi desirous to here
The cause of hys comyng / thus answeryd
Noll by your seynt myn Uncle quod she deere
What maner wryndy / guydryth yoll noll here
Telle vs your joly lwo / andi yowre penaunce
How ferforth ben ye / put in; boyles daunce

By god quod sic / I hoppa alwey behynde
Andi sic to laugh / hyr thought her hert bres
Quod chandarus / leke alwey that ye fynde
Game in my hood / but herkenyth yf ye leste
Ther is right noll come to tolone a gest
A greate aspre / andi tellyth noll thynges
Wherfor I come / to tel yoll thynges

In to the gardyn golde / and y se shul here
A l pryvylgy of thy / a songe sermon
Wyth that they went / arme in arme yfere
In to the gardyn / from the chamber doun
And y when he was so fer / that the solyn
Of that he spak / noman here myght
He sayd y her thus / and y out the lettir wylght

To he that is / al holly yowres free
Hym recomaundy / boldy to yollure gracie
And y sent yollur thy / letter here by me
A wryte you on it / when ye haue spacie
And y of some goodely answere / yollur purchace
Or so helpe me god / pleynly for to seyne
He may not longe lyue / in thy / peyne

Ful dredefully tho / gan sit stondre seyse
And y tolke it not / but alle here humble cite
Gan for to chaunge / and y sayd script ne bysle
For loue of god / that touchyeth such matere
Ne bryng me none / and y also uncle dore
To myn estate haue more re ward / I prep
Than to thy / lust / what shuld y more sey

And y boldy / nolb yf thy / be resonable
And y letty / not / for fauour ne for stolluth
To sey a sooth / nolb were it couenable
To myn estate by god / and y by yollure troluth
To take it / to haue of hym toluth
In harmynge / of my self / or repreue
Were it ageyn / for hym that ye on leue

Thys Pandanus / gan on hym for to state
And y sayd nolb / thy / is the most wondry
That euer I salbe / late be thy / myte fare
To deth more I smyte be / Wyth thondry
Yf for the cite / whiche that stondy / pondry
And y I a lettir to yollur / bryng or take
To harm of yollur / what lust ye thy / to make

But thus ye faire weke ny / all and some
He that moste desirith / wold to serue
Of hym ye wretched leste / whiche he become
Or whether that he lyue / or ellis sterue
But for al that / I may deserue
Refuse it not quod he / and sent hym fast
And in hym bofum / down the lettle thrafe

And sayd hym / cast it fast albay anon
That folk may / see and galde on to ilver
Quod he / I can abyde / tyl they be gon
And gan to smale / and sayd Eame I pre
Such ilver as wold lyse / such your self porue
For trewly / I nyl no lete for swete
No than wyl I / so that ye endyd

I sterlyth sic laugh / and sayd go we dyne
And he gan at hym self / have faste
And sayd nece I / haue so gret a vpne
For loue that euery oþyr day I haue
And gan hym have / best forth to caste
And make her so to laugh / of hym selfe
That sic for laughes / wend for to dye

And when sic was comen / to the halle
Now Eame quod he / we wyl go dyne anone
And gan some of hym wyrmen / to caste
And sterlyth unto hym chambur / gan he gone
But of hym besynes / ther was one
Among other thynges / out of drede
Hul priuely / thys leter gan he rede

Aysed hym / no lack / sic thought he wold be goode
And hym it put and went hym to dyne
But wandalus / that in studye stode
Or he was ware / sic toke hym by the hode
And sayd ye were caught / or that ye wylste
I wouldestaif quod he / do wouldest ye lyse

Tho wryssen they / andi set hem down to eate
Andi astyr anon / ful slyly Pandarus
Can dralbe hym to the wryndolb / next the strete
Andi sayd meete / who hath arrayed thus
That pondyr hous / that stont / aforerent vs
Whiche hous quodys sit / andi come for to scholdy
Andi knelbe it thise / & whos it was hym woldy

Andi yullen forth / in specke of thynges smale
Andi satyn in the wryndolb / bothe tway
Whan Pandarus salde tyme / vnto hym tale
Andi salde wyl / hym folke were a wry
Mowl neete myn al on / quodys sit I say
Mowl lyklyth wyl thys letter / that ye mowle
Can sit ther on / for by my trowlth I note

The wryth al rose helbedy / tho wryt sit
Andi gan to homme / ye so I trowle
And wryt to hym wels for goddis sake quodys sit
Ony self to medes / wryt the letter solve
Andi felde hym handis vp / andi fel on knolle
Mowl goode nece be it neuer so lyte
Gyue me the labour / it to solve andi plyte

Ye for I can so wryt quodys sit tho
Andi ale I note / what I shul to hym say
May neete quodys Pandare / say not so
Pit at the leste / thank hym I wyl pray
Of hym goodys wryt / o do hym not to dep
Mowl for the loue of me / my neete dete
Refuse not at thys tyme / my prayere

Godz graunt quodys sit / al thyngz se welle
Godz help me so thys is the fyre letter
That euer I wrot / ye or ony dele
Andi in to a cōset / for to auyse hym bettyr
Siz went anon / andi gan hym herk vnfetlyr
Out of dyscregnous prysyon lete a lyte
Siz sett hym down / andi gan a letter wryt

Of wþþþche to tel / in short is myn entent
þeffered as fer / as I can understande
She thankidþ hym of al / that he wele ment
To wardis her / but holden hym in honde
She woldþ not / ne make hym selfe honde
In loue but as hys suster / hym to please
She woldþ ay fayne / do hys ferte ease

She shpt it / andþ to Chandare gan gon
There as he sat / andþ lookidþ in to the strete
Andþ doun she set hym / by hym on a ston
Of jasper vpon a quaysson / of gold i bate
Andþ saydþ as wþþþ / help me god i the grete
I never dydþ a thyng / wþþþ more peyne
Than wþþþ thyng / to wþþþ ye me constreynþ

Andþ tolke it hym / he thankedþ her andþ seyd
God wote of thyngz / ful oft both bygonne
Comyth endþ goode / andþ neece myn Eriscyde
That ye to hym / of hardþ noldþ be wonne
Ought he be glady / by god i andþ by yond sonne
For wþþþ men seyn / impressions light
Ful lyghtly ben al / redy to the fleyght

But ye haue pleyde / the tyraunt nye to longe
Andþ hardþ was it / yolbre ferte for to graue
Holdþ synt that ye / no lenger on it honge
A l woldþ the fourme / of daungerit it sauie
But hastyþ yolb / to do hym joy to haue
For trustyþ wele / to longz y do hertesse
Causith dyspyte ful oft / for dysresse

Andþ right as they declaridþ thyngz make
To Troylus ryght / at the stretis endþ
Come rydingz / wþþþ hys people in feere
Al softly / andþ thydarblatþ gan bendþ
There as they sat / as hys hys wþþþ to wþþþ
To paleys wþþþ / andþ Chandare hym aspyedþ
Andþ saydþ neece / bo wþþþ comynþ here noldþ ryde

O flee not in / he seeth vs as I suppose
Eest he may thynde / that we hym eschew
Nay nay quod he / ande weare as rede as rose
Wyth that he gan / hym humbly salut
With dredeful chere / ande oft his self we was nell
Ande up hys sede / devonayrly we cast
Ande lekened on Pandare / ande forth we pale

Godz wot yf he sat / on hys hor a ryght
Or goodely was beseyn / that yll day
God wote whether he weas like a malyn ryght
What shulde I dretche / or telle of hys aray
Crisyde wrycke that / alle thysc thyngs say
To tel in short / hym lyked alle in fere
Hys persone hys aray) hys looke hys chere

Hys goodely maner / ande hys gentylesse
So wel that never / sith we was born
We hidy wee succe tolwth / of hys dysetesse
Ande though we hidy be hardy / therre to forne
To goodly hope / we hath nolb caught a thorn
We shal not pul it out / thys never wrycke
Godz sendy we mo succe / thornes on to wylle

Pandare wrycke that stoody hym fast by
Felt the yren hote / ande bygan to smyce
Ande sayd nece / I pray yoll herlyp
Tel me that I shal aske yoll alwee
A wooman that / deth to wrycke
Wythout hys / of tolwth
Were it wro / by my tolwth

Godz helpe me / sey me sooth
Yf ye feele your / not we
So pondy we ryte / quod we so we doth
Wele quod Pandare / as I knue woldy yoll thry
Late be your myghte / ande holly
Ande speke wyth hym / in easynge of hys fere
Late myghte not do / yoll woth to smert

But theron was / to heue audi to done
Considered at thyng / it may not so be
Andi wþp for speche / andi eke it wæt to soone
To graunt hym yit / so gret a lyberete
For playnlyk fer entent / as sayd si
Was for to loue hym / vnlþpse of fer myght
And glverdon hym with nothyng / but with hyske

But pandare thought / it shuld not be so
Yf that I may thyre myc oþwynpon
Shul not be holdy / fulli yeric illo
What shuld I make of thy / a songe sermon
He must assent / on that conclusion
As for the hym / andi wban that it was true
Andi al was wæt / he wæt andi toke hym leue

Andi on hys way homward / ful fast hym sped
Andi ryght for yore / he felte hys ferre daunce
Andi twylus he sondy / alor: a ledy
That lay as don / thysse louete in a crancis
Welþpre hope / andi dñe desperaunte
But Pandare ryght / al hys in compnyng
He sang as who sayth / somwhat I syng

Andi sayd who is in hys bedde so soone
Yf kuredy thus / it am I standy quod he
Who twylus nap / helpe me so the moone
Quod Pandare / then shal he wæt andi see
A charme that was ryght
The wþples can ferre the /
So that thow do forthwæt

Ye thurgh the myght of god
Andi Pandare / gan hym
Andi sayd par dieuy / gody fer
Haue here a lyght / e looke ouer al ferre
But oft gan hys ferre / glady andi quod
Of twylus wþples he gan it rede
So as the wordis / haue hym hope andi drede

But synally / he wote alle for the leste
That he hym wroote / for somwhat he woldyn
On whiche he thought / he myght hym heret rest
Al couched / in the woldy / vndyr steldy
Thus to the more worty / part he woldy
That wnt for hope / and Pandanus byfrest
Hys greet woor forpeede / at the leste

But as we may alday / our seluen see
The more wode ande woor / the more fyre
Right so enreas of hope / wnt so it be
Therbyt ful oft / enreasith hys desyre
Or as an Oke / cometh of a lytel sprye
So thurgh thys letter / whiche that he hym sent
Enreas gan desire / byt whiche he brent

Wherfor I say albewy / that day and myght
Thys twylus / gan to desire more
Then he dyd erst / thurgh hope / did his myght
To viagen on / as by Pandanus brou
And wroote vnto hym / of hys sorowes sore
Few day to day / he lete it not refredy
That by pandane somwhat he wroote or sayde

And dyd alle hys other obseruantes
That to a louter / longyng in thys caas
And after that hys dyce / turnyd on chaunes
So he was outher glady / or sayd alas
And feldy after hys gyftes / ay hys pa3
I.e. after suche answerys as he hady
So were hys dapes / sayng other glady

But to pandane albewy / was hys recours
And mytously gan / vnto hym pleyne
And hym besought / of rede or some socours
And Pandanus salbe hys woodely pepyne
Way wele ny deedy / for tolwth sooth to seyne
And besily byt al hys heret he cast
Some of hys woor to flee / and that as fast

Andi sayd lordi / andi frendi / andi brother dore
Godi wote that thy desease / doeth me woor
But wylt thou seyn / al thys woful chere
Andi by my trouthe / or it be dayes elwo
Andi godi to foryn / yit shal I shape it so
That thou shal come / in to a certeyn place
Ther as thou mayse thy self / prep hyz of grace

Andi certaynly I note / yf thou it wost
But tho that ben expert / in loue I sey
It is one of the thynges/ that furtherith most
A man to haue a leyfer / for to prey
Andi siker place hys woor for to belvrey
For in goodi hert / ther must woluth imprese
To hyz that seeth/ the gyltles in dysresse

Perauenture thyngest thou / though it be so
That kyndi woldi done / for to begynne
To haue a maner woluth / vpon my woor
Seyth daugyer nay thou shal me never wynnne
In that maner for no maner gynne
Though that she bende yit / she stant on foote
Whit in effect is thys / vnto my boote

Than ther ageynst / whan that the sturdy oke
On wþyest men hake / oft for the nones
Reþyuedi hath / the havy fallyngre stroke
The gretþ silvergþt / doth it falle at onces
As don thyse wikkis / to the mylstones
For silwyster cours / comþt thyngre of weyght
Whan it descendyth / than don thynges byght

But leede that wþyeth down / wþyeth every blast
Ful lyghly wþyeth the wyndi / it wþyl aryse
But so nyl not an oke / whan it is cast
It nedyth me not / the longe to deuse
Men shuldi reiouse / of gretþ emprise
Achayþt wþe / andi stondyth oute of doute
All haue men ben / the lenger ther aboute

But Troylus wold tel me yf the leste
A thyng the whiche / I shal aske the
Whiche is the brother / that thou wouest leste
As in thy veray hertis puruyt
Wyllyng my deere brother / Deuytis
Wold quod Pandare / or hounds tylwyd tylwelue
He shal the easse / Unlyyste of hym selue

Wold lete me alone / andy werke as I may
Quod he / andy to deuytis wente he tho
Whiche had hys bordy / andy grete frend leyn ay
Sawe Troylus nomay he woued so
To tel in short / Wythout wordis mo
Quod Pandare / I pray yow that ye be
Frendy to a cause / Whiche that touchyeth me

Vis parde quod Deuytis / Wel thou wost
In alle that euer I may / andy gody to fore
A le neere it but for oo man / that I loue most
My brother Troylus / but sey me wsterfore
It is for sith the day / that I was bore
I naȝ nor neuermore / to be I thynk
Ageynst a thyng / that myght the forthyng

Pandare gan hym thank / andy thus he seyde
Lo sirc I haue a lady in thyis tolne
That is my neece / andy callyd is Criseyde
Whiche some men wold do oppression
Andy wrongfully haue her possession
Wherfor yowre bordy / I yow leseche
To be oure frendy Wythout more speche

- Deuytis ansilverd / is it thyis
That thou to me spack of / so straungely
Criseyde my frendy / he sayd sike is
Than nedyth quod Deuytis / hardily
Nomore of thyis for trusteth wel that I
Wyl be hyr champion / Wyth spere andy silverd
I wught not / though all hyr foes it herd

But tel me / for thou wost thys matere
I myght hyr best auapple / nold late see
Quod Mandatis / yf ye my lordz so deere
Woldz as nold do / thys honour unto me
To prayen hyr thys / to morold that she
Come unto yoll / hyr playntes to deuyse
Hyr aduersaries / noldz therof a greye

Lordz yf that more / I durst yoll pray as nold
Andz charge yoll to haue so gret trauapple
To haue some of yollre brethern/here with yoll
Than myght hyr cause / the better auapple
Than wold I wcel / she myght never fapple
For to be holp / what at your instance
Whit wylth hyr oþyr frendes / sustenaunce

Deiphebus whiche that was / come of kynde
To al honour / andz bounte to consent
Ansverdy it shal be don/ andz I can fynde
Nyt gretter helpe to thys / in myn entent
That wylt thou sey / yf for Heseyne I sent
To speke of thys / I tolde it be best
For she may leede Paris/ as hyr leste

For Hector whiche that is my lordz my brother
It nedþ not to pray hym frendz to be
For I haue herdy hym/ boþe one tyme andz other
Speke of Criseyde such honour that he
May sey no bet / such hap to hym hath she
So nedþ not hys helpe / nold for to caue
He shal be such / ryght as we wyl hym haue

Speke thou thy self also to Troylus
On my deselue / andz pray hym wylth us dyne
Syr as thys shal be do / quod Mandatis
Andz tolde hys leue / andz never gan to fyne
But to hys neccis hous / as streyght as a lyne
He come andz fonda hyr / from the mewe araye
Andz set hym down/ & spak right in thys wylle

He sayd / O veray godz so haue I wonne
To neete myn / see ye not hōlb I s̄ibete
I nocht w̄sther the more/ ye me thankz conne
We ye not ware / hōlb falso polip̄tē
Hōlb aboute / eftsoones to plete
To bryngz on hōlb / aduocatis nelbe
I no quodz sic / andz chuangydz all her selbe

Whit is he more aboute / me to dretē
Andz do me w̄rōngz / what shal I do alaō
Vit of hym self / nothyngr w̄oldz I retē
Ner it for Anthenor andz Eneas
That ben hys frendes / in suchē maner cas
But for the loue of godz / myn uncle dñe
No fors of it / lete hym haue al pfect

W̄thout that I haue p̄nolbgh for to
May quodz pandare / it shal nothyngr be soō
For I haue be right hōlb / w̄th Deiphobus
At Hector / andz myn other lordis moo
Andz shortly made eche of theym/hys foo
That by my thryft / he shal it never wynnē
For aught he can / whan so that he begynnē

Andz as they cas / whit was leſt to done
Deiphobus / of hys olvne curtesie
Came hyr to prep / in hys olvne prop̄z persone
To holdz hym / on the morolb compānie
At dynē whyp̄le sic w̄oldz / hym not denye
But goodly gan / to hys prāter oþre
He thankyth hyr / andz went upon hys b̄re

- Whan thys was done thys pandare v̄p anone
To tel m̄ short / forth he gan to wende
To Troylus as styl as ony stōne
Of al thys thyngr he toldz hym wordz andz ende
Andz hōlb he Deiphobus gan to blende
Andz saydz hōlb is tyme / yf that thou conne
Were the wele to morolb / andz al is wonne

Nolb speke nolb prep / nolb ppwysly compleyne
Leue not for myc shayne/ or drede or swolth
Somtyme a man mote / tel hys olvne pynne
Spleue it andz she lbyl haue / on the woldth
Thou shalt be sauyd / by thy seylth in croldth
But wele wote I thou art in a drede
Andz what it is / so I can it rede

Thou thyngest nolb / holt shal I do al hys
For by my chre / must folke espre
That for loue is / that I fare amys
Vit hdy I leuer yllys / for sorolb dye
Nolb thyng not so / thou doest greate folye
For I ryght nolb / haue foundz a maner
Of sleyght / for to couere al thy chere

Thou shalt goo ouer nyght/ andz that as hlyue
Unto Deiphus hous / the to pleyn
Thy malady the bet / albx to dryue
For whyn thou sempst syke / the sooth to sey
Soone after that / doun in thy bedz the ley
Andz sey thou mayst / no lenger by endure
Andz be right there / andz byde thy aventure

Sey that the feuer / is wont the to take
The same tyme / andz last tyl a morolbe
Andz lete see nolb/holt bel thou kanst it make
For pardz sike is he that is in sorolbe
So nolb fare bel / andz Venus here to sorolbe
I hope andz thou / thy purpos holdz ferme
In grace she shal / the fully conferme

Quodz Troylus yllys / thou nedles
Counseylest me / sikerly to seyne
For I am sike / in ernest doubles
So bel ny that / I sterue for the pynne
Quodz Pandarus/ thou shalt the bettyr pleynne
Andz hast the lasse nede / to countrefete
For hym men deme hot / that men see ilbete

To holdy he at thy Crist ebor / andy I
Shal wele the dere / unto thy bolve dryue
Sterbyth he toke hys leue / al softly
And Troylus to paleys went blyue
So gladz he was / neuer in al hys lyue
And to Pandarus re'e / gan al assent
And to Deiphebus hous / at nyght he went

What nedynth yow / to telle of the exere
That Deiphebus gan hys brothyr make
Or hys accesse / or hys sikelij manere
Holv men hym gan / byth clothys lade
Whan he was leyde / & holb men did hym glade
But alle for noughe / he heldy forth hys guyse
As ye haue herd / Pandare hym deuyse

But certeyne is / or Troylus hym leyde
Deiphebus prepdy hym / ouer nyght
To be a frendy andy helppynge to Crysye
Godz wote that he / it graunteyd anon ryght
To be hys ful frendy / byth al hys nyght
But such a nede it was / to praye hym thenne
As for to bydde / a woode man to renne

The morolle come / andy nygten gan the tyme
Of mele tyde / that the fayre quene heleyne
Shoote hys to be / an hour after the pryme
Wgh deiphebus / to whom sic woldy not feyne
But as hys suster / homely soth to seyne
She come to dynre / in hys playn entent
But god & Pandare / byst none what this ment

Come cke Crysye al innocent of thys
Antygone hys suster andy Targe also
But fle we nolb prolyvit best is
For loue of godz andy lete vs fast goo
Ryght to theffet / bythout talis moo
Whi al thys folk / assembled in that place
Andy lete vs of theyr salowynges pat

Grete honour upyn hem Deiphebus artayne
And fed hem wel / with al þe myght hem lyke
But cuermore alas / was hys usayne
My good brother / twylus the sike
þerþe þe / and therlyþe al þe gan to sike
And after that / he myned hym to glade
Hem as he myght / and good cheir hem made

Compleyned eke Hesepne / of hys sickenesse
So seythfull þe / that wþte was to bate
And euery wþght than / was for that achesse
A leche anon / and seyde in hys manere
Men curyn folke / hys currie / wþt yold lewe
But ther sat one / al lyþt bate not to erre
Whit thought / pit bate coldy / þe hys leche

Afer compleyn / than gan they hym to mynse
As folle don þe / wþtyn some hyn Brygonne
To mynse a man / and wþt hym to mynse
A thousande fold / pit bate than the sonne
He is that can / that felde bards conne
And Pandarus of war / they wþld affirme
He not forgate / hys praysyng to conferme

Verdy al thys / Criseyde wel ymoldy
And euery wþrd / gan to notyfe
Hoo wþpþt wþpþt sole cire / bate wþt wþldy
Hoo who is that / nold hym gleyþe
To mons such a knyght / to lyue or dye
But al wþsse / lese ye to longe dñe
Hoo al is / for a fyne that / you tell

To tyme come / from dynet for to mynse
And as theym ought / they mynen eueryþon
And gan a wþyle / of thys and that deyse
But Pandarus / brake al that spekþ anon
And sayd to Deiphebus / wþt we gon
If yoldre wþt be / as I yold mynse
To spekþ bate of the needis / of Criseyde

Heseyne w̄yck that / by the hand̄ h̄y: held̄
Toke fyre the tale / and̄ sayd̄ golbe blyue
And̄ goodly on Criseyde she felde
And̄ sayd̄ Iouis late hym never thryue
That doeth poll harm / & bryng hym self of lyue
And̄ reue me sorolue / but he shal̄ it relue
Yf thū I may / and̄ oþre folkes be trelue

Tel thou thy needis mas / quod̄ Deiphebus
To Pandarus / for thou canst best it telle
My lordis and̄ my ladiis it stant thus
What shuld̄ I lenger / do poll d̄belle
He wrynḡ hym out a proces lyke a felle
Wren̄ h̄y: too / that h̄yght poliprete
So brynowis that men / myght on it spett

Answerd̄ of this case of theym / worse thā other
And̄ poliprete / thus gan they Warren
An hanged̄ be such one / were he my brother
And̄ so it shal̄ / for it may not Warren
What shuld̄ I lenger / in thynḡ processe tarpen
Playnly al at ones / then h̄y: behynḡ
To be h̄y: frend̄ / in all that enet they myght

Such than helenne / and̄ h̄y: Pandarus
Worc̄ ought my lord̄ my brother thynḡ mater̄
Ameane Hector / or worc̄ it Troylus
He sayd̄ ye / but wyl̄ ye noll̄ me here
Me thynketh thys / sith Troylus is here
It were goode / yf that ye woul̄ assent
She wold̄ hym her self / al thynḡ or six went

For he wyl̄ haue the more / h̄y: grief at her̄
By cause too / that she a ladd̄ is
And̄ by golbre laine / I wyl̄ but in secret
And̄ do poll byte / and̄ that anon ylbyte
Yf that he sleepe / or wyl̄ ought here of thys
And̄ in he sleepe / and̄ sayd̄ hym in hys eere
God̄ haue thy soule brought I haue thy here

To smylen gan / of thys Troysus
And Pandarus / wþþout restonyng
Ent went anon / to Heleyn and Deiphbus
And syd hym so / ther be no tarynge
Ne more I wyl wyl / that ye bryng
Criseyde anon / my lady that is here
As he may endire / he wyl wyl hit

But wyl ye wote / the chantere is but lyte
And felwe folk may lyghtly / make it warme
Nol wulþe ye / for I wyl haue no wþþer
To bryng in pices / that myght do hym harme
Or hym dyscase / for my bettyr armes
Wher it be bet / sþe abyde tyl eft soone is
Nol wulþe ye that knolle / whan to dene is

I say for me best is / as I can knolle
That no wþþer nol wendy m but ye ther
But it were for I can in a throlle
Rescre hys cause / vnspeke that sþe can say
And after thys / sþe may hym ooneo prep
To be hys goodi lord / m short andi take hys leue
Thys may not moche / of hys easse hym true

And for that sþe is strunge / he wyl for fer
Hys easse wþþer he dñe not for wþþer
Ere other thynges / wþþer touchyth not to her
He wyl wþþer telle / I wote it wyl knolle
That start is / and for the tolennes wþþer
And sþe that not thyng knolle / of thys entent
Wþþout more / to Troysus m went

Heleyn in al hys goodesly soft wþþer
Can hym safelb / andi wemmanly pleyn
Andi sayd ylbyd / ye most algate arysse
Nol hys brother / he al hole I wþþer prep
Andi gan hys arme / Upon hys shulder ley
Andi hym wþþer al hys bet / sþe gan dysport
No sþe best celde / of scold hym to comfor

Soone after quod^y s^r / we yoll bysele
My dere brother Deiphebus / and^y I
For loue of god^y / and^y so doth Pandare eke
To be good^y bord^y / and^y frenyd^y right certysly
Unto Crisende l^hlyche that certysly
Recyng^y l^hrong^y / as wote wel heire Pandare
That an h^r cas / wel bet than I declare

Thys Pandare / gan nol^b hys tunge astysle
And^y al h^r cas refresdy / and^y that anen
Whan it was seyd^y / soone after in a whyle
Quod^y Twylus / as seone as I may gon
I wyl ryghtly fayn / wþþt al my myght a non
Haue god^y my troubl^y / h^r cause to sustene
Goode myrst haue ye / quod^y Heleyn the quene

Quod^y Pandare / and^y pit yollre wþþt le
That s^r may take h^r leue / or that s^r go
Nol^b ellis god^y forbede it tho quod^y s^r
Yf that s^r vouchesau^y / for to do so
And^y wþþt that w^r d^y / quod^y Twylus ye two
Deiphebe / and^y ye my suster dere
To yoll haue I to speke / of a matere

To be aduyse^y / by yollre aduyse the lettir
And^y had^y as hav^y was / at hys beddis he de
The copy of a trete^y / and^y a lettir
That Hector had^y hym sent / to askyn rede
Yf such^y a man / were worthy to be dede
Mode I not who / but in a grevesly wþþt
Be prayed^y hem bothe anon / on h^r auyse

Deiphebus / gan thys lettir vnfold^y
In etnese grete / so dyde heleyn the alvenc
And^y comynge outward^y / fast gan it behold^y
Dounward^y a stayre / and^y in to an sterber grene
Thys pleke thyng^y / they reddyn hem betwene
And^y largesly / the montenaunce of an hunte
They gon to it / for to dede and^y yollre

Nold lete hym rede / andy tourne the anon
To Pandarus / that gan ful fast pry
That as wel in andy out / gan he gon
Unto the chambre a bof / andy that on hym
Andy sayd godz saue al thys company
Come nold my necc / my lady albene Helayne
A brydeth polly / andy the my lordis Helayne

Ryse take wryth polly / pour necc Antigone
Or whom ye lyst / or nosors hardlyp
The lesse preace the bet / come forth wryth me
Andy leke that ye thank humblyp
Hem al thre / andy when ye may goodlyp
Voldre tyme see / talkyth of hym pollyre leue
Lest we to long / hys wif hym bryue

Itt innocent / of Pandarus entent
O uod tho Caispdes / go we Uncle dede
And arme hi arme / milward with hym sit went
Aupsyngz wel hy: wordis / andy hys cheue
Andy Pandarus / in etne fuisse manere
Seyd al folde / for goddie loue I prep
Seyntyth ryght bette / andy softlyp ye pley

A upse ye wchit folke / ben bett wrythpane
Andy m wchit pleyt one is / godz hym amende
Andy milward / thus / ful softly begynne
Necc I coniure / andy hysly defende
On hys halfe / wrychte that do soule hath sende
Andy m the vertu / of the corolunce helayne
See not this man / that bath for polly this pleyne

Hys on the deyly / thynk wrychte onc he is
Andy m wchit pleyt be lyeth / come of anone
Thynk al suche taryed tyde / lost is
That wyl ye both sey / when ye ben one
Andy sikerly ther pit / dyuyngeth none
Upon polly elwo / come of nold yf ye conne
Wrytle folk is blent / so al the tyme is wonne

In tretynge in pursuyte / andy desaynes
Folk wyl dynyne / at waggyng of a stee
That though ye woldy / haue after merye daynes
Thin dñe ye not for wþþ / for he andy se
Spack sucht a wþþ / thus lookid y six andy six
Thus tyme y lost / I dare not wþþ wþþ dese
Come of therfor / andy bryngy hym to hys huse

But nold wþþ wþþ / ye louers that ben here
Was not etryns / in a cankerdore
That laye myght / the wþþsprynge of her huse
Andy thought o lordy / nold tennyth my sort
Fully to dre / or haue no comfort
Andy was the fyre tyme he shuld y hys preye
Of loue / o myghty gody what shal I seye

¶ Here endeth the secunde booke

¶ Andy here beginneth the prologe of
the thyrde booke

¶ **O** Blissful light of whiche the beames clere
A dounte sh / al the hys beuenes saye
O sonnes lyp / O Jouys daughter deere
Plesaunce o loue / o goodly deuonyte
In gentyl herte / wþþ wþþ to repayre
O deuyce cause of helle / andy of gladnesse
P hys dñe be thy myght / andy thy goodnessse

In beuen andy helle / erthe andy see
Is fyre thy myght / yf that I wel dyscerne
As man brydþ best / fyfth herbe andy grene tree
The feldy in tymes / wþþ vapour etere
Gody brouȝt andy to huse / he wyl not beuen
Andy in thys wþþ / no lyues creature
Wþþout loue is worth / or may endure

In Louis fyrt / to thyself effectis glade
Thergh whiche that thynges / syuen al andy be
Commendyd / andy amoutray hem made
O mortal thyng / andy as thou lyse ay sce
Paue hem in loue / easc or aduersite
Andy in a thousandy fourmes / doun hem sent
To loue in erthe / andy whom ye lyse is blent

The herte Mars / to apesyn of hys herte
Andy as ye lyse me make herte digne
Allegatis hem / that ye wyl sette a herte
That dreden shame / andy vptis yit usigne
Ye to hem curtesy / fressh be andy knyngne
Andy hem promotith / astyr a wryght entydeth
The joye that he hath / pour in myght hym sondryng

Ye holdyn regne andy houes in Unyte
The sothfist cause / andy frendshyp be also
Ye knollw all thyself / couertyd quasyte
Of thynges whiche that folkes wondren on so
That they can not conceyve / how it may geo
He louyth hym / or whyp loueth he not heire
Or whyp this fyshe / is not that compyth to the wete

The folke a salve / han sette in Unyte
Andy thys knollw I / by them that souere be
That who so scrupulw lwhi wold / hath the wete
Wold lady wryght for thy benygnite
At reuerence of hem / that scriven the
Whos clerk I am / teche me deuys
Some joye of that / is felte in thy scrupulw

Ye in my naked / herte sentment
In elde / andy do me stelde of thy wytnesse
Closynge / thy dyes ben nold present
For nold is ned / seest thou not my dyscreesse
Wold I muse telle anon / right the gladnesse
Of Troylus to Venus kereng
To whiche gladnesse lwho ned hath god hym bryng

Here endeth the prologue

And here begynneth the thyrde booke

LXp al thy mene wylle Troylus
Recordyng hys lesson / in thy manere
Mastyr thought he thus ibil I say & thus
Thus wyl I vseyne / Unto my lady dere
That worty is good / & that shal be my masteire
Thys wyl I not for geten / in no wylle
Godly speue he werte / as he gan deuyse

And wold so hys herte / gan tho to wylle
Heryng hys come / and sore for to syke
And Pandarus / that lady hys by the cappe
Come newt and gan / in at the curteyn pylke
And lady godly do herte / on al sike
See who is free / yolu comyn to vysite
Lo herte is free / that is yolbre deth to wyte

Wher wylth it semed / that he werte almost
A ha good / quod Troylus so sorowfully
Wert me be woo / o myghty god thou wost
Who is al there / I see not trewely
Syr quod Criseyde / it is Pandare and I
Ye swete herte / Alas I may not ryse
To knele and do yold honour / in somme wyse

And dressid hym vylbard / and she ryght tho
Wrgan hym handis soft / vpon hym leye
O for the loue of god / do ye not so
To me quod she / wylnt is thys to seye
Syr come am I to yoll / for causes ilveye
First yold to thank / of yolbre good lorsthypp cle
Contynuance therof / I yold byseke

Exodus that herd² thus / hys lady praye
Of lordshyp hym was nother / quicke ne dede
Ne myght one word² / for shame to hym seye
And though men shuld² haue smerte of his dede
But lord² so he was / sodaynly rede
And² hys lesson / that he wend² had² conne
To pray hym / was thurgh hys hert y conne

Crisyde al thys esped² wel ymoldgh
For she was lypse / & louyd² hym never the lasse
Al though he were not malapt / & made it tolbg²
Or was to bold² / to syng² a foole a masse
But lukan his shame / bygan somwhat to passe
Hys wordis as I may / my rymes hold²
I lyl² yolu tellen / as tecden bokes old²

In chaungyd² boyc² / right for hys lady drede
Whiche boyc² eke quode / & thereto hys manere
Goodly abysynd² and² nol² hys huelbes rede
Nol² pale unto Crisyde hys lady dce
Wyl²th looke down² cast / and² humble boldly chre
To altherfyrst word² / that hym astert
Was lyses mercy mercy swete hert

And synt a while / & lukan he myght out bryng
The next word² was / god² wort for I haue
As ferforth as I haue had² conmyng
Be yollures all / so god² my soule haue
And² shal tyl that / I woful lyyght be gne
And though I ne dare / ne can to yoll² compleynne
I lyses I suffre not / the lasse peyne

Thus moche as nold² / o ldomanly lyp²
I may out bryng² / and² yf it yoll² dysplease
That shal I wreke / upon myn elme lyp²
Ryght soone I trolbe / and do yollure hert an² eas²
If lyp² my deth / yollure hert may apearse
For sith ye haue me herd² / somwhat seye
Nol² wiche I never / yoll² soone that I dexe

Eherlyng hys manly sorow / to hys holdy
It myght hath made an hert / of ston to helve
Andz mandare wept / as he to hater hys holdy
Andz seyd hys begon / ben hertis helve
Andz pokidz euer hys nece / helve andz helve
For loue of god / make of thy thyngz an ende
Or sice vs both at ones / or we hens hende

By what quodz ske / by godz andz by my troublis
I wole not what ye woldy that I sey
I what quodz he / that ye haue of hym tollyng
For goddis loue / andz do hym not to dep
Nolb than quodz ske thus I woldy hym prep
To telle me the fyne of hys entent
What wylst I never / beliwhat he ment

What that I meane / o swete hert dere
Quodz Troylus / o goodey fressh ske
Wyth the stremes / of yowre eyen cleere
Ye woldy frendly / somtyme on me see
Andz that ye suffre / that I never be ske
Wythout brauncle of byce / in ony wylce
Volb for to serue / lyke as ye wylc deuyse

As to my lady ryght / andz chyef resort
Andz al my wylte / andz al my dyligence
Andz I to haue ryght as volb lyse comfort
Wondyr your yerdz egal / to myn offence
As deth / ye yf I do ony offence
Andz that ye lyse me / somoche honoure
Me to coumaunde / ought in ony houre

Andz I to be volbre / veray humble helve
Secret / andz in my paynes pacient
Andz cuermore desire / fresshly helve
To serue andz he / y lyke dyligent
Andz wylth goodz hert / al holly volbre talent
Receyue in gree / holb sore that me smert
So thus meane I / myn olde swete hert

Quod? Chandalus to her / an hardy request
And? resonably / a lady for to berne
Molo nece myn / by natal yowis fest
Wer? I a god? / ye shuld? sterue as perne
That her? welthe man / nothynge perne
But polire honour / and? see hym almost sterue
And? be so bold? / to suffre hym pol to sterue

With that she gan hym exen / on hym cast
Ful esily / and? ful desonarily
Aupsynge hym / and? hym be not to fast
With never a word? / but sayd? hym sobarily
Myng honour sauf / I wyl wel trebly
And? in such fourme / as ye conne deuse
Recyuen hym full? / to my setynge

Deschynge hym / for goddis loue that he
Wold? in honour trolb? / and? gentylness
As I wole meane / else meane he wel to me
And? myn honour / wylth al besynesse
Ay hepe yf I may / to do hym gladnesse
From hensforth / yllyes I wyl not syne
Molo leth al hole / no lenger that ye vleyn

But nathelesse / thys warne I pol? quod? she
A bynges sene / though ye be yllyes
Ye shul nomore / stiue souemynge
Of me in loue / right but as in that cas? is
Ne I myl forlere / yf ye don amys
To wrath pol? / and? wylle ye me sterue
Exen? pol? right after pol? desterue

And? shoul? dete her? and? al my knyght
Welth glady / and? dralbe pol? / to lusynesse
And? I shal trebly / wylth al my myght
Polire bryter tyme / al in to lusynesse
Yf I be sic / that may do you gladnesse
For euery woo / ye shul recouere a blyffe
And? hym in armys toke / and? gan hym knyffe

Hyl Pandare on knees / andy vp hys eyen
To heuene se threlde / andy hys handis hre
Immortal godz quodz se / that mayst not open
Cupido I meane / of thys mayst gborystre
Andy Venus thou mayst / make melodye
Wyt houten handz / me semper that in tolune
For thys myracle / I here ecce leste tolune

But so nomore as nolle / of thys matere
For whyp thys folke / wyl come vp anone
That haue the letter wodz / so I tem here
But I adourne the / & tisepde anon
Andy the Troylus / that whan thou mayst gon
That at myn houe / ye be at my warnynge
For I ful wel / shal shape your compaigne

Andy casith there your berdes / right ymough
Andy lett see whiche of yoll shal lete the belle
To speke of loue / a lytel therbyth se yollugh
For ther haue ye / a leysur for to telle
Quodz Troylus / holl songe shal it dylbelle
Quodz thys be do quodz se / whan thou markeyst ryse
Thys thyng shal be / right as I deyse

Wyt that Hyspyn / andy eke Deiphebus
Than comen hylbardi / at the starte ende
Andy lordz so to grome / tho gan Troylus
Hys broþer andy hys suster / for to blende
Quodz Pandarus tyme is that we wende
Take nece myn / yollure leue at al thre
Andy lett hem speke / andy come forth wyt me

He toke hys leue / at hem ful honestyl
As sic wele coldy / andy hys truerente
Wento the ful / they dyden hardyly
Andy wonder wel spack / in hys absence
Of hys in praysing / of hys excellente
Hys gouernauant hys wyt / andy hys manere
Commendyng it / that Ioy it was to here

Nolb lete hyr wende / to hyr oþne place
Andz wrene we / to Troylus aȝern
That gan ful lyghþly / of the latter pace
That Deiphbus / hidȝ in the gardyn seyn
Andz of Helleyne andz hym he woldȝ seyn
Despuetdȝ be andz saydȝ that hym lete
To slepe andz after talis to haue rest

Helleyne hym lyft andz wile / hyr leue blyue
Deiphbus cle / andz home went eueri lynght
Andz pandatis / as faste as he may dypue
To Troylus come / tho as blyue right
Andz on a paplet / al that gladdȝ nright
By Troylus he lay / wyrth blyssful clere
To talke andz wile was hem / they were in fere

Whan eueri lynght was vnydȝ / but they shwo
Andz alle the doores / were fise y set
To tel in short / lyþhoultrȝ woldis mo
Thys Pandatis / lyþhout ony let
Wp to andz vpon hys beddis syde / hym set
Andz gan to speke / in a sobre lyse
To Troylus / as I shul yold nolb deuyse

Myn alther best lordȝ / andz brother dere
Godȝ woldȝ andz thou / that it sat me so sore
Whan I the salbe / so languysshynȝ to yeere
For wile of lyþhuse / the wile wile cuermore
That I lyþh alle my myght / andz my sore
Haue cuer fith / do my besynesse
To bryngȝ the to joy / out of dystresse

Andz haue it brought / to such pleyte as y wost
So that thurgh me / thou seondyst nolb in wey
To fare wile / I scy it so: no wost
Andz wost thou lyþh / for shame it is to scy
For the haue I begonne / a game to pley
Whyle that I never do shal / eft for other
Al though he were / a thousand fold my brother

That is to seye / for the am I becomen
Welbyng game andy ernest / siche a meane
As maken wppenmen / vnto men comen
Thou wost thy self / what that I woldy means
For the haue I / my neece of vntes cleene
So fuly made thy gentyflesse to cryst
That al shal be / ryght as thy self lyst

But godz that al wote / take I to wypnesse
That I never thys / for courtyse wroughe
But only to aby ge / thy dystresse
For whiche wel mygh / v deydest as me thought
But goode brother / do nolb as the onylt
For goddis loue / andy kepe her out of blame
So as thou art wypse / kepe hyr out of shame

For wel tholw wost the name is pit of hyr
Among the people / as who sey shalwbyng is
For never was pit wypgh / I dite wel shalw
That euer wypse / sse dydg amys
But wo is me / that I that cause alle thys
May thynk / that sse is my neece dite
Andy I hyr Eame / andy traytowt both I fere

Andy were it wypse / that I thurgh myn engyne
Had / in my next / put thys fantasie
To do thy lust / andy holp to be thyne
Why alle the people / woldy vpon it cay
Andy sey that I / the wort trechry
Dyde in thys cas / that euer was bygonne
Andy sse for done / & thou right nought y wonne

Werfor er I wyl further go a pas
The I pray est / though thou shuldest dep
That pruypte / go wypth vs in thy cas
That is to sey / thou never vs belrey
Andy be not wroth / though I the oft prep
To holdy seye / siche an hygh materre
For skylful is / thou wost wel my prayere

Thynk what woso / ther bath betyd as thys
For makynge of auauantis / as men dede
And what myschauant / pit in thys wortday is
Two day to day / ryght for that lykelye dede
For whiche thysse wypse clerkes / that ben dede
Haue myre as thys / as pit men dede vs yonge
The fyre vertu is / to kepe the tonge

And ner it that / I wold as now aredge
Diffusion of specke / I colde almosst
A thousand old scropes the aledge
Of wymmen thurgh fale / andy footis bofe
Croueris canst thy self / ymoll andy woste
Ageyn that wye / for to be a labbe
Though men soth say / as ofte as they gadde

For tonge alas / so oft heire byforn
Hath made ful many a lady / bryght of helme
Sey welsalvey the day / that she was born
And many a mayden / sorolde for to helme
And for the more parte / al is bntrelme
That men of wesp / e it were brought to preue
Wy reason none auauantour / is to leue

A hauntour andy a lyer / al is one
As thus I suppose / a womman bryght me
And sayth certyn / that other wyl she none
And I am sworn / to hold it secre
And after I go / andy tel it two or thre
By wye I am a hauntour / at the leste
And a lyer / in brekyng of my besyt

Such maner folk / what shal I kepe hem what
And booke that I be right nought to blame
That hem auant of wymmen / e say she is what
That neuert pit / in ernest nor in game
Enelme hyz nomore / than the deups dame
No wonder is / so godz me sondy bele
Though wymmen dede / wypth vs men to dede

I say not thyng / for no myserise of yow
Ne for no wyse man / but for foolis nyce
Andi for the harm / that in the worldy is nolb
As wele for folys dedy / as for malyste
For wele I wote / that wyse folk that wye
No woman man dredyeth / yf she be wele aypedy
For wyse folk ben / by foolis harmes chasyedy

But nolb to purpos / lyf brother dene
Haue al thyng thyng / that I haue sayd in mynd
Andi kepe the cloes / andi be nolb of goody dene
For at thy day / thou shalt me telle syndy
I shal thy processe / sette in such a syndy
Andi gody wfore / that it shal the suffysse
For it shal be ryght / as thou wyl it deuyse

For wel I wote / thou meanest wel parde
Therefore I dare thyng fully vndyrtake
Thou wost cle / what thy lady grauntid the
Andi day is sette / the charters vp to make
Haue nolb good myght / I may no lenger wakse
Andi syd / for me / sith thou art nolb in blisse
That gody the sende deth / or soone lisse

Who myght tel / hulc the joye or feest
Whiche that he sole / of Troylus tho felte
Heryng the effect / of Chandalus felte
Hys oldy woo / that made hys hert blwest
Can tho for joye / to wasten andi to melt
Andi al the thoughtis / of hys sightes soore
Attones fledy / he felte of them nomore

But ryght as thyng holtis / andi these knynges
That haue ben in Wynter / dedy andi drayen
Reuesten hem in grene / whan that may is
Whan euery lusty / lyseth for to pleyn
Ryght in that self wyse / soth for to seyn
Way sodaynly hys hert / ful of joye
That gladder was ther never man in Troye

And gan hys boke / on mandatus by cast
Hul soberly / and fandly unto see
And sayd fande in A priyle the last
Wel thou wost / yf it remembre the
Wel mygh the dith / for woo thou fand me
And hul thol dydste / all thy besynesse
To knolle of me / the cause of my dyscasste

Thou wost hul longe / I forbare to seye
To the that art the man / that I best cryst
And perille none was it / to the belvere
That wpre I wel / but telle me yf the lyf
Speth I so both was / that thy self it wpre
Hold durst I mo crise / of thys master
Thit qvake nol / andy noman may do hit

But nathles by that god / I the fliete
That as hym lyfe/ may al thys woldy gouerne
And yf I ly / Achilles wpre a swete
My herte cleue / al were my lyf certe
As I am mortal / yf I late or perne
Woldy it helvey / it felwe or conne
For al the good/that god made vndyr the sonne

But rather woldy I dep / andy detempne
As thyndeth me nol / stokked in prisyon
In wretchednesse my speth / andy detempne
Captys to auel byngy Agamenon
Andy thys in al the templs of the woldone
Upon the goddis al / wpre I the fliete
To morow day / yf it liketh the to hre

And that thou hast/semockt y do for me
That I ne may / it nevermore deserve
Thys knoll I wel / al myght I nold for the
A thousand tymes / in a morow serue
I can nomore / but that I wpre the serue
Ryght as thy slau / wþyder so thol wende
For euermore unto my spues ende

But here wyth al myn vert / I the beseeche
That never in me / thou deme succe folys
As I shal sey / me thought by thy specke
That thys that thou hast / me for company
Do / I shuldy deme it a fulldry
I am not woodi / al yf I selbdy be
It is not fulldry / that wot I wel werte

But se that goth / for goldy or for rynges
On succe message / calle hem wher the best
But thys that thou doest / for gentylnesse
Compassion felawshyp andy true
Depart it so / for wypde werte is wypst
Hold that ther is / dypersite required
Wetlyve thynges / lyke as I haue leyd

Andy that thou knolle / I thynk not ne wocene
That thys scrupse / a shame be or a Jape
I haue my fawne fuster / Polixene
Cassandra Helleyne / or ony of the fraye
We haue never so faire / ne so wel y shape
Tell me wher thou wylt / of cuertichon
To haue for hym / andy lete me than alone

But sith thou hast do me thys scrupse
My lyf to laue / andy for no hope of mede
So for the loue of gody / thys gret empysse
Met fourme it ony / for nobis is most neede
For hre or bolde / wypthout ony drede
I wyl allbew / thy besetis al kepe
Haue nobis goody nyght / andy late us both sleepe

Thus heldy hem eche of other / we are ayed
Ent al the woldy ne myght it amende
Andy on the morow / when they were ayed
Eche w hys owne neede / gan entende
But Twylus thought / as the fyre be brende
For harv desire / of hope andy of plesaunce
Be not forgate / hys wypse gouernaunce

But in hym self lyþt manþdȝ gan wþsteyne
Eche wchelis dede/ ande eche brydelis cheue
That al tho that lyuen/ soþ to seyne
Ne shuldȝ haue wþst/ by wordȝ ne manere
What that he ment/ as touchyng þys matere
From euery lyþgþt/ as fer as the colde
He was so lyþe, ande cþsimplen he colde

Ande al tþys wþyle/ wþyle I wold druse
þys was hys lyf lyþt hys ful myght
By day he was/ in Martis hþgh scruse
That is to say/ in armes as a knyght
Ande for the most part/ the longe myght
He lay anȝ thought/ hold that he mygt scru
Hys lady best/ hys thank for to deserue

For wþy sþe fundȝ hym/ so dyscret in al
So sþcret/ ande of suche obysaunce
That wel sþe felte/ he was to hys a wal
Eþ styele a sheldȝ/ from euery dyspleaunce
That to be/ in hys goodȝ gouernance
So lyþe he was/ sþe was nomore aferdȝ
I meane as fer/ as ought to be reþyredȝ

Ande Mandanus/ to qþykene alþey the fyre
Was cuer lyke/ prest ande dyspȝent
To ease hys frenȝ/ was set alle hys desire
He shof ay on/ he to ande fro was sent
He leitris here/ whin Troplus was absent
That neuer lyþgþt lyþt/ as in hys frenȝis nede
Ne late hym sit/ to do hys frenȝ to sped

But nolue perauenture/some men wþyt woldȝ
That every wordȝ or booke/ sondȝ or cheue
Of Troplus/ that I reþerse sholdȝ
In al tþys wþyle/ unto hys lady deue
I trow it were/ a longe thyng to here
Or of ony lyþgþt/ that stant in suche dysiogn
Hys wordis all/ or euery booke to paynt

Forsooth I haue not herd / it done or thys
In story none / ne maner here I wene
And though I wold / I wold not ybys
For ther was some eppystyl/sent felwene
That wold as seyth my auctor / wexe contene
An hundryd verse/ of whiche hym lyte not wryte
Hold shuld / I than / a lyne of it endyte

But to the grete effecte / that I say thus
That stondyng in concord / andy quyete
Thysse ylke two / Criseyde andy Troylus
As I haue sayd / in thys tyme silete
Saue only that / oft tyme they myght not mete
Ne leysir hdy / her spechis to fulfylle
It befel ryght / as I shal yow telle

That pandarus/whiche y alway dide his myght
Ryght for the syne that I speke of here
As for to bryng to hys houe some myght
Hys fayre neete / andy Troylus y feire
Dier as at leysir / al thys hre matere
Touchyng ther boue/were at the ful bounyd
Hady as hym thought / a lyne therw y foundy

For he wryth grete desyderacion
Hady cuery thyng / that therw myght auayle
Forn cast/ andy put in execucion
Andy nothyr left for cose / ne for travayle
That none of hem shuld in nothyng feyple
Andy for to be not espyed there
He thought wexe / an impossible were

Andy dredles / it clere was in the wyndy
Of cuery ype / andy cuery set game
Thus al is wel / andy al thys woldy is blynd
In thys matere woth wryd andy tame
Thys tynker is redy for to put in frame
Wys lackyng not / but that we wryten woldy
A certeyn houre / in whiche sixt comyn sholdy

Andz Troylus that al hys puruyaunce
Be ned at the ful / andz wortldy on it ay
Hadz herte upon eke made / hys ordynaunce
Andz sondy hys cause / andz eke all the atra
That ys that he were myssed / myght or day
The whyle he was about hys scrupul
That he was go / to do hys sacryfyc

Andz must at such a temple / alme make
Andz worshyp Apollo / ther woldy he be
Andz fiste to see / the holpe lauter quake
Or that Apollo / spack out of the tre
To tel hym whan / the Grecis shuld y fe
Andz for thy let hym noman / god forke
But pray Apollo / that he woldy hym spe

Well is ther lypyl more / for to done
But vandatt vp / andz shertly to seyne
Ryght tpen the chungrunge / of the mone
Whan lightles is the woldy / a ryght or ilverne
Andz that the welsyn / shoure hym for to tynne
He stunght a morow / vnde hys neuer went
He hale welsy / the syne of hys entent

Whan he was ther / he gan anon to rexe
As he was wont / andz at hym self to gaze
Andz synally he swore / andz gan hym seye
Both thys andz that / he shuld hym not escape
He make hym lenger / astyr hym to gaze
But certaynly / he must by hym leue
Come soure byth hym / at hys houise at eue

At whyle st leugh / andz gan hym self excusen
Andz sayd / it tyneth / so woldy shuld I gon
Lat he od / he my ffre / ne seond not thus a musten
Thys mote be doon / ye shul be therre anon
So at the last / he of they fyl at on
Andz ellis soft he swore hym in hym eere
He woldy neuer come / therre as he were

Andi sic ageyn / gan hym for to tolne
Andi askeod hym / yf Twylus were there
He swore hym nay / for he was out of tolne
Andi sayd nece / I wose that he were there
Ye durst never haue / the more fere
For rather than men / shuld hym espre
Me were leuer / a thousandy foldy to die

Nat lyte myn Auctour / fully to declaryn
What that sic thought / whan he sayd so
That Twylus we 3 / out of tolne y faryn
As yf he sayd / soth therowf or no
But that sic grauntyd / wþth hym for to go
Wþthout napenge / sith he sic besought
Andi as his nece / obeyed hym ought

But natheles than / gan sic hym beseeche
Al though wþth hym to go / was no fere
For to be ware / of gosly peoples speche
That dremen thynges / whiche that never were
Andi wexe aypse hym / whom he brought ther
Andi sayd Eame / sith I must yow tene
Looke al be wel / for I do as yow lyte

He swore hym tho / by stokkes andi by stonnes
Andi by the goddis / that in euene dwelle
Or ellis were hym leuer / fell andi bones
Wþth pluto kyng / as depe he in delle
As Tantalus / wher shuld I lenger dwelle
Whan al was wel / he roos andi tolke hym leue
Andi sic to souþer come / whan it was eue

Woth a certayn / of hym tolne men
Andi wþth hym fayre nece Antigone
Andi other of hym wþmmen / nyne or ten
But who was glady / who as tröldre
But Twylus that stoody / andi myght it see
Thurgh a lytel wþndow / in a stelbe
There he set was / sith mydnyght in a mewe

Wolbyst of euery nyght / but of chandare
But nolb to purpos / whan that she was come
Wyth alle joye / and al frendis frere
Hyr came anone / in armes hath hyr name
Andz after to the solvper / al andz some
Whan tyme was to solvper they be sette
Godz worte ther was no deynce / for to sette

Andz after solvper / gan they to ryse
At case wel / Wyth herte frassh andz glade
Andz wel was hym / that colldy bese deuyse
To lyken hyr / or to callyngher her made
He songe six pleyde / he toldy a tale of wade
But at the last / as euery thyng hath ende
Shy tolke hyr leue / a nedie woldy home wende

But o fortune / execuytice of hyperedis
O influence / of the se liuence hys
Sooth is that Undyr godz / ye ben oure hyperedis
Though to be / ben the causes wryte
I hys meane I nolb / for she gan hemwardy hys
But execuytice was al / besyde hyr leue
The goddis wyl / for whiche six must bleue

The bent moone / Wyth herte horncs pale
Saturne andz Juno in Canto joynedy were
That such a rygne / from heuene gan auale
That euery man and woman that was ther
Hadz of the smoky rygne / a very fere
Andz Pandore bough tho / andz seydz thenne
Nolb it were tyme / a lady go thenne

But nolb goody neet / yf I myght euer please
Yolb ony thyngz / than pray I yolb quodz be
To do myn herte / as nolb so greet an ease
As for to dwelle here / thys myght Wyth me
For neet thyo is yolbre olbre hois parde
Nolb be myry I say / it is nolb no game
To wende nolb home / it were to me a shame

Criseyde whiche that colde / as moche goode
As half a world / tooke feede of hys prayer
And salbe it rayned / and al was on a floode
She thought as good / christe may I dwelle here
And graunt it gladsly / byth a frendly chere
And haue a thanke/than grutch / than abyde
For home to gone / it wyl not wel betide

I wyl quod / se myn uncl syef and dore
Syth that volb lyte / it shylis to be so
I am ryght glady / byth volb to dwellen here
I sayd / but a game / that I wold go
Byth graunt mercy / nece quod / se tho
Were it a game / or sooth for to telle
I am nold glady / syth that ye lyte dwelle

Thus al is wel / but tho bygan a ryght
The welbe joye / and al the fest ageyn
But Pandanus / ys goodly had / se myght
He wold haue hys hys / to bed ful fayn
And sayd bord / shys is a huge ryn
Thys were a wedys / for to slepen ymme
And that I rede vs / soue to bygynne

And nece booke ye / wher I shal you ley
For that we shul not / lygge fer a sonder
And for ye shul neyther / dore I seye
Hete noyse of ceyne / ne of thonder
By god right in my lytel closet yonder
And I wyl in that lytel house alone
Be warden / of your bymmen euerychone

And in thys myddyl chambre that ye see
Shuln al your bymmen / slepen fayre / soft
And al bythm / shal volbre self be
And ys ye lygge wel to myght / come more oft
And catch not for the wedys / though it be aloft
The byyne was brought / / when so that you lest
Than is it tyme / for to go to rest

There was nomore/ but therafter soone
They woyde drank / and trauers dralbe anon
gan every lvynght/ that had noughe to done
More in the place / out of the chambre gone
And alibay in thys meane lvyngle it wone
And eselb therlyght / so wondryly folde
That wel nyre / no man other here wold

Tho Pandarus / ryght as hym ought
Wylth wymmen succe / as were hyr myght about
Ful glad he unto hyr beddis side hyr brought
And toke theyr leue / and gan ful bolde to wite
And sayde at thys closet doore / wylthoute
Ryght ouerthilvert/ your wymmen lyggen alle
That whom ye lust of hem/ ye may soone calle

So whan he was in the closet leyde
And al hyr wymmen forth by ordynaunce
A bed he were they / as I haue yow seyde
Thys was nomore / to skipe ne to traunce
But wodyn go to bed / wylth myschaunce
If ony man was scryng / ony where
And lete theym sleepe / that a bed he were

But Pandarus / that welse woldde ecche a deale
The old daunte / and euery woynt therin
Whan that he salb / that al thyng was welse
He thought he wold / upon hys werk begynne
And gan the seyble doore / alsoft wppynne
And styl as stone / wylthout lenger lette
By Troylus adoun / he by hym sette

And shortly to the woynt nolb for to gon
Of al thys thyng / he wold hym word / & end
And sayd make the redy / ryght anon
For thow shalt in to leuene blyo wend
Nolb seynt venus / thou me grace send
Quod Troylus / for neuer pit no neede
Had / or nolb / ne hisfuerdel the dreede

Quod Pandarus / ne dide the never a de
For it shal be ryght / as thou wylt desyre
So thysue I thys myght / I shal make it wele
Or cast all the gowbel / in the fyre
That blyssful Venus / thys myght me cysyre
Quod Troylus as wyes / as I the scrue
And euer bet and bet / shal tyl g sterue

Audry p I hidy o Venus ful of myrth
A speccis hidry / of Mars or of Saturne
Or thurgh combust / or let were in my bryth
Thy hidry pray / al thyk barneystorne
Of grace / and that I glady ageyn may come
For loue of hym / thow louedyst in the shalve
I meane Adonis/that wylth the bore was scalbe

O loue ekke / for the loue of the fyre Europe
The wylde in fourme of a bole / albew the fer
Nolb helpe andy Mars wylth thy bloody Cope
For loue of Cipac / thou me not ne let
O Phabus thyk / wshan Diane hyr self siet
Wndyr the bark / and ran albew for dide
Pit for hyr loue / nolb helpe at thys neede

Mercurie for the loue / of hyr ekke
For wchich Pallas was wth Aglauros broth
Nolb helpe / Diane andy ekke I the beselke
That thys vpage / be not to the both
O fatal susteren / whyk or ony cloth
Me shapen was / my destynie me sponne
So helpe to thy werk that is xix bygonne

Quod Pandarus / thou wretchyd mousers her
Art thou agast / so that sic wyl the fyre
Why do on thys furryd cloke / vpen thy ferk
Andy folwe me for I wyl haue the wyt
But hyde andy late me go / a fore a lyte
Andy wylth that wordy / he gan vndo the trappe
Andy Troylus he brought in by the cappe

Ex secrne Wynde / so bold gandy to tolle
That no wyght others nosse / myght here
Andi they that lay / at the dore wrythoute
Ful silvry they slept / al in secre
Andi Pandanus wryth a ful sobre chere
Goth to the dore anon / wrythout let
Ther as they lay / andi softly it sate

Andi as he come ageynward / ful priuily
Hys necc a booke / andi asked who is there
My dore necc quod he / it am I
Ne wondryth not / ne haue of it no fere
Andi necc he come / andi sayd hym in hym ere
No word for the loue of god / i polly beseeche
Latt no wyght aryst / andi here of our speche

Whit wryght wey ben ye come benedict
Quod he andi hold / thus wryght of arm alle
Here at thyd lytel trap doore / quod he
Quod tho Cresyd / latt me some wyght calle
O god / forde that it shold be falle
Quod Pandanus / that ye sucht folke wrought
They myght deme / that they never er thought

It is not good a sleepynge bounde to wakyn
Ne yeue a wyght / a cause to dynyne
Polly wrymmen sleepe / all i wryght take
So that for hym / the heus men myght myne
Andi sleepe wyl / what tyl the sonne shyn
Andi whan my tale brought is to an ende
Wryght right as i come / so wyl i wende

Moll necc myn / ye shul wel wryghteondi
Quod he so as ye wrymmen / do men alle
That for to hold a man / longe in hendi
Andi hym hym lyf / andi dore here calle
Andi make hym an houe / aboue a calle
I meane as loue another / in the meane wryghte
He doeth hym self a shame / andi hym a guyle

Holb wsterby that I tolle yow / as thys
Ye wot your self as wel as ony wyghe
Holb that yowre loue / as fully grauntyd is
To Troylus the worthiest knyght
One of thys worlde / and thereto trowth ye plight
That but it were on hym a songe / ye noldy
Hym never fassen / whyle ye lytie sholdy

Holb stant it thus / sith I fro yow went
Thys Troylus platly / for to seyn
As thurgh a gutter by a preuy went
In to my chambre come / in al thys reyne
Unlyke of ony maner wyght certeyn
Saue of my self / as wylly loue I have
And by the seynt / I olve priam of Troye

And he is come / in sucht peyne andy distresse
I tolle he be / as fully wood by thys
The sodaynly most falle / in to woodenesse
But godz helpe / andy whyn the cause is thys
He seyth hym woldy is / of a frenyd of hym
Holb that ye shuld loue / one horast
For sorow of whiche this nyght wil be his last

Casyde / whiche that al thys wonder herd
Can therlyth / about hym seit coldy
Andy wryth a sygh / sith sodaynly answere
Alas I wendy / who so tales woldy
My dede seit / woldy me not holdy
So lightly falle / alas conceptis wrong
What harm they do / for nolb I lyue to longe

Horne alas / andy fassen Troylus
I knoll hym ne / godz me helpe so quodz see
Alas what wychedy syryte / woldy hym thus
Nolb certis fame / to morold andy I hym see
I shal of that as fully excusen me
As euer dydy wooman yf that hym lyke
Andy wryth that woldy / sith gan for to syke

O godz quodz s̄t / so woldy selynesse
Whiche clerkes calle / falso felgate
Y medlyd is / wþþt many a bytternesse
Hul anguylous / that is godz w̄t quodz s̄t
Condicion / of beyne prosperite
For eþter joyes / come not ay in feare
Or ellis no wþghe / hath hem alwey here

O brutyl wele / of woldy joye unstable
Wþþt what wþghe / so that thou be or pleye
Eþter he wote that / thou art joye mutabyl
Or wote it not / it most be one of thye
Nolb yf he wote it not / hold may he seyn
That he hath letay joye / andy selynesse
That is of ignorance / ay in derknesse

Nolb yf he wote / that joye is transitory
As eþter joye / of woldy thyngz most fle
Nolb eþterke / that hath in memorie
The drede of lesyngz / makyngh hym that he
May in no partie / sikerneſſe be
Andy yf to lese hys joye / he sette amys
Thin semþt that joye / is worth but lyte

Wherfor I wyl dffyne / in thy manere
That trulþ for ought / I can espre
There is no veray wele / in thy woldy here
But o thou wþcked / serpent Iakobys
Thou my sþcked / enuyous hys
Why hast thou made Eþtys / me vntreþt
That never yit agylttd / hym / that I wþst

Quodz panderis / thus fallen is thy cas
Why vñcle myn quodz s̄t / ho toldz hym thy
Why doeth myn deere herte / thus alas
Ye wote ye nece myn / quodz he wþat is
I hope al shal be wele / that is amys
For ye may alweneſſe al thy / yf ye lese
Andy doth right so / I holdz it for the best

So shal I do to morelve / yllys quodysse
Andys godys to for / so that it shal suffice
To morolb alas / that were fayre quodysse
Nay nay it may not stande in thyss wylle
For necc myn / thus wryten clerkeis wryse
That wrytis is / wryth dretchynge in y dralve
Nay suche abwdis / sen not worth an halve

Necc al thyss bath tyme / I dare a wolve
For wshin a chumber a fyre is / or an halle
Wel more myster is / it sodaynly nescalbe
Than to dyspute / andys aske amonge hem alle
Holv thyss canxl / in the stralbe dyde falle
A benedict / for al that longe falle
The sum is do / andys face wel feld falle

Andys necc myn / ne take it not a givyn
Yf that ye suffice hym / al nyght in thyss wwo
Godys help me so / ye haidys hym never lyef
That datt I sey / nolb ther is but we tbo
But wel I wote / ye wryt not do so
Ye be to wrytis to do so greet folke
To put hys lyf / al nyght in Ieopardye

I haidys hym never lyef / by godys I weene
I haidys never thyngis so lyef / by godys quodysse
Nolb by my troulth quodysse / that shal be seene
For sith ye make thyss ensample / of me
Yf I al nyght / woldys hym in sorolb se
For al the tresour / in the wolve of Troye
I haidys godys / never more haue I joye

Nolb wryth than / yf that ye be hys loue
To put al nyght hys lyf in Ieopardye
For thyngis of nought / nolb by that bordys above
Not only thyss delay / comyng of folke
But of malycy / yf I shal not lyve
What platly / andys ye see hem in dystress
Neyher ye wrytis don / ne gentylnesse

Quod̄ tho Criseyde / wyl̄ ge do o thyngē
And̄ ye ther wyl̄th / shul̄ synt hys dyscase
Haue here and̄ bare hym / thys blew ryngē
For ther is no thyngē / may hym bettyr please
Haue I my self / ne more hys hert case
And̄ sey my dñe hert / that hys sorow
Is causles / and̄ that he shal see to morow

A rynḡ quod̄ he / ye basillwoode is shakē
Ye need̄ myn that rynḡ / must haue a stōne
That myght ded̄ men / alwyue maken
And such a rynḡ trolle I / that ye haue none
Discretion out of your feed̄ is gone
That sele I nold̄ quod̄ he / and̄ that is tolwth
O lymc y lost wel mayst theu curs solwth

Wott ye not wele / that noble and̄ hys corage
He sorolwth not / ne stymyth not for lyte
But yf a foole / were in a jalous rāge
I nold̄ sette at his sorolb a myte
But fesse hym / wyl̄th a felbe lwordis wþyde
Another day wþin I myght hym fynde
But thys thynḡ stant al / in another fynde

He is so gentyl / and̄ so tendre of hert
That wyl̄th hys deth / he wyl̄ hys sorolb wreke
For trustyth wel / hōlb sore that hym smert
He wyl̄ to yoll̄ / no jalous lword̄ speke
And̄ for thy nece / or that hys hert breke
So speke yoll̄ self / to hym of thys materie
For wyl̄th oo word̄ / ye may hys hert strew

Nold̄ haue I wold̄ / what peryl̄ he is ynnē
And̄ hys compynḡ vnlwyse of euery wyl̄ghē
And̄ parde harme may ther be / none ne synne
I wyl̄ my self be wyl̄th yoll̄ al thys myght
Ye knoll̄ wel eke / he is your owne knyght
And̄ that by right / ye must vpon hym cryste
And̄ I al prest to fetche / hym wþin ye lyfē

Thys accydent / so pydwis was to here
Andi eke so lyke a soth / at pryme face
Andi Troplis hys knyght / to hys so dere
Hys pruyu comyng / andi the siker place
That though sre dyd hym / as than a gracie
Considered al thynges / as they stode
No wonder is sith / sre dyd al for goode

Criseyde answerd / as wylly god / at rest
My soule bryng / as me is for hym Iwo
Andi Came yllys fayne wold / do the best
If that I hdy gracie / to do so
But wisthyt that ye dvelle / of for hym go
I am tyl god / me bettyt myndy sende
At Dulcarnon / at my wyttes ende

Quod / Pandanus / ye nececc wyl ye here
Dulcarnon is callid / flemynge of wretches
It semyth hard / for wretches wyl not here
For veray stolth / andi other wylful tetches
Thys seyd he by hem / be not worth Iwo tetches
But ye be wylse / haue this matere in hunde
Hys nother hard / ne scyful to withstande

Than Came quod / sre / doeth herof as ye lyse
But or he come / I wyl fyre arysse
Andi for the loue of god / sith al my crise
Is on yoll Iwo / andi ye both wylse
So wyllyth nol / in so dyscrete a wylse
That I honour may haue / andi he plesaunce
For I am here nol / in your gouernance

Thys is wel sayd / quod / my nexte dere
Good / thryft came on that / wylse gentyl hert
But liggyth seyl / andi takith hym ryght here
It nedyth not / no further for hym here
Andi eke of yoll / easie other sorolbes smert
For soone hope I / we shul all be merci
For loue of god / andi venus I the hert

Thys Troylus sul soone/ on knees hym sett
Hul secklyng ryght by hys knidis side
Andi m hys bise wypse / hys lady greet
But lord, so sic was / sedaynly rede
Ne though men shuld / smyde of hys bide
Hle myght not o word / a ryght cut bryng
So sedaynly for hys soone compnyng

But Pandarus / that so wile a wod sele
In every thyng w pleyn / onone brygyn
Andi sayd / see hul thys lord / can knese
Nol for your troubl / see thys gentylman
Andi wypth that word / he for a abyssyon tan
Andi sayd / nol knelyth / wypth that wile lyst
That god / pollur hertie / bryng soone at rest

Can I not seyn / for hle lady hym not ipse
Hf sorow it put / out of remembraunce
Or ellis that sic tooke it / m thys wypse
Of dvelbe / as for hys olde saunce
But wile I rede / sic dwd hym thys pl. saunce
That sic hym lyste / al though he fighed sore
Andi bid / hym sitte a doun / wypthouten more

Quod Pandarus nol wyl x wile brygynne
Nol doth hi m sitte / goode necc ditt
Wyn / pollur ledde side / al wypthynne
That ecle of wile the bet wap other bet
Andi wypth that word / he dvelbe hym to the fyt
Andi tooke a ryght / & tyned hys contenaunce
No for to looke / upon an old romauant

Crisypde that was / Troylus lady ryght
Andi clere stod / on a grounde of sikeresse
Al though sic hys seruaunt / andi hys knyght
Ne shuld / of ryght none vntowbl m hys gesse
Ht natheles / consideryd hys dystresse
Andi that leue is / m cause of such folye
Thus to hym speck sic / of hys jalo. isye

To cert myn / as woldy the excellence
Of loue / ageynse the whiche roman may
He ought eke godely / make resistance
Andy eke by cause / I felte wel andy saye
Volvre grete trolbth / andy scrupet euery dñe
Andy þ volvre cert as myn was sooth to seyne
Thys drove me / to telve upon yu: pepne

Andy your goodnessse haue I found albew yit
Of whiche my deere cert / andy my knyght
I thank it volv / as fer as I haue lyt
All can I not / as moche as it were ryght
Andy I densforth my conningz / andy my myght
Haue andy ay shal / holt sore that me smert
We to volv telve / andy hole lyght as myn cert

Andy dredeles that shal be foundy al preue
But cert myn / wher al thys is to sayne
Shal wel be woldy / so that ye volv not grieve
Thowgh I to volv right / on volvre self copleyne
For therlych mene I / fynallyp the pepne
That hole your cert / andy myn in knyngesse
Hulky to stene / andy euery wronge redresse

My goodly cert not I / for whyp ne holt
That jalousye alas / that whicheid hysure
So musched is apon / m to volv
The form of whiche / I woldy sayne desyure
Alas that ye al hool / or of hym a shysure
Sould stue hys refus / in so dypne a place
That loue out soone / out of your cert hym rax

But o thou loue / auctor of nature
Is thys an honont / unto thy deyce
That holt vngly / suffre here I miure
Andy he that gylty is / Enquyrt goth he
O were it leeful / for to pleyne / on the
That undescreuedy / suffre jalousye
Of that I woldy / upon the pleyne andy aye

Eke al my woo is thys / that men noll bsen
To seye ryght thus / that Jakobysye is loue
Andi woldi a bussel of venym all excusen
For that one greyn of loue / is in shoue
But that wort the hys godi / that sit aboue
Yf it be syker loue / herte or grame
Andi after that / it ought to bere hys name

But certyn is / some maner Jakobysye
Is excusable / more than some yllys
As wchian cause / andi some such fantasye
Wþth yþte so wchel / repression is
That it vnneth doeth / or sayth amys
But goodly drþnkþþtþ vþ / all hys dyscreſſe
Andi that excuse I / for the gentylnesſe

Andi some so ful / of furxe andi dysþþtþ
That it surmountyth / hys reþtoun
But hert myn / ye be not in thys yþte
That thank I godi / for wþyche your passioun
I wþl not calle it but an Iſtusoun
Of halundaunce of loue / andi fely cure
That doeth your hert / thys dyſease endure

Of wþyche I am ryght sorry / but not wroþh
But for my deſire / andi your hertis reſt
Whether so wold lyſt / by ordal or by oþer
Wy sort or be wþat wþyse / so that wold leſe
For loue of gedþ / late preue it for the best
Andi yf that I be gyltþ do me deþe
Alas wþat myght I more / done or ſeþe

Wþth that a felde / bryght teeris nelwe
Out of hys eyen fyl / andi thus ſhe ſeyde
Wold god thou wost / in theought ne dede vntreþwe
To Cyprian was never pit Criseyde
Wþth that hys hendi / down in the bedi ſhe leþde
Andi wþth the ſitte it wþyed / andi ſigtedi ſore
Andi hendi hys peces / not a wordi ſpack ſhe moþe

But noll helpe god / to albenche al thy sorow
So hope I that he shal / for he best may
For I haue seen / a ful mysty morow
Folwe ful oft / a myry somer day
And after Wynter folwe ih grene may
Men seen alday / and rede eke in stoyres
That after sharp sholres / ken datorres

Thys Troylus / wshun se hym wordis herdy
Haue ye no care / hym lyft not to slepe
For it thought hym / no strokis of a yerd
To here or see / Criseyde hys lady wepe
But wele se fel / aboute hys hert crepe
For every teere / wshyest that Criseyde ariet
The cramp of deth / streyneth hym by the hert

And in hys myndy / se gan the tyme a curse
That he came ther / or that he was bor
For noll is Wycke / tornyd in to worse
And al the labour / he hath do byfore
He thought it lost / he wendy he nas but lere
O Pandanus alas thought he / thy Wycke
Scruyth of nought / so welalwen the Wycke

And ther Wythal / he hyngy a down the feedy
And fyl on knees / and sorowfully he sight
What myght he say / he felte he nas but dead
For wroth was fle / þ shuldri his sorolbes lyght
But nathelio wshun he speke myght
Than said he thus / god wote that of this grame
Whan al is wyst / than am I not to blame

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Ierlyþ the sorow / of hys hert sterte
That from hys eyen / fyl ther nat a teere
And every spryte / hys vygour in knette
So they aconyed / and oppressed were
The feelynge of hys sorow / and of hys chere
Or of ought eellis / fledy was oute of tolne
Adoun he fyl alle sodainly / in a swolne

Thys was no lytel / sorow for to see
For al Iwas hysht/but mandate hym at the last
O nece pece / or Ibe be lost quodē be
Be not agast / but alber at the last
For thys or that/ he hym m to the bede cast
Andi sayd thys / is thys a mannes bēt
Andi of he tent / al to hys bēt stet

Andi sayd nece / but ye help be nōb
Iwys pour olvne / Twylus is bēn
Alas so woldē I / andi I wylst hōb
Hul hymne quodē stet / alas that I was bēn
Ye nece wyl ye wal out the thorn
That stiketh m hys bēt/ quodē mandate
Sey al forpeue / andi synt all thys care

Ye that to me quodē stet / leuer bēt
Than al the goode / the senne aboute goth
Andi therwylthal stet I wile hym m hys care
I wyl my dēt bēt / I am not wroth
Haue bēt my troulth andi manys another i oth
Wold speke to me / for it am I Cisepde
But al for nougēt / yet myght be not akeper

Tho Twylus / gan sorowfullly to speke
Lest stet bēt wroth hym thought his hēt dēpē
Andi sayd alas / Upon my sorolēs speke
Haue mercē on me / I bēt hēt myn & cisepde
Andi yf that m tho woldis / that I speke
We empwrongē / I wyl nomore trespass
Doth as yōb lyst / I put me m yourt grace

Cisepde answeyd / of gyld mysercō:dy
That is for to sey / I forpeue al thys
Andi cūrmore on thys myght recordē
Andi bēt bēt bēt / ye do nomore amys
May dēt hēt myn / quodē be yōbys
Andi nōb quodē stet / that I haue do yōb smert
Forpeue it me / myn olvne I bēt hēt

Tho Tropius wþth bis / of that suprysedþ
Put all in goddis hondz / as he that ment
Noþyngþ but Ibel / andz sodaynly awyzedþ
He hz in armes / fast to hym sent
Andz Pandanus / wþth ful goode entent
Layde hym to sleepe / andz saydþ yf ye be wþle
Silbione not nolb / lest mo folke atte se

What myght or may / the seli lark sey
Whn that the swetfullke / hath it in his foot
I can nomore / but of thys ylke tþþþ
To whom thys tale / sugge be or silwoote
Though that I tane a yere/somþyme I mote
After myn auctor / tþl of theyr gladnesse
As Ibel as I haue / wþdþ theyr heynesse

Cisypre wþth that / felte hz thus y take
As wþten clerkes / in theyr wokes oldz
Ryght as an aspen leef / side can to quake
Whan hit hz felte / in hys armes holdz
Andz Tropius al hool / of hys armes coldz
Can thankyn tho / the bryght goddis scuene
That sundry peyne / bryngem folke to heuene

Thys Tropius in armes gan hz steyne
Andz saydþ o swete / as euer mote I gone
Nolb be ye caught / ther nys but Ibel heynne
Nolb yelþþþ ylþþ / for other wote is none
To that Cisypre / anþberþþ thus anone
He hdy / er nolb / my swete best swete
We yolden yþþþs / I wett not nolb here

O sooth is sayde / that helþþ for to be
As of a feuer / or another grete sikenesse
Men must drynk alday / as men may see
Ful bytter drynk / andz for to haue gladnesse
Men duten of peyne / andz grete dysersetesse
I meane it here / as of thys aduenture
That thurgh a peyne/hath foundz nolb hys cur

Andi nolb siluetnesse / semyth more siluet
That biternesse assayed / was byforn
For out of woo / in blysse nolb they flete
None suche they felt / sith that they were born
Nolb is thys bet / than both two be born
For loue of godz / take euery womman fede
To worke thus / whan it comyth to neede

Erisyde al quyte / from euery drede andi trene
As she that iust cause had hym to tryse
Made hym suche feste / that joye it was to scene
Whan she hys troulth andi clene entent wylst
Andi as about a tree / wylth many a twylst
Bytent andi brythe / the soote woodbynde
Gan eche of hym / in armes other wynde

Andi as the nelli / alissed hym nyghtyngale
That syntyth fyrt / or six begynne to syng
Whan six wryth / ony herdis tale
Or in the hedgis / ony wyght syryng
Andi after silernes / hys boys doth out ryng
Nyght so Erisyde / whan that hys drede stent
Openyd hys hert / andi woldi wyl hys entent

Andi ryght as he / that salbe hys deth y shapen
Andi dre must / in aught that he gan gesse
Andi sodaynly rescous / doth hym escapan
Andi from hys deth / is brought in silernes
For al thys woldi / ryght in suche gladnesse
Is Troplugs / andi hath hys lady silete
Wyth wores hap / godz lete vs never meete

Hys armes smale / hys streyght back andi softe
Hys sides long / flesshly smoth andi wylte
He gan to strok / and bid goode thryft ful ofte
Hys snolbysh throt / hys brestis wounde & lyte
Thus in thys leuene / he gan hym desyde
Andi therlythal / a tholbsandz tyme hys lyte
That for what to do / for joye vnneth he wylte

Than seyd he thus / o loue o chayte
Thy moder ecke / Citherea the swete
After thy self / next stredy he se
Venus meane I / the wele wylly planete
Andy next Umeneus / I the greate
For never man was / to yow goddis hold
As I that ye haue / brought frowm carenes cold

Benigne loue / thou holynonde of thynges
Who so wyl gracie / andy lyst not the honoure
To hys desire wylle fle / wylshout wyringes
For thou noldyst of bounte / hem socoure
That seruen best / andy alwey most laboure
But yf thy gracie / passedy our deserte
All were lost / that I dare say certe

Andy for tholb me / that coldey best deserue
Of hem that nombredy be vnto thy gracie
Hast holpen there / I lykly was to sterue
Andy me bystolbedy in so hysch a place
That ilke loundis / may no blis pase
I can nomore / but labde andy reverent
We to thy bounte / andy thyng excellente

Andy ther wytthal / Crisenide anon he kyse
Of wypende certeyn / he felte no dysease
Andy thus saydy he / nolb woldy gody I wylle
Myngert swete / holb I myght yow please
What man quod he / was euer thus at ease
As I on whom / the fayrest andy the best
That euer I say / dyneth hym hert to rest

Here may men see / that mercy passyth right
The xperiance of thys / is felte in me
That am vnlorthy / to yow my lady lyght
But hert myn / of yowre bengnyte
So shynkyth though I vnlvly be
Vit mote neede / amende in some wylle
Ryght thurgh the vertu / of yowre hir scrupse

And for the loue of god my lady deere
Sith god haſh brougħt me / for you euer to serue
As thuse haþ wþl / that ye be my feare
To do me lyue / þt that ye lyue or serue
So teþyþ me holþ that I may deserue
Poure thank / so that I thurgh myn ignorauice
Ne do noþyng / that do holþ dysþeauice

For certe þe fressh commandment wþp
The day is sith / that trowþt and dysþeauice
Ye ſeul in me ſynden al my lyf
I haþ certeyn / biſke poure defens
And þt I do / present or my absence
For loue of god / late ſee me wþp the rede
þt that it lyke / unto holþ commandment

Wþp quod ſix / myn obne ſeruice lust
My groundy of eale / and al myn ſeruice
Ciametey / for on that is al my trus
But ſee we hille alþay / from thiſe maſtre
For thiſe ſuffiſith / mynþe that is ſayd ſir
And al oo wordy / mynþout reþauice
Wel come my knyght / my wae / my ſuffauice

Ofſerþ deþte or joyce / one the leſt
Were in myſſible / in my wþp to ſep
But myghþ þe / that han ſen at the treſt
Of ſuch gladneſſe þt / am lyf pleyn
I can nomore / but thus thiſe pleyn alþer
I ſet myght bellþer / diode and ſikerneſſe
They ſet in loue / the grāt worthynesse

O blyſſul myght / of whom ſo longe I ſought
Holþ blyſſe unto hem both / tholþ were
Weyne ſud / ſuch one / with my ſolble y ſought
Ye for the leſt joye / that was ther
Alþey thou holþe daunger / and tholþ were
And ſet hem / in thiſe ſtrouen blys / obelie
That is ſo hye that no man can tolle

These yll alio / that ben in armes last
So loth to hem / a sundre to gd it were
That eche of hem from other / bende bynast
Or ellis so thus / was theyr most fere
Lest al thys thynge / but nyce dremes were
For whiche ful oft / eche of them seyd o sibet
Clype, I wold thus / or ellis do I meete

Andi bryd / so se gan / goodly on hym see
That neuert hym wole / blent from hym face
Andi lond / o dene hert / wold may it be
That it be sooth / that ye be in thys place
Ye seyn myne god / thank / o of hym gracie
Quod / tho Eysende / and ther wthal hym lyf
That werte hym swyppet was / for how ic mifte

Thys twelue ful oft / hym even alio
Gan he to lyppe / andi lond / o even cleve
It were re / that I brought me thys lwo
Ye humble netis / of my lady dene
Though ther be meren / werten in wolle cheire
God / wote that it is ful hardy to sooth to fynde
Wold wold re / wþout wonde me fynde

Ther wþt re / an hir false in armes take
Andi beth a thousandy tyme / gan he spake
Not sugre sorowful spakes / as men make
For lordis or ellis / when that folk be like
But easp spakes / such as ben to lyke
That stellyn his affection wþtyn
Of such spakes / wold he not blym

Soone after thys / theyr swake of sundre thynge
As ful to vices / of theyr aduenture
Andi aleynge / entchaungeten rynges
Of whiche I can tell no scripture
But wile / I wote / a brock of goldy andi asure
In whiche a Ruby set / was lyke an hert
Casyde hym yaf / andi leake it on hym fift.

Lord trow ye / that a couerous wretche
That blameth loue / and hath of it dysprise
That of the pena / that he can moore and wretche
Was euer yet yeue to hym such despyte
As is in loue / in some maner plyte
May douteles / for as so god me saue
So par syte joye / may no mygarden haue

They myk lep pis / but bord so they lye
The besy wretches / ful of woo and dred
They clepe loue a woodenes a or furthe
But it fall hem / as I shal now rede
They shul forgo / with the whiche and the rede
And lye in woo ther god grue hem myschauce
And every buer / in hys trowblis auante

As wold god / thysc wretches that dysprise
Scruppe of loue / hadde cris also longe
As And Midas / ful of couetyse
And thereto dronken hady / as hot and strong
As Crassus dyde / for hys affectis wronge
To teche hem that couetyse is vpe
And loue is vertu / though men hold it nyce

These ylde tho / of whiche that I wyl seye
Whan that theyr hertis / fully assurad were
Tho gan they to speke / and to pleye
And cleke wretchen / felv and whan e whiche
They knelv fys / and euery woo and ferre
That passid was / but as that scrupesse
Ythansyd god / was turnedy in to gladnesse

And euermore / whan they fyl to speke
Of ony woo / of such a tyme agone
Wyth kyssyng / al that tale shuld breke
And fallyn in a nelve joye anone
And dyde all theyr myght / sith they were one
For to recover llys / and be at ease
And pysesd woo / wyth joye countrepease

Reason wyl not / that I nolb speke of siepe
For it accordyngth not / to my matere
Godz wote they wote of that / ful lytel kepe
But lest thys nyght / that was to hym so deare
Ne shuldi m bayne / scape m no manere
It was byset / m joye andz besynesse
Of al that solveth / m to gentylnesse

But hold al though / I can not tel al
As can myn auctour / of hys exellent
Vit knue I sayde / andz godz wofore I hil
In eucry thyng / the greate of hys sentence
Andz pf that I at loues reuert
Haue ony thyng / echyd for the best
Do therlythal / ryght as yoll self leste

For my wordis / lete andz in eucry part
I speke hem all / Under coraoun
Of yoll that felpinge knue / m louys art
Andz I put hem hole / m pour dyscretion
To encrease / andz make dyspunction
Of my langage / andz I yoll bysecke
But nolb to purpos / of my rather specke

Whan that the erk / the comune astrologer
Gan on hys brest to bete / andz after arolbe
Andz Eukafer / the daves messenger
Gan for to ryse / andz out hys streame throlbe
Andz Ezelbardi wos to hym / þ colde it knolbe
Fortuna maior / that anon Criseyde
Wyth hert sore / to Troylus thus sh he sayde

* Myn hertis lyp / my trust andz my plesaunce
That I was born / alas that me is woo
Thys day we mote / make dysseveraunce
For tyme is to ryse / andz hens go
Or ellis I am lost / for euermo
On nyght alas whyn ypl thou / ouer vs knue
As songz as whan / Almena lay by Jour

O blake myght / as men in bookees wende
That shappyn art by godz / by ys woldz to hyde
At certeyn tymes / byth thy blake bwe
That vndyr that / men myght in rest abyde
Wele ought bestis pleyns / andz folk the chyde
That ther as day / byth labour woldz vs brest
That thou vs fleest / andz late vs haue no rest

Thou doest alas / to shortly thy offyce
Thou rikel myght / ther godz maker of kynde
For thou so dounlyardz / hastys of malysce
Thy cours / andz to oure Emperyry kynde
That neuermore / vndyr our groundz the wynde
For thurgh the rikel hyengz out of toye
Haue I forgo / thus hastylly my joye

Thys Troysus that byth the wordis felt
As thought hym tho / for vytus dyscresse
The kbody teirs / from hys hert melt
As he that neuer / yit sucht huyngesse
Assayedz hir / out of so gret gladnesse
Can hys bythal / Cisye de hys lady dore
In armes streyne / andz saydz in thy manere

O cruel day / accuser / of the joye
That boue andz myght / haue stole & fast wryten
Accuridz be the comyngz / in to toye
For every boore / byth one of thy bryght eyen
Envynous day / what lyst the to espyen
What hyst þ lost / what schest thou in this place
Ther godz thy lyght / so qivenche for hys grace

Alas whnt haue these bouers / the aglyt
Dyspytous day / thyne be the vyt of helle
I'm many a bouer / hast thou slayn and bylt
Thy polwryngz in / wyl nolwke lett hem dwelle
What profertst theu thy lyght / fire for to scelle
So sel it hem / that smale scalis graue
We byt the not / vs nedyth no day to haue

Andi eke the sonne Titan / Woldy se chyde
Andi sayd̄ foole / Wel may men the dysypse
Tholb haſe al nyght / the darbnyngē by thy syde
Andi ſocſtryste h̄yr ſo ſoone / from the ryſe
For to departen louers / in thyſ wypſe
What holdy thy bedy / tholb andi eke thy morow
I pray to gody / ſo yeue yollb both ſorolb

The wypſh ful ſore ſe ſigſed̄ / andi thus ſeyde
My lady ryght / andi of my wole andi Ibo
The veray wort / o goodely myn Crisepde
Andi ſhal I ryſe / alas andi ſhal I ſo
Nollb feele I that / myn hert mote a tibo
For heſt ſhuldy I / my lyf an houre ſaue
Syh that wypſh yold / is al my lyf I haue

What ſhal I do / for certe I noſt hollb
Ne welan alas / I may the tyme y ſee
That in thyſ place I may be eſt wypſh yollb
Andi of my lyf / gody Ibo / hollb that ſhal be
So that deſyre / ryght nollb ſo ſtrayneth me
That I am ded̄ anon / but I reerne
Hollb ſhuldy I longe alas / fro yollb ſo iourne

But netheleſ / myn olvne lady kynght
Yf it were ſo / that I wypſe vtypſy
That I your ſcuauant / andi yollb kynght
Were in your hert / ſixt as fermely
As ye in myne / the wypſe thynge trebly
Me leuer Ibo / than theſe woldis tþeþne
Yit ſhuldy I bet endure / al my peyne

To that Crisepde / anſwerdy thus anon
Andi wypſh a sygh / ſe ſayd̄ hert dete
The gamez wypſ / ſo ferforth nollb is gon
That eſt ſhal plebus / fal from hys ſpete
Andi eueri Egle be the halblic ſeere
Andi eueri wiche / out of hys place hert
Or Twylus go out / of Crisepdes hert

Wyth that s̄e gan / hyr face for to wrye
Wyth the strecte / andi wad for shame al rede
Andi Pandarus / gan vndyr for to p̄ye
Andi seyd neete / yf that I shal be dedy
Haue here my swerd / andi swyde of myn b̄ed
Wyth that hys arme / al sodaynly he thryst
Vndyr hyr neck / andi at the last hyr kyse

I passe al that / whiche needyth not to seye
Whit god forpas hys deth / andi s̄e also
Forpas / andi byth hyr uncle gan to p̄leye
For other cause was ther none than so
But of thys thyng / ryght to the effecte to go
Whan tyme was / hom to hyr houz s̄e went
Andi Pandarus / hath holly hys entent

Mowr wryne we ageyne / to Troysus
That reselis / ful longe abed lay
Andi p̄puely sent after Pandarus
To hym to come / in all the hast he may
He come anone not ones seyd he nay
Andi Troysus / ful sobyly hym greetis
Andi doun on hys beddis side hym sette

Thys Troysus / w̄yth all the affection
Of frendy knyf / that hert may deuyse
To Pandarus / on knees syl a doun
Andi or that he wold / of that place aryste
He gan hym thank / in the best wyse
A thowsand tyme / andi gan the day to blesse
That he was born / to bryng hym from dystresse

Andi seyd o frende / of frendis altherbest
That erer was the sooth for to telle
Thou hast in knyf / brought my sorble at rese
Fro Cochita / the fyry flosdy of helle
Andi though I myght / a thowsand tyme sole
Open a day / my lyp in thy scrupse
It myght not amounde / ne in that suffysse

The sonne whiche that al the world may see
Was never yet my lyf / dare I say
So my fayre / so goodly as is she
Whos I am and shal / tyl that I deye
And that I thus am here / I dare wel saye
That thankyd be the hys worthynesse
Of loue and eke / thy kynde besynessee

Thus hast thou me / not a lytel peue
For whiche oblygede be / to the for ay
My lyf for whyn / for thurgh thy helpe I lyue
Or ellis dede shal I be / gon many a day
And byth that word / doun in hys bede he lay
And Pandarus / ful soþerly hym herd
Tyl al was seyd / and than he thus answarde

My dere friend / yf I haue do for the
In ony caas / godz wot it is me lyef
And am as glady / as man of it may
Godz helpe me so / but take it not agryef
For loue of godz / leware of thy meschyeſ
That ther as nolbrought art to thy blisse
That thou thy self/ ne cause it not to myſſe

For of fortunes ſharp aduersyte
The wort kynde of infortune is thyſ
A man to haue be in proſperyte
And it remembre / whan it passid is
Thou art wylle ynolu / for whyn do not amys
Be not to rakes / though thou ſitte warne
For yf thou do / certeyne it wyl the harme

Thou art at ease / holdy the nolb therin
For al so ſure / as redy ys euer fyre
A greate a craft is / to kepe wel as wyl
Wrydle thy ſpeche / and thy deſire
For worldly joye / holt not but by a wylle
That preuydeth wel / it breſt al wey ſo oft
For thy neede is / to worche wylle it is ſoft

Quodij Tropluſ ſt hōpe / andij godij toſerij
My dñe that i ſhal ſo me beſte
That in my gylt / ther ſhal nothynge be leſt
Ne i nyl do / as for to gryuen hir
It nedyng not thyſ maſt / ofte to ſter
For wyrſt thou lvel myn hir / thou pandare
By godz of thyſ / thou woldyſt lyſel aſſe

Tho gan ſt tſl hym / of thyſ gladi nyght
Andij wyl toſ thyſ hir / didej andij hōl
Andij ſayd ſtandij / as i am tēdny knyght
Andij by the ſeyth / i olve to godz andij godz
I hād i t neuer / hālf ſo hōt as nōl
Andij ap the more / that dñe me hōtis
To keue hir hir / the more me delþis

I not my ſelf wyrſt / what it is
But nōl i ſele / a nelliue qualyſ
Ye al an other than i dyde or thyſ
Thandare anſwerdy / andij ſayd thus that he
That ones may / in truene iſſe be
He feſliſh ethi wyrſt / that dñe i ſey
Than thyſt tyme / be hādy of u hāſt ſey

Thyſ is o woldy / for al thyſ Tropluſ
Was neuer ful / to ſpeke of thyſ maſt
Andij for to uypſe / unto Thandare
The beaute of thyſ riȝt lady dñe
Andij Thandare / to thyſt andij make hym aſſe
Thyſ tale was alldy / ſpan nelliue to begynne
Tyl that the nyght / departyd hym a iſſe

Soone aſtyr / for that fortune i woldy
I comen was / the tlyſſul tyme ſlēte
That Tropluſ was warndy / that he ſhuld
That he was erſt / & aſcende thyſ lady meete
For wyrſt he fel / in iore thyſ ſir ſleet
Andij ſeythſulſy / gan alle the goddis ſrey
Andij ſat ſee nōl / yf that he can be merye

Andi holden was the fourme / andi al the wypse
Of hys comynge / andi eke of hys also
As it was erst wþydel nedyng not to deuyse
But playnly / to the effect for to go
In joye andi seure / Pandanus hem albo
A fedy brought / wþkin hem both leſt
Andi thus they be / in quyete andi in rest

Hat nedyng to wylle / si hþ they ben met
To aske of me of they wþydel were
For yf it erst was wþle / tho was it let
A tholþandy holdy / thys nedyng not to enquire
Agyn wþd eueri care / andi eueri feare
Andi both i wþys they hdy / andi so they wþndy
A mōcke joye / as best may comyndy

Thys is no lytell thyngy / of for to sen
Thys wþfþt eueri / wþngt / for to deuyse
For eke of hem / can oþers lust oþer
Feliȝent wþydel that these clerki oþ wþpse
Comendoun so / ne may not here suffise
Thys ȝow man not / wþpþen le wþþt rule
It wþfþt al that / onþ hit may thynk

But auel day / so wþsalþay the stounde
Can for to aproche / as they be signes knell.
For wþydel hem thought / feelen deþhis woundy
So wþo wþd hem / that chaungen gan theyr helpe
Andi ther brgan / to dispysse al new
Callyng it craptour enyous andi wþs
Andi bittirly the day lyght they cure

- Quod Ixoylus alas / nolb am i ware
That piertre / andi the slyþt syredis thre
Wþydel that dralþay forth / the sonnes that
Hai gon some hysyth / in dyspyte of me
That makþt it so soone / day to be
Andi for the sonne / hastyth hym thus to ryse
Ne sial i neuer do eftþ hym satyfyle

But needis day / departe must hem soone
Andi whan theyr speche doon was / & theyr chere
They wlynne anon / as they be wont to done
Andi setten tyme / of metynge est in feire
And many a nyght they wrouht in this manere
Andi thus fortune / a tyme lady hem in Ioye
Enseyde andi eke / the kynges sone of Troye

In suffisaunce / in hys / andi in synginges
Thys Troylus gan al hys lyf to lede
He spendyth Justyf / andi makyth festynges
He peuplyth fely oft / andi chaungyth weede
Andi holt alwout hym / ay wþouthout drede
A woldy of folk / as cam hym wel of kynde
The fresshst andi the best / that he colde fynde

That such a boy of hym / was andi a steuene
Thurgh out the woldy / of honour andi largesse
That it wþ tong / to the yate of huen
Andi as in loue / he was in suche gladnesse
That in hys hert / he demyth as i gesse
That ther nys bouer / in thys woldy at ease
So wel as he / andi thus gan loue hym please

The goodly hert / & bounte / wþyche that kynde
In ony other lady / hadi y set
Can not the mountnaunce / of a knot vñkynde
About hys hert / of al Criseydes net
He was so narow / maskedy andi y knet
That it wþ vnde / on ony maner syde
That wþl not be / for aught that may betyde

Andi by the hondy / ful oft he woldy take
Thys panduris / andi in to the gardyn leede
Andi such a fest / andi such a proces make
Hym of Criseyde / andi of hys wþmannende
Andi of hys beaute / eke wþouthout drede
It was an huen / hys woldis for to here
Andi than he woldy syng / in thys manere

Loue that of erth & see / faith in gouernauant
Loue that hys leuis / faith in leueneo hys
Loue that wþþ / an holsum alpatunce
Holt peoples Ioynedz as he leste item gye
Loue that endueþ / salve of compaþy
Andi colþples doeth / in vertu for to dñeþe
Wyndi thys accordi / that I haue woldi & celle

That/that the woldi/wþþ seþt that is shalli
Dyuersith so hys secundis / concordyng
That Elementis/that ben so dyſcordable
Holt in a wonde perpetually duryng
That Phœbus must / hys rosy day forth bryng
Andi the moone haue lordship ouer the nightis
All thys doþ Loue al / serched be hys myghtis

That that the see / gredy is to ffoliyn
Conſtreyneth / to a certeyn ende so
As floodes that so fresshly / then ne groliyn
To drenche the erthe / andi al for curmo
Andi yf that loue ought let / hys brydal go
Andi that nold syuyth / a sundre woldi kepe
Andi lost were al / that loue nold holt to kepe

So woldi godz that auctoris of kyndi
That wþþ hys bondi of loue / of hys vertu lyf
So serchen hertis al / andi fast kyndi
That from his bond / no wight out þ weþt wþþt
Andi hertis coldi hem woldi i / that he tþþyst
To make hem loue / andi that hem lyf aþ relve
On hertis sore / andi kepe hem that ben trelve

In al needis / for the wþþnes were
He was andi aþ fyre / in hys armes dyght
Andi certeynly / but yf that bookes erre
Saue Hector most dredy / of ony wþþt
Andi thys entes / of hardynes andi myght
Come hym of loue / hys lady for to wþþne
That alredy hys spþt so wþþynne

Andi most of vertu / andi loue was hys speche
Andi in dyspyte / hadi alle wretchednesse
Andi douteles no neede / was hym beseeche
To honour hym / that hadyn wortynesse
Andi easen hym / that were in dysersetesse
Andi glady was / of ony wryghte were therdy
That louer was / when he it wryse andi herdy

Forsooth to seyn / he leste, heldy euer wryght
But yf he were / in loue hys scrupse
I meane folkes / that ought he ly i wryght
Andi ouer al thyd / so welle tolde he drupse
Of sentement / andi in so vncolbth wryse
Al hys aray / that euer haue i thought
That al was welle / what so he hadyn or brought

Andi al though he come / of woodi foral
Hym lyf not of wryde / at no wryght to chace
Wenighe he was / w er i in general
For whiche he gat hym self / in eueri place
Tens woldy loue / yf he dedy he hys grace
That wryde andi hit / enuye andi auarice
He gan to flee / andi maner another wryte

Thou lady wryght / deughte to Dione
Thy blandy andi wrynged y soone / dan Cupide
Vellue lustyn che / that ly Elicene
In hys Xerinas / lysten for to abyde
That ye thuo ferre / haue dyned me to quide
I can remore hit / hit that ye wyl wende
Yf he dedy he for to ay / wrythouten endy

In tyme of twelue / on hulkyng woldy he ride
Or ellie hunt Rose . Wete . or Eyoung
The smale beset / lete he go beside
Andi wban that he come / rydynge to the woldy
Hul oft hys lady / from the wryndelb doun
As fresh as fulbeen / comyth out of melde
Hul redy was hym / goodesly to salelbe

Nolb haue I nolb sayde / fully in my songe
Theffet andy Joye / of Troylus seruysse
Al be that ther was / some dysease amone
As myn auctor / syseyth to deuyse
My thryde booke / nolb ende I in thisis wypse
Andy Troylus in lust / andy in auyett
To wypth Enseyde / hys olde lady silvete

Here Endeth the thryde Wode

Andy folowbeth the Fouth Wode



Here endeth the thyrd book of Troylus

And here begynneth the prolog of the fourth
book

¶ VI. At al to synt wel alwy the wþyple
Eastyth sucht ioye blyssed þe fortune
That semeth trewes weþan she doþ begylle
And can to fooles so hyt song entune
That she doþt sent e blent as trautour comune
And when a wyght is from hit wþxle I throll
Than laughyþt she e maketh hym a molbe

From Troylus gan she hyt wþyght face
Alwy to wþre e wok of hym none stede
But cast hym cleane al oute of hyt grace
And on hyt wþxle she set vp Dyomed
For wþchek ryght nolb mynster gynneth stede
And nolb my penne alas wþchek I wnite
On nakedh for dide of that I must endyce

For holl Cressyde Troylus forsoke
Or at the leſt holl that she was vnsynde
Mote be hens forth mater of my book
As wþyten folk thurgh wþchek it is in mynd
Alas that ever she shold cause fynde
To speke hyt harm/ e yf they on hyt sye
Wþyo hem self shal haue the vþlonre

O ye Herynes ryghtes doughters thre
That endeles compleyne euer in wþyne
Meagera Alecto and eke Thesypnone
Thou cruel mars eke fader to Quyryne
This yll fourth book helpe me to fyne
Soo that the boos e boue andy lyp y ferre
Of Troylus be fully shelved herre

Here endeth the prolog
And begynneth the fourth book

Yggyng in boost as I haue told on this
The grettes stong about Troy town
Wesel y warden wher bus gan shyne ylvis
Upon the brest of hercules lyoun
That Hector with ful many a bold swotyn
Caste on a day with grettes for to syght
As he was wond to gretes hem yf he myght

Note I holde long or short it was byllene
This purpos is that way they syghte men
But on a day wel syghte ysheene
With spere in hand y hysge folkes sent
Hector y man y worthy knyghte oute went
And in the berte anone with cutyn set
Hys foemen in the feld hem firs met

The long day with spere sharp y goundy
With arbles/dartes/silverdes/maces teile
They syghte y bryng hys y man to goundy
And with thayre axes oute the brynes quylle
But in the last shourt forth for to alle
The folke of Troy hem self so mystredes
That with y wero holtard at myl they fylld

At whiche day was taken Athene
Mauger Dolyn ydys or Monestry
Sandysse/Barpedon/Palestynnes
Polyce or else the Troyan Kynde
And other lasse folke as wher bus
Soo that for sum that day the folke of Troy
Dreddyn to lefe a gret part of thayre ioyce

But netheles a trede was ther take
At grettes iquest and tho they gan tract
Of prisoneires a chunge for to make
This thynge anone was couth in euery feld
And for the survalue pouen somme gret
Bothe in the syge y tolne y euery bret
And with the syre it cam to Calcas re

When Calcas knelbe the treatys shold holdy
In concyng among gretes sene
He gan in thryng forth with lordes old
And set hym therit as he was wonke to done
And with theyr chaungyng to had hym a bone
For loue of god to do that reuerence
To seyn noyse & reue hym audience

I han sayd se thus loo lordes myn I was
Cwoan as it is knolbe oute of dede
And yf ye remembre I am Calcas
That alther yfste yaf comfort to youre nede
And wold welle holb ye shold sped
For dedles thurgh polb shalle in a sconde
Who I wrote he went & dralben down to grounde

End in what fourme & in what maner wylle
This wrene to shende & al youre lust to achen
Ne hauis or shyd me fyd wel deuyse
The knolben ye my lordes as I leue
And for the gretes therit me f- leue
I come my self in my proper persone
To telle in this what ye therit wile done

Hauring iron my tafour ne my rent
Right no respect to respect of youre case
Thus al my good I left & to polb went
Wenynge in this my lordes polb to plese
But al this losse doth me no dysse
I wuchsauk as myselfe true I wile
For polb to lese al that I haue in I wile

Saue of a daughter that I left alas
Sleepynge at home wiken oute of Troye I sterke
O sterke & cruel fader that I was
Polb myght I haue in that so hard an herte
Alas I ne had brought hym in my shert
For sorow of whiche I wol not leue to morow
But yf ye lordes wile upon my sorow

For by that cause I salve no tyme or nold
Byr to deluyere hold I haue my pres
But nold or never yf it lyke yoll
I may byr haue ryght sone douteles
O helpe & grace among al this pres
Relve on me old Earkyf here in dyscre
Sith I for yoll haue al this huynes

Ye haue nold caught & fetthered in prysoun
Troians ynolde / & yf your wyl be
My chld / with one may haue redempcion
Nold for the loue of god & of yourt bounte
One of so feele alas so yeue hym me
What nede were this prayer for to berne
Sith ye shal haue both towne & folk as yerne

On peryl of my lyp I shal not lyre
A wpollo hath me wold / it seythfullly
I haue it found eke by astronomye
By sort by angury eke trelwely
And dare wel say the tyme is fast by
That fyre & flame on al the towne shal sprede
And thus shal Troy wrenen in to assyren dede

For certryne plibus & neptunus bothe
That maden the wallys of the towne
Ben with folk of Troye nold so wrothe
The wyl est bryng it to confusyon
Ryght sor despyte of bryng Laomedon
By cause he nold paye hem for huyne
The towne shal yet be set on a fyre

Tellyng his tale alwey hym oldy grey
Humble in specke / & in his bolyng eke
The salt trees from his eyen alwey
Ful fast wonne doun by eyther cheke
So long he gan of socour hem byske
That sor to sele hym of his sygnes sore
They yafe hym Anthenore withouten more

But who was glad ynold but Calus tho
And of al thyng ful sone is leyde
On hem that shold for the treaþe gone
To bryng hem kyng Thoas & Cresyde
And hem for Anthenor ful ofte preþe
And Iwken Chryamus his sauf gaard sent
The Ambassatours ful strengþer to Troy went

The cause told of theþr comyng/ the old
Chryamus kyng ful sone in general
Do here upon his parlement to hold
Of whiche the effect wretchen yold I shal
The Ambassatours ben answerd for fynd
The chaunge of þysoners & al this dede
Hem lyketh wels & so they forth proþe

This Troylus was present in the place
When asked was for Anthenor Cresyde
For whiche ful soone chaunged he his face
As he that with the wordys ful myl dreyde
But nethelis he in word to it seyde
With mannes vert he gan his sorolue dreyde
Lest men shold his affectyoun aspre

And ful of anguyſſe & of leſy drede
Abode wþat other lordes wold sey
And þy they wold graunt as god forþede
þeſchunge of hit than thouȝt he thinges they
þyrst for to saue hyt honour & wþat they
Be myght best þeſchunge of hyt wþyþtonde
Ful fast he cast/hold al this thyng myȝt stonde

Loue hym made al prest to make hyt seyde
Or rather drey than he shold go
But resoy hym sayde on that other syde
Withoutte assent of hyt ne do not so
Lest thold hyt wþrath/ & he than be thy foo
And say that thurgh thy medlyng is þe bólue
þour wþer loue therre it was crþt unþnolue

For whiche he gan despyderyn to the best
That though the wrotes wold that she went
He wold lete hem graunt what hem best
And telle his lady fyre what they ment
And when that she had sayd hym hym entent
Thereafter wold he werk/also despyre
Though al the wrold agayne it woldes streyne

Hector whiche that ryght wyl the gretes bryde
For Anthenore hold they woldes haue Cresyde
Can it lyghtconde & so breuely answerd
Spys she nys no prsoner he seyd
I not on yold who this charge seyd
But on my partye may cffone hem telle
We use not here no lyymmen for to scille

The noyse of the peple Up stert than al at ones
As brewe as blase of stralve set a fyre
For infortune it wold for the nones
They shold theyr confusyon despyre
Hector quod they what gost may yold ensyde
This woman thus to sheld/and do vs lese
Daune Anthenore a iwright rope nold ye clese

That is so lyfle & so bold a knoun
And we haue nede of folk as men may see
He is eke one of the grettest of this towne
Saue Hector/lete tho fantasyes be
Of kyng Pryamus quod they thus seye we
That al oure wrys is to forgo Cresyde
And to despyere Anthenore they preye

O iunial lord ful soth is thy sentence
That lytel lyghten folk what is to perne
That they ne fynde in hym despyre offence
For shold of errore lete hem to dyscerne
What best is/so here ensample as perne
This folk despyre nold despyerance
Of Anthenore that brought hem to myschance

For he was after traytour to the towne
Of Troy alas they quyte hym oute to bathe
On yore world so thy dycemoun
Cresyde whiche that never dyd hem scathe
Shal nold no lenger in her blysse bathe
But Anthenore shal come home to tolune
And she shal oute thus as they sayde & tolune

For whiche desyred was by parlment
For Anthenore to reuen oute Cresyde
And it pronounced by the presydent
And though that Hector may ful ofte preyde
That fyally what Wyght that it wylthsayde
It was for nought it must be & shold
For substance of the parlment it wold?

Departed oute of parlment echone
This Troylus withoute wordes moe
In to his chambre sped hym fast alone
But yf it were a man of his or tbo
The whiche he had oute fast to goo
Wy cause he wold slepe as he sayde
And hastyly vpon his bed hym leyde

And as in Wynter knes sen y rast
Eche after other tyl the tree le bire
Seo that therre nys but brauncle & bark y fast
Wyght so Troylus byraft of eche welfare
I bound withm with bondys of care
Dysposed wood oute of his byt to bryde
So sore hym sat the chaungyng of Cresyde

He ryst hym vp/and cuery dore he shet
And wylde eke /& tho this sorowful man
Upon his beddes syde downe hym set
Ful lyke a dede ymage pale & wan
And in his brest the heyyd wo hygan
Oute brest & he wroght in this wyse
In his wodenesse as I shal yow deuyse

Ryght as the wold sole begynneth sturyng
Hold hys hond ther darbyng to the bret
And of his beth welle in comparynyng
Ryght so gan he alonde his chamber stet
Empyng his brest ay with his fester smart
His herte to wallys his body to the ground
Ful ofte he swappyd hym self to confound

His eyen also for yerk of his bret
Out sturmedyn a sluyf welle a steryng
The hys solbes of his sorowful smart
His spesur hym self / unnes he myghte be dryng
O beth alas luyf myk thold do me dryng
Aoursyd be that day whiche that nature
Shoþ me to be a spures creature

But after wchen the surp g al this tige
Whiche that his bret sluyf g fast thyst
Wy length of tyme somwhat gan asluye
Open his bed he leyde hym doone to rest
But tho brygan his feres more ouer beth
That wonder is the body may suffre
To halfe this wo whiche that I yolu dreyst

Than leyde he his fortune al as he loþyd
What frue I do / what frue I thus aȝyst
Hold myghte thou for wold me brygle
Is therre no grace / e þat I shold be stonyng
What thus Cresyde for that thou wylle
A las hold mayste thou in hym bret fynde
To be to me thus aȝul g unþyng

Howe I the not honoured al my lyfe
As thou wlest woonst above the goddes al
Why lyfst thou thus from roȝt me depreue
O Cresyde what may men hold the calle
But wretche of wretches out of honoure falle
In to mystery whiche I lyþ brydale
Cresyde alas tyl that the beth me fayre

A las fortune yf that my lyf in syng
Dysplesyd had vnto thy folkes enemys
Why ne baddest thou my fader kyng of Engle
Byncest the lyf or do my brotheryn dy
Or slayn my self that thus compleyns a crepe
I combe the wold that may of no thyng seue
But alway dy and never fully seue

If that Ctesyde abone were last
Mought wought bhyderward thou woldest seue
And hys alas thou hast me bereft
But euermore so this is thy manere
To true a bynght so that is to hym deere
To vtre in that thy gytt ful vpolence
Thus am I lost therre belpeth no defens

O my god/O soule/O god alas
That knoldest best myn hert & al my thought
What shal my sowlful lyf doo in this caos
If I forgo that I so deere haue bought
Bynch ye Ctesyde & me fully haue brought
In to your gracie & both our hertes scalded
Holo may ye suffre in lesse it be to my dy

What shal I do whyle I may dure
Aylyue in turment & in cruel peyne
Thus infortune or thys dysauenture
None as I was borne I lypl compleyne
Ne never wyl I scene shyne or reyne
But euer wyl I ac Edippe in certeynesse
Lede my sowlful lyf & lyue in dysaesse

O my god that artyst to a fro
Why myl thold flee out of the woefullest
Body that euer myght on ground go
O soule luryng in this woeful nest
Flee fer out of myn hert or it brest
And folow me alway Ctesyde thy lady deere
The ryght place is hold no lenger here

This pandarus ful dede & pale of helpe
Hnly ppyously answerd & sayde this
As wpply were it fals as it is trelle
That I haue herd & knowe bold it is
O mercy god who bold haue twolde thys
Who bold haue wend that in so lytel a thwolde
Fortune our ioye bold haue ouerthwolde

For in this wrold there nys no creature
As to my dome that euer salve tuyne
Stronger than this thowigh caas or auenture
But who may al eschelbe or al deuyne
Suche is this/ for thy I thus dyffyne
That trust no wyyght to fynd in fortune
A y proppre/ byz yefes ben comune

But telle me this whys art thou nolb so mad
To sowle thus whys exest thou nolb in this wryse
Sith thy desyre al haly thou hast had
So that by ryght it ought ynolb suffyse
But I that never fel in my seayse
Or frendeli shre or losyng of an eye
Lete me thus wepe and wayle tyl I dye

And ouer al this as thou wost wel thy self
This tolune is ful of lades, al aboute
And doo my dome fayrer than suche thself
As euer she was shal I fynde in some wude
Ne one or tho Withoute ony doute
For thy be glady myn owne brother
If shre be lost we shal fynde another

What god forbede alwyng that suche plesaunce
In one tlyng were & in none other wyyght
If one can syng/ another can wel daunce
If this be goodly/ she that is glad & lyght
And thys be fayre & that can goodly arwyght
Eche for his vertu holden is ful dere
Both seroune & fawcon for the kyngre

And eke as myre 3auys that was ful wise
The nelye oute chasyth ofte the old
And vpon nelye cais he h nelye aduyse
Thynk eke thy lyf to saue thou art holdy
Sucke syre by processse shal be ley coldy
For syth it myt but casuel plesaunce
Somme cais shal put oure of remembraunce

For whyn surte is/ as day cometh after nyght
Ye nelye loue labur or other woo
Or elles seyng of another nyght
Done al affectyngs sone ouer go
And for thy part thou shalt haue one of tho
To abredge with thy byster pynnes smert
Absence of hyr shal dryue it oute of hert

These wordes sayd se for the nones alle
To helpe his frend leste se for sorow b deyde
For douteles to doo his wo to falle
He wught not what unthryft se seyde
But Troplis that my for sorow b deyde
Took lytel herte of al that cur se ment
One ere it herd/ z at that other it oute went

But at the last se answerd z sayde frend
This leste craft/or leled thus to se
Were wel sytting of that I were a feend
To tray a nyght that trelle is un to me
I pray god lete this counseyl never y the
But do me rather nolb steruen herte
Or I thus doo as thou woldest me lete

Se that I seue ylbyng so what thou sey
To whom myn hert enhabyt is by ryght
Shal haue me haly herte tyl that I deye
For Pandare syth I herte trou he beheight
I wyl not be untreble for no nyght
But as hyr man I wyl ay lyue z sterue
And never other creature seue

And ther thou sayst thou shalt as fayre fynde
As she late be make no comparyson
To creature y fountned lyke hys by kynde
O lyf pardare in conclusyon
I wyl not be of thyng oppynyon
Touchyng al thyng for hys / I the byschir
Holt, thy pess thou sleest me with thy speche

Tholb hysdes me I shold hwo another
Al fresshly nelli e late Cresyde goo
It lyeth not in my woller hys brother
And yf I myght yet hwo I not do so
But tholb canse pleyn Rake to e fro
Helle in dol out hwo this hwo that pardare
Hwo holler helle hys / for hys hwo that care

Tholb farrre eis by me tholb pardare
Re le that when a hysght is hwo hysgone
He empeth to hym a pas / e sayd ryght thus
Thynke not on smert e thou shalt hfe none
Thenne must I hyske transmire Unto a stone
And reue me my passyone alle
Or tholb so lyghtly do my hwo to helle

My deth may lve out of my brest depart
Thys lyf so long may thyng seylbe myne
But sw my soule shal Cresydes dñe
Quic nevermore bat doun hwith Proserpine
When I am dede I hwo goo hbone in myne
And ther I wyl eternally compleyne
My hwo / e than hlynned be hwe libeyne

Thou hyske stet made an argyment forfyne
Hwo that it shold a less peyne be
Cresyde to for go / for she hwas myne
And lyue in eas / e in fresshpeyne
Why gabbest tholb that saydest thus to me
That hym is hwo that is from helle I tholb
Than he that neuer had of helle y knolb

But bese me nold / synth ne thyne so lyght
To chaungen so in loue to a fwo
Why ne haddeſt thou do beslyp thy myght
To chunge hir that doth the al thy wo
Why nyl thou lete hir from thyn ferte goo
Why nyl thow loue another lady swete
That myght set thyn ferte in quyte

If thou bate fide in loue an y t myſchaunt
And anſe it not oute of thyn ferte dryue
I that lyued in lust & in vlesaunce
With hir as moche as creature on lyue
Thow shold I that forȝete / & that so blyue
Eoo blyte bate thou be hys so long in melbe
That canſt so blyte loue / not a graelbe

May my god wort nouȝt worth is al thy rede
For which for bate that euer may byfalle
Without wortys moo I wyl be ded
O deſt that ender art of sorolbes alle
Come nold sooth I so ofte after the calle
For hir is that deſt soothly to ſayne
That oft I cleped comyth & endeth peyne

Wel wort I wylle my ſpf was in quyte
Or thou me swiſe / I wold haue reuen hirpe
But nold thy coming is to me so swete
That in thy world I no thyng so despere
O deſt synth with thiſ world I am a furpe
Thow other do me anone in tere drenche
Or with thi cold ſcroke myn herte quench

Syng that thou ſleſt ſo many in fondry wylle
Agynſt theyr wyl unprayed day & myght
Do nold at my quyte thi ſcapse
Delþuer nold the wortlo ſo doſte thou ryght
Of me that am the sorolfulleſt myght
That euer was for tyme that I ſcarie
Syng in thiſ world of ryght nouȝt may I ſcarie

Thus Troplus in berys gan dysprece
As he com oute of a lembyk ful fast
And Pandarus gan hold his tonge stille
And to the ground his eyen doun he cast
But netheles thus thought he at the last
What parde rather than my felalve dep
Yet shal I somewhat more vnde hym say

And sayde frndy syth thou hast such dyscrece
And syth the lyt myn argumentes to blame
Why nyet thy self helpe to redresse
And with thy manhode letten al thy game
To mysshe hys ne canst thou not for shame
And olther lete hys out of toldne fast
Or hold hys stille/ & leue thy nyce faire

Art thow in Troxe & hast none hardyment
To take a weman whiche that loueth the
And wold hys self be of thyne assent
Now is not thy a nyce banyte
Ryse vp alone & lete thy weyng be
And syth thou art a man/ for in this houre
I wyl be dede or she shal be stille oure

To this ansuerd hym Troplus ful soft
And sayde parde lyue broder dere
Al thy game I my self thought ful ofte
And more thyng than thou deuytest dere
But why it is last thou shalt wel heire
And wisten thou hast me yere audience
Thereafter mayst thow tell thy sentence

First þ wost sith this woun hath al this werte
For myssheing of a weman by nyght
It sholdy not be suffredy me to erre
And it stant now / ne do not so greate vnynght
I shold also haue blame of every nyght
My faderes graunt yf I so myghteoodi
Syth she is chnagedy for the wounes good

I haue eke thought/syth it were hyr assent
To aske hyr of my fader / at his grace
Than thynk I thi.s it were hyr accusement
Syth wele I wote I may hyr not purchas
For syth my fader in so hys a place
As parlement hath hyr eschawinge enscaledy
He nyl for me his lettres be repeledy

Yet dide I moost her hert to perturbe
With vpolencie yf I doo such a game
For yf I wold it openly dyscurbe
It must be dysclauder vnto hyr name
And me were leuer dñe than hyr defame
As nold god but yf I shold hys
Hys honoure as lyf as my lyf to saue

Thus am I lost for ought that I can see
For certayn is/syth I am hyr knyght
I must hyr honour leuer saue than me
In euery cas as leuer ought of ryght
Thus am I with desyre & reson thypght
Desyre hyr to dyscurbe/ay me redyng
And reson nyl not/so my hert dredyng

This wepyng quod he couthe neuert seate
He sayd alas hys shal I wretche fare
For vble fele I albewy my loue enteate
And hope is lasse and lasse/allway vrandare
Enteaten eke the causes of my care
So wel albewy vby nel myn hert brete
For as in loue is ther but lytel rest

Vrandare ansuerdy/ Frendy shold mayst for me
Do as the lyfe/but had I it se hote
And thynke estate /she shold go with me
Though al this wun axed on this thing by noot
I nolde not set at al the noys a grot
For when me haue wel axed thā wil they wone
Eke wonder lasteth/but myne dayes in tolone

Dyupne not in treason/ ay so dñe
Ne curiously/but helpe thy self anone
Bet is that other/than thy self beys
And namelij syth ye two ben al one
Ryse Up for by my frd /she shal not gone
And rather be in blame a lytel strounde
Than stetis frd /as gnat withoute bounde

It is no shame unto hold me by
Hyr to withhold that hold wylth most
Paruuenture she myght hold hold for my
To let hyr go to the gretene huse
Thynk eke for me as wile thy scluen most
Helsypph an harschoun to his empypse
And fleypph swi wylches for theyt to wardysse

And though thy lady wold a spesl hyr gryne
Thold shall thy self thy pres brenfai make
But as for me ardyn I can not leue
That she wyl now no pte for evyl take
Why wold than for fere thynk her quake
Thynk hold yf patys whiche yf ie thy frder
A loue bath wonne why not thold another

And I roysus one thyng I dare the flete
That yf Cresseyd whiche that is thy frd
Wold louypph the as wile as thou doest frd
God helpe me so she myl not take a gryf
Though thou do wile anone in thyne meschysse
And yf she wyl allweye from the passe
Than is she fale so loue hyr welle the lasse

For thy take her /e thynk ryght as a knyght
Thurgh loue is broke al day euery lalbe
Reypph wold semblant thy courage /e thy myght
Haue mercy on thy self for ony albe
Eete not wretchedyd wwo/ thy her gnatle
Be manly lete the woldy at spye /e scuene
And yf thold dye a martir goo to scuene

I wyl my selfe be with the. al this dede
Though I e al my synne upon a stounde
Hold in the secret as dogges higgen dede
Through gyrt with many a wylde e bddy wode
In every caas I wyl a frende be founde
And yf the kyng here steris as a wretche
Adye the deypl spede hym that reche

This Troplus gan with tho wordys quylken
And seyd frend/ gramerce I assent
But certynly tholb mayst not so me prysken
Ne payne none/may not me so turment
That for no caas/ it is not myn entent
At short wordes/ though I dyre sholdy
To myssis hert/ but yf hys self woldy

Right so mene I quod Pandarus al this day
But tell me than/huse tholb hit wile assayde
That swoldest thus/ and he answerd nay
Witow art tholb quod Pandarus so dismayde
That nosee not/ yf the wyl be wile a payde
To taupesse hys syth thou hast not be there
But yf that loue told it m thyng etc

For thy tyme vp/as though ne were anone
And wassise thy face/ e to the kyng thou were
Or he may wonder/wyder tholb art gone
Tholb muse with wisedom hym e other blency
Or wpon caas he may after the sende
Or tholb be ware e shortly brouer dere
Be glad/ e let me wache m this matur

For I shal shape it so that sykerly
Tholb shalst this myght somtyme m som manere
Come speke with thy lady vryuely
And by hys wordes e eke by hys cheere
Tholb shalst wel sone perceyue e hit
Al hys entent/ e of this cas the best
And fare well wile for m this pupyn I rest

The stoytame wchiche that fale mynges
Egally repereth lyke mynges fulbe
Was thurgh out twy fles with iust mynges
From man to man & made thys tale al nelbe
Holv Calcas daughter with hys bryght fulbe
At parliament without wordes more
Y graunted was in chunge of Anthene

The wchiche tale anone as Cresseide
Had herd as she that of hys fader wouȝt
Ac in this cas ryȝt nouȝt/ ne wouȝt he dede
Hul besyly to Juppre brouȝt
Vene hym myscham that this traitor wouȝt
But shortly leſt this tale soþt were
Sic durse of no ryȝt as ben for fer

As she that hys fader & al hys mynde
On twylyus p set was so wonder fast
That al this wold ne myȝt hys houȝt brynde
Ne twylyus out of hys fader case
She wylle be his wylle hit lyf may last
And thus soþ breneyth boþe in houȝt & dede
Soo that she mynde wbat was to dede

But as men see in tolne al about
That wþymmen use fordes to bryȝt
Soo to Cresseide of wþymmen come a wþer
For ryȝtous ioxe/ & wende hys desyde
And wþith theyr tales dere wþold amysde
These wþymmen wchiche that in the cyde dwelle
They sette hem doun & seyde as I shal tell

Quod fyse that one I am glad telbey
By cause of wþold ye shal wþold fader see
Another sayd yþys so am not I
For al to lytel bath she wþith vs be
Quod tho the thyrd/ I hope yþys that she
Shal brynge vs wes on euery syde
This wþan shal goþ/ almyȝt god hys guyde

The lwordes & the wemannysse thynges
She herd ryght as she thens were
For god lwoke hys self on other thyng is
As though the body sat among hem ther
Hys audience is albew esles wtere
For Troylus ful fast hys selfe sought
Withouten word albew on hym she thought

These wymmen that thys wenden hys to please
Aboute wought gan al these tales spende
Muche sumpte ne can hys do nonz ease
As she that al this mene whyle brende
Of other passoun than they wende
So that she fel al mooste hys selfe dye
For woo & wery of that compaie

For whiche no lenger myght she retayne
The derys so they gan vp to welle
That youen spynes of the bittre pena
In whiche hys swypte was & misse duelle
Remembryng hys from tounem to kille
She fallen was synth she forgoth the syght
Of Troylus / & sowlfullly she syght

And thylk holpe that saten fire aboute
Wend that she so wept & spylid soft
Wy cause that she shold oute of that route
Depart & pleye never with hem more
And they that had knowen her of yore
Salve hys so wepe / & thought it kyndenesse
And eche of hem wept for hys dysersetse

And besyly they gan hys comfort
Of thyng god wolt on whiche she lytel thouȝt
And with hys tales wenden hys dysport
And to be glad they ofteñ hys besought
But such an ease they hit therwith wrought
Ryght as a man is esed for to fele
For ake of hys to clabe hym on the hole

But after al thys nyce sampe
They tolken hys leue / & hym they wenten alle
Cresyde ful of sorowful ypte
In to the chambre Up out of the halle
And on hys brygan for ded gan to falle
In purpos thens never for to ryse
And thus she broughte as I shal nowe dryse

Her rebelle bret that sonnysse was of hys
Hys rent / and eke hys fyngers longe & smale
Hys wond ful oft / & had god on hys telle
And with hys deth to doo wot on hys bale
Hys bale whiche so bryghte / tho was pale
Ware lvyngesse of hys lvo / and hys constreynt
And thus she spak lobbynge in hys complaynt

Alas quod she out of this Regoun
I woful bretche & Infortuned byght
And borne in cursyd conseilacoun
Mote goo / and thys departe fro my knyght
Wo worth alas that yeste dayes lyght
On whiche I salve fyste with eyen elverne
That causyth me & hym al this payne

Therlypeth the trye from her eyen lvo
Doun fyl as sholde in apyl doth lwythe
Hys lwythe bret she bret / and for the lvo
After the deth she axed a thousand sythe
Syth he that wont hys lvo was to lythe
She mote forgo / for sucht dysaumente
She held hys self a fordest creature

She sayde hold shal he do & I also
Hold shal I lyue yf I from hym mynne
O dere bret eke that I loue so
Who shal that swolue bret that ye ben yng
O Calcas fider thyn be al thys synne
O moder myn that cleped art Argive
Wo worth that day thold bret me elyue

To what syne shold I syue/ and sorolue thus
Hold shold a fyffe withoutt water dure
What is Cresyde worth from Troylus
Hold shold a plant or syues creature
Syue withoutt his kyndely noreture
For whiche ful oft a blyverd tree I seye
That wotles mote gan: sone deye

I shal doo thus syth none other silverd ne durt
Dare I none hande for the auctor
That yll day I mote from yold depart
If sorolb of that wyl not my lune be
Than shal no more ne dypnke come in me
Tyl my sorolb out of my creste vnschetle
And thus my self wol I do to dethe

And Troylus my clothe e everyone
Whil blak be in takynng bret silvete
That I am as out of this wold agone
I wot waz yold to sette in quiete
And of myn ordre ay tyl deh me more
The obstaunt euer in your absence
Whil sorolb be compleyn g abstynence

Myn bret : else the woful ghost theryn
Byqueth I with yout supprete to compleyne
Eternally for they shal never lypyn
For though in erth I lypynned be we lypyn
Yet in the hold of ypte out of yyne
That hyght Elyzoe shal we ben in fere
As Orphtus is with Endyce his fere

Thus bret myn/ for Anthenore alas
I soone shal be chaungyd as I wene
But hold shal ye do nolb in thys cas
Hold shal yout sorolbful bret it sustene
But bret myn forvert this sorolb : tene
And me also/ for sothly for to say
So ys fate wele/ I wicke not to day

Holw' euer myght y wodde be or so lige
The pleynt that she made in hyr dystresse
I not but as for me my lytel tonge
If I descriue wold hyr truynesse
It shold make hyr sorolwe seme leesse
Thin that was e chyldesly deface
Hyr hre compleynt e therfor I lete it pace

Pandare whiche that sent was for Troylus
Unto Cresyde as ye haue herd deuyse
That for the best it was accordeid thus
And he ful glad to do hym that seayse
Unto Cresyde in a ful seare wyse
There as she lay in turment e in rage
Come hyr to telle al holly his message

And fonde that she hyr self gan to treke
Ful pydwly for with hyr salt trees
Hyr breste hyr face y bathed was ful wete
The myghty tressys of hyr sonnyfle hrys
Unbroyded hyng al aboute hyr eres
Whiche yafe hym beray sygne of maltere
Of deth whiche that hyr herte gan desyre

Whan she hym salbe she gan for sorolwe anone
Hyr woful face bytweye hyr armes hyde
For whiche this pandarus is so wo bygone
That in the holws he myght unnethe abyde
As he that pyte fel on euery syde
For yf Troylus had erst compleyned sore
Thin gan she pleyne a thousand tymes more

And in hyr asper playnt thus she sayde
Pandare fyre of iores mo than two
Was cause causyng Unto me Cresyde
That nolw transmuted ben in cruel wo
Whether shal I say welcome to wold or no
That altherfyre me brought in to seayse
Of houe alas that endeth in suche wyse

Endyng than loue in wo/ye or men lyeth
And al worldly blysse/ as fyndeth me
End of blysse/ay sorwes it occupeth
And who so twolbeth that it not so be
Eete hym upon my woful wreke see
That my self hate/ and my byrth curs
Helyng alwey fro wyk I goo to worts

Who soo me seeth/seeth sorwes al at ones
Wryue woo/payne/turment and dysersetse
Out of my woful body harne ther ymough is
As anguylle/langour/cruel biteresse
Annoy smert/drede fury and eke syknesse
I twolbe yllys from huene trees repne
For pyte of myn asper cruel payne

And tholb my suster/ful of dyscomfort
Quod pandatus what thyngest tholb to do
Why ne hate tholb to thy self son report
Why wylt thou thus/ alas thy self for doo
Leue al this/and take noth syde to
That I shal say and kerke in goodly entent
This whiche by me thy twylus the sent

Turnyd tho Cresyde a woo making
So gree that deit it was to see
Alas she sayde/what wordes may re bryng
What wyl my dere kert say to me
Whiche that I drede neuermore to see
Wyl he haue pleynt or terys or I wende
I haue ymough yf he therafter sende

She was ryght siche to see in hir visage
As is that ryght that men on herte bynde
Hir herte lycke of paradise the vimage
Was al y chaunged in to another bynde
The pleynt the laughter men ther wond to fynde
On hir/ eke hir iores euerychone
Ben fledy/ and thus lyeth Cresyde alone

About hyr eyen tho/ a propyr ryng
Bytten in southfaste token of hyr pepne
That to byhold it was a dedely thyng
For whiche pandare myght not restayne
The crys from his eyen for to repne
But netholes as he list myght be sayde
From Troylus these wordes unto Cresseide

Too nece I wolle ye haue bord al holt
The kyng with other bordes for the best
Hath made a chaunge for Anthenor & yoll
That cause is of this sorolbe & Unrest
But holt this cas doth/Troylus moleste
That may none erthely mannes tonge seye
As he that shorly shappeth hym to deye

For whiche we haue so sorolbed both he & I
That in to lytel/both it hath vs slalve
But thurgh my counseyl thyd day synally
He somwhat is fro weyng nolb withdrawe
And semyth me that he desyreteth falve
With yoll to be al myght for to deyse
Remedy of this yf there be ony wyse

This is shorl & pleyn the effect of my message
As ferforth as my wyt can comprehendre
For that ye be of turment in such a rage
Ye maye to no long prolog as nolb entende
And upon ye muse answere hym sende
And for the loue of god my nece dere
So leue this woor or Troylus come here

Grete is my woo quod she/and sygred sore
As she that felyth dethes sharp distresse
But yet to me his sorolb is moche more
That loue hym het than he him self I gesse
Alas for me hath he such heynesse
Can he for me so pitously compleyne
Wrys hys sorolbe doublyth al my pepne

Greuous for me god wote/ie for to myrme
Quod she/but god wote harder is to me
To see that sorolue whiche that he is inne
For wel I wote it wot my bane be
And dye I byl in certeyne quod she
But syd hym com/or deth that thus me thretheth
Drys out of gheste/whiche in myn herte beeth

These wordes sayde she on hys armes alio
Fulgraf/and gan to wepe pytously
Quod pandanus alas whyn doo ye so
Syth wele ye wote/the tyme is hast by
That he shal come arysse by hastely
That he bylopen thus wyl nolb fynde
But ye wot haue hym wode out of his mynde

For byst he ye ferd in thys manere
He wold hym self flee/yn I wende
To haue this fare/he sholdy not come late
For al the good that Priamus may dypende
For to whan fyne he wold anone pretende
That knolue I wele/therfor yet I say
Soo late this sorolue/or platly he byl dyp

And shappyth wyl his sorolue to abridge
Andi not to encreas syref nece silete
We rather to hym of flat than edge
And with som wisedom ye his sorolue bete
What helpeith it to wepe ful a sterte
Or though ye bothe in salt certeyn dreynt
Bet is a tyme of cure than of compleynt

I mene as wstan I hyder hym bryng
Syth ye ben wylse of one assent
Soo shappyth wyl to dysterurke youre goynge
Or come ageyn sone/after ye be went
Wymmen ben wylse in short aysement
And late see nolb youre wylt wyl shal auayle
Andi that I may helpe shal not fayle

Go quod Cresyde & Uncle fulbly
I shal do al my myght me to restreyn
From weyng in his syght / & besyly
Hym for to glade I shal do my wryne
And in my hert seke euery wryne
Yf to his sore therre may be founde salwe
It shal not lacke artayn in my behalwe

Goth Pandarus / & Troylus he soughe
Tyl in a Temple he sond hym al alone
As he that of his lyf nomore wought
But to the pytous goddes enrychone
Hul tenderly he prayd / & made his mone
To doo hym soone / out of this wrold pax
For wele he thought ther was none other gracie

And shortly al the sothe to say
He was so fulle in despeyr that day
That sterly he shope for to dep
For ryght thus was his argument alway
He sayd I am but born so wele alway
For al that cometh / cometh by necessite
Thus to be born it is my destyne

For artaynly this wort I wel he sayde
That forsyght of dywyne puticaunce
Hath seen me alway to forgo Cresyde
Sith god seeth euery thyng out of doutaunce
And hem dysposyth after his ordynaunce
In her merite shortly for to be
As they shal come by predestyne

But netheles alas whome shal I leue
For there wen clerkes many one
That descriue thurgh argumentes preue
And som seyn that nedely ther is none
But that fre choyse is poure to euerychone
O wele alway so sly are clerkes old
That I note whos oppynyon I may hold

For som seyn that god seeth al byforn
And god may not be desyued parde
Than mote it falle/ though men bid it sworn
That putieaunce hath been aforne to be
Wherfore I saye that from eterne yf he
Hath wist byforn or thought else al oure dedes
We haue no free choyce as these clerkes dedys

For noþer thought ne other dede also
Myght never be/but such as putieaunce
Whiche may not be desyued neuermo
Hath felt byforn withoute ignorance
For yf ther myght be a putieaunce
To worchen oure from goddes putiegence
There were no prescence of thyng conyng

But it were in her an oppynyon
Unseydfast/ & not certayn seyng
And certes that were an abusyon
That god shold haue no parfyte cleere myghtyng
More than we men that haue douteous bwenyng
But such an etour vpon god to gesse
Were fals & folke & cursyd byknednesse

And this is else an oppynyon of some
That haue theyr wþ ful hye/ & smoth y shore
They say ryght thus that thyng is not to come
For that prescence hath seyn it byforn
That it shal come/but they that therfore
That it shal come/therfor the putieaunce
Wote it byforn withoute ignorance

And in this manere this neþer
Reþyuelth in his part contrary ageyn
For nedfully behoueth it not to be
That thynges falle in certayn
That ben putieyed/but nedely as they seyn
Behoueth it that thynges whiche that falle
That they in certayn ben putieyed alle

I mene as though I laboured me in this
To enquire which thyng/ of which thinge cause be
As whether that the presence of god is
The certeyne cause of the necessite
Of thynges that to come be parde
Or yf necessite of thyng comyng
Be cause certeyn of the putting

But nowt enfor I me not in therbyng
Hold the ordre of causes stant/bnt wel look I
That it bythouþt that the byfallyng
Of thynges wþt byfote certeynly
Ben necessary/al seme it not ther by
That presencynt put fallyng necessary
Of thyng to come/falle they folde or falle

For yf ther syl a man yondy on a see
I thin by necessite schoueth it
That certes thyng oppynyon sooth be
That wþnþs & comectys that be syl
And ferthermore axenward yet
Too ryght so it is of the parde contrarie
As thus so herken/for I wþl not tane

I say yf the oppynyon of the
We sooth for that be syl/than say I thus
That be most syl by necessite
And thus necessary in certeyn is
For in hym ned of sytting is
And in the ned of sooth/ & thus so:sothe
There most necessary be in yold sooth

But hold mayst say the man syl not therfore
That thyng oppynyon of his sytting sooth is
But wþther for the man syl therre byfote
Theþfor is thyng oppynyon sooth yldys
And I say though the cause of sooth of thyng
Comyth of his sytting yet necessary
To entrechaungyd sooth in hym & the

Thus in the same wryte out of deuauice
I may wel make/ as it semeth me
My resonynge of goddes puruaunce
As of tho thynges/ that to comen be
By whiche reason men may wel see
That thylk thynges that in erthe falle
That by necessite they comen alle

For though that thyngis shal come wrytes
I ferfore they ben puruied certeynly
Not that it cometh for it puruied is
Yet netheles behoueth it nedfusly
That thyng to come/ be puruied truelbly
Or elles thynges that puruied be
That they beyd by necessite

And this suffiseth ryght knough certayn
For to desroye oure fire choyse every dele
But nolb is thus abusyon to seyn
That fallyng of the thynges temprenle
Is cause of goddes prescence eternale
Nolb truelbly that is a false sentence
That thyng to come shal cause his prescence

Whan myght I wene/ & I had suche a thought
But that god purueth thyng that is to come
For that it is to come/ & elles nought
So myght I wene that thynges al & some
That whylome ben byfalle & ouercome
By cause of thylk souerayne puruaunce
That forwode al withoute ignorauice

And ouer al this yet say I more therwo
That ryght as wken I wote there is a thyng
Wryts that thyng mote nedfusly be so
Eke ryght so wken I wote a thyng compyng
Soo mote it come/ & thus by byfallyng
Of thynges that ben byste byfore the tyde
They may not ben eschewyd on no syde

Than sayd he thus almyghty Ioue in Thone
That wost of al this thyng the sothfastnes
Releve on my sorow/ and doo me dype sone
Or bryng Cresaide & me from dystraffe
And whyke he was in al thiss trouynesse
Dyspuryng with hym self in this matur
Come Mandate & sayde as ye shal hev

O myghty god quod Mandate in thone
By who salve euer a wyse man fare so
Whyn twilus wght thyngesse thou to done
Hast thold sucht lust to be thyne oldne foo
Whnt parde/ yet nys not Cresaide goo
Whyn lyte he so thy self for to dide
That in thyne bede thyng eyen semen dede

Hast thou not syued many yere byforn
Withoutt hyr/ & ferd ful wele at ease
Arde thou for hyr/ and for none other born
Hath kynd wrought the only for to please
Here lete see/ & thyng on thy dyscase
That on the dys ryght as ther fallen chancis
Ryght so in loue ther come & goo plesauncis

And yet this is my wonder mest of al
Whyn þ thus sorolwest/ syth þ thou wost not yet
To luchyng hyr goyng hold it shal falle
Ne yf she can hyr seluen dyscourben it
Thou hast not yet assayed al hyr lyft
A man may al by tyme his necke bede
Whyn it shal of/ & sorolben at nede

For thy take bede of that I shal he say
I haue with hyr y spoke/ and long y be
Soo as acerdyd was betwixt us tvery
And euermore me thyngeth thus that she
Hath somwhat in her bretes prouete
Wherbyth she can yf I shal ryght dede
Dyscourbe al this/ of whiche thou art in dede

For whiche my counseyl is waken it is myght
Thou to hys goo/and make of this an ende
And blyssful Juno thurgh his grete myght
Shal as I hope hys grace to the sende
Myn hert seyth certeyne/she shal not wende
And for thy put thyne hert a whyle in rest
And hold this purpess/for it is the best

This Troylus answerd / & sygled sore
Thow seyst ryght welle / & I wyl do ryght so
And whan hym lyf/ he sayd/ Unto hym more
And waken that it was tyme for to goo
Ful prouely hym self withouten moe
Unto hys come/as he wae wonke to done
And hold they wrount I shal you telle soone

Soth is waken they gan fyrst mete
So ageyne the peyne/theyr herte for to abyse
That neyther of hem other myght grete
But hem in armes toke / & after lyf
The lasse woful of bothe hem myt
What for to don/ ne myt one word out bying
As I sayde erst/for wo / & for soblyng

The woful tere that they lete falle
As bytter were oure of tere s fyndy
For peyne as is lignum ales or galle
Soo bytter tryes wepte not as I fyndy
The woful Myrra thurgh lerk / & ryndy
That in this wold ther myt so hard an herte
That ne wold haue relid on thair peyne smert

But waken theyr woful wepyng / bweyne
Returned hem therre/as theyr ought to dwelle
And that somwhat to weyken gan theyr peyne
By lengthe of plent/ & eken gan the welle
Of theyr herte/ & the hert breswelle
With broken wyrds al hwores for wo creseyde
To Troylus these ylke wordes seyde

O loue I dye/and mercy I beseeche
Help Troylus/and ther with al hyr face
Upon his brest the lorde/ & lost specke
Hyrs woeful spyppe from his propre place
Ryght with the word/ alwey in wrynt to pace
And thus she lyeth with helve pale & grene
That whosome fasshe and fayre was to see

This Troylus that on hyr gan sholdy
Cleynng hyr name/as she lay for dede
Withoute answere/ & fel hys lynes coldy
Hys eyen thowben blyward in hyr bide
This sorowful man can none other dede
But ofte hys cold mouthe to kyse
Wher he was woo/god/ & hym selfe wryse

He rys hys bryng song settyngh hys leyde
For sygne of lys for ought he can or may
& outhe he none fynde/ for nothyng on Er seyde
For whiche his song ful ofte was wele alwaye
But when he salve that speckles she lay
With sorowful woso/ & fere of blysse al fure
He sayde hold she was fro this wold y fure

Soo after that he had hys song compleyned
His handes he wrynge/ & sayd/ it was to saye
And with his trewe hys brest lettyned
He gan the crwo bryppen of ful trewe
And pycnly gan for the soule verre
And sayde O lord/ that set art in thy thron
Relve on me/ for I shal folowe hys soone

He coldy was withoute sentement
For ought he wroth ther ne felde he none
And this was to hym pycnlyng argument
That she was forth oute of this wold y gone
And when he salve ther was none other done
He gan hys lynes dresse in such manere
As men done them that sholde be leyde on bere

And after this with sterne & cruel herte
His silverd out of his sheath he thryght
Hym self to sree/holb sore that hym smert
Soo that his sole/his sole felowe myght
Exere as the dome of Mynos wold it dyght
Byth loue & cruel fortune it ne woldy
That in this woldy he lenger lyue sholdy

Than sayde he thus fulfylled of hys desayne
O cruel loue & tholb fortune aduerse
This al & som that ye fleschly han slayne
& resyde & syth ye may do no ther
If on yowre myght & werke so dverse
Thus rebardly shal ye me never wyne
There shal no dethye/me from my lady thryyne

For i this wold/syth ye haue hym slayne thus
Wol lete & felowe hit syryste sole or hys
Shal never lour saye that Troylus
Dare not for feare with his lady dyre
For certeyne I wyl lete hys compaine
But syth ye wyl not suffre he lyue here
Yet suffice that oure soleles ben y feare

And thou cyte whiche that I lyue in wo
And thou priamus & brethenn al in fere
And tholb moder fere wele/for I goo
And Antwores make redy thou my fere
And tholb Cresyde/O sweete herte dere
Receyue now my spryte wold he say
With silverd at herte ful redy for to dep

But as god wold of swough the abyde
And gan to sygh & to Troylus the abyde
And he answerd lady myn & cresyde
Lyue ye yet & lete his silverd dounے glyde
Ye herte myne that thanked be Cupide
Quod she & ther with al the sore myght
And he bygan to glade hys as he myght

Toke hys in armes shwo/ & kynt hys oft
And hys to glade he dyde al his entent
In whiche hys ghost that flykertyd ay awoft
In to hys woful herte ageyne it went
But at the last ryght as hys eyen glent
A syde anone she gan the swerd aspyre
As it lay bare/ & gan for to crye

And askyd hym why he it oute had dralve
And Troylus the cause anone hys wold
And hou hym self therwith he wold haue stabb
For whiche Cresyde vpon hym gan beholdy
And gan hym in hys armes fast holdy
O mercy god/she sayde/ so such a dede
Alas hold nythe we were bothe dede

Than yf I ne had spoke as grace was
Ye wold haue slayn anon ycur self quod she
Ye douteles/ & she ansuerdy alas
For by that ylke lord that made me
I hold a furlong wey asyue haue be
After youre deth to haue be crowndy quene
Of al the wond the sonne on shyneth shene

But with the self swerd whiche that herte is
My self wold haue slayn quod she tho
But hoo for we haue ryght ynolue of this
And lete vs ryse/ & streyght to bedy goo
And ther lete vs speke of oure woo
For by the morter whiche I see herte brenne
Enolue I full wel that daye is not fer brenne

When they were a bed in armes soldy
Mought was it lyke the nyghtes therre beforne
For pytwisly eche other gan beholdy
As they that had al blysse y borne
Wylbalyng ay the day that they were borne
Tyl at the last this woful wyght Cresyde
To Troylus these ylke wordes seyde

To hert myn wese I wot ye this quodij the
That ys a wyghe alweye his wo compleyne
And seeketh not hulb holpen for to be
It nys but folij & encrease of peyne
And syth that were assembled be we tweyne
To fynde woot of wo that we sen jnne
It were al tyme soone to begynne.

I am but a weman as ful wese ye wot
And as I am aduyced, so deynly
So wyl I telle it yow whyle it is hote
Me thynketh thus that neyther ye nor I
Ought half this woe to make skylfully
For there is art ynough for to redresse
That yet is myns & sree this heynesse

Soo this the wo that we sen jnne
For ought I wot/ so: no thyng elles is
But for by cause that we shal tweyne
Consydered al there is no more ylwyng
But what is than a remedy vnto this
But that we shape vs sone for to mete
This is al & som/mu dcre hert swete

Wolb that shal I wese bryngen about
To come sone ageyne aftir I am go
Not withstandyng the gretes grete rount
Doutyng not/ it must nedes be so
By rayse more than one or twoo
By al ryght/ & in wordys felwe
I shal yow wese an expe of weyes shelbe

For whiche I wyl not make long sermon
For tyme y lost may not recouered be
But I wyl go to my conclusyon
And to the best in that that I can see
But for the loue of god foryeue it me
If I speke ought ageynst your herte rete
For trewely I speke it for the best

Makynge alwey a protestacyon

That nold these wordes whiche that I shal say
Nys but to shalbe yold my moeyoun
To fynde unto you all help the last woy
And takyngh it none otherbyss I yold purp
For in effect wchit so ye me comaunde
That wyl I do, for that is no demaunde

Nollb hys knyght wchit we haue vndertownde
My goyng grauntid 10 by parlament
So ferforth that it may not be wyttestownd
For al this wold as by Jugement
And syth there hyspeth none aduysement
To letten it/let it passen oute of mynde
And let us shape a better woy to fynd

Both is wchys the wyntynge of us alweyne
Wylle us dysese a gretly annoxe
But hym lete upth somtyme haue wyne
That scraynthe loue/ys that he wyl haue ioye
And syth I shal noo further oute of tyme
Than I may iude ageyne in hys a morolle
It ought the lesse causen us to sorolle

Syth as I shal not ben hyd in melve
That day by day myn olvne fere dete
Syth wele ye wote it is nold a trelve
Ye shal ful wele al myn ceseate here
And or that trelbes is done I shal be here
And than haue ye bothe Antheneore Bonne
And me also, be glad ys that ye conne

And kyng ryght hys Exceyde is nold agone
But wchyn she shal come hysely ageyne
And wchyn alas by god ryght here anone
Or dayes tyn this daie I sauily seyne
And than at eist shal we be so feyn
Soo as we shal to gyder euer duelle
That al the wold ne myght our blyffe tolle

I see that ofte/herr as we le nolb
I s for the fest oure counseyl for to hyde
Ye speke not with me nor I with yowb
In fourtenyght ne see yowb go ne ryde
May ye not ten dayes than abyde
For myn honoure in sucht an aduenture
I brye ye mold esles lyttl endure

Ye knolbe wel eke hollb as my lynn is here
But yf that only it my fader be
And eke myn other thynges al in fere
Andz namely my dore hert ye
Whome that I nolde leue for to see
For al this wrold as Iwyde as it bath spawt
Or esles see I never loue in the face

Why trolle ye my fader in this Iwyse
Coneyghteth so to see me/but for dore de
Lest in this town the folk me despise
By cause of hym for his unhappy de
What wrote my fader what lyf I lede
For eke Iwyse in Troye holl wele that I fare
Wos nedygh for my wendyng no thyng to care

Ye see eke that every day more & more
Men trete of peces/; it supposedy is
That men the quene Heleyn shollen restore
And greeves us restore that is amys
So e therre nere comfort/none but this
That men purpose peces on every syde
Ye may the better at easc of hert abyde

For yf that it be peces/soo myn hert dore
The nature of the peces must nedes dryue
That men must entremune in fere
Andz to e fro eke goo & ryde as blyue
Al day as thyck/ as ben from the hyue
Andz every wyght haue lyberet to bleue
Wher as hym lyft the bet without leue

And though so be that pees may be none
Yet hyder though neuer ne pees ide
I must come/ for bhyder shold I gone
Or holb my schunne shold I dwelle ther
Among tho men of armes in fere
For bwhiche as bbyssly god my soule w^te
I can not seen wherof ye shold dñe

Haue here another woy pf it so be
That al this thyng ne may not yow suffysse
My fader as ye knoldeyn bdel parde
Ie old/ e old is ful of couetyse
And I ryght nob^t haue foundy al the gryt
Withoute net/bherlith I shal hym hent
And herkeneth holb yf ye wyl assent

Loo Twylus men seyn that hard it is
The bether from the wolv hole to sauie
This is to saye/ that men ful oft ylbyes
Mote spende part the remenant to sauie
For ay bwith goddy/men may the hert graue
Of hym that sitte is bpon couetyse
And holb I mene I shal yow nob^t occupise

The meoble bwhiche I haue in this tolne
Unto my fader/shal I take andy sey
That ryght for trust andy sauacpon
It sente is from a frende of his or elbey
The bwhiche frendes feruently hym pre^rp
To sende after more/ e that in hys
Whyle that this tolne stant thus in jeopardy
¶

Andy that shal be an huge quantite
This shal I sey but lesse than folk espred
This may be sent by no bwyght but by me
I shal it shelle yf peas be tyde
What frendes that I haue on eyther syde
Tolbad the courte to do the bbuthe pace
Of prepanus e done hym stondy in grace

Soo that for one thyng or for other my stote
I shal hym so enchaunten with my salbes
That ryght in heuene his sole shal be mete
For al Apollos & his clerkes salbes
Or calculyng auayleth not thre salbes
Despyte of goldy shal soo his hert blende
That as me lyst I shal wel make an ende

Andi yf he woldy ought by his sort vtre
If that I ly in certayn I shal fynde
Dystourben hym & plucken hym by the sleue
Martyng his sorte & beryngh hym on honde
He hath not wel the goddes understande
For goddes speken in Amysbylognes
Andi for one sooth they make elventy lyres

Eke dide sondy fyrst goddes I suppose
Thus shal I sey/andi that his colwardy hert
Made hym amys the goddes to vt to close
Wher he for feare ouer of Delphos gan stert
And but I make hym fone to conuert
Andi do my rede within a day or twayne
I wyl to yolu oblyge me to den

Andi treblesy y wryten as I fyndy
That al this thyng was sayd of goody entent
Andi that hys hert treble was & lyndy
Colward hym & spak ryght as she ment
And that she staf for hwoe ny woken she went
Andi was in purpos euer to ten treble
Thus wryten they that of hys hertes knelbe

This Troylus with herte & tress spadys
Herd al this thyng deuysed to & fro
Andi tryly hym semed that he hady
The self wryt/but yet to lete hys goo
His hert myssforwauie hym euermore
But fyndalby he gan his hert wryse
To taist hys & took it for the best

For whiche the gret fury of his penaunce
Was queynt borth hope / & therwith hem fulbene
Wygan for ioyc the amorous daunce
And as the byrdes when the sonne is shene
Desyden in hir song in the leues gane
Wyght so the bordes that they spak in free
Desyden hem & made theyr bordes cleere

But netheles the bwendyng of Cursedis
For al this wrold may not oute of his mynde
For whiche ful ofte ful yowlyly he purpys
That of hys hysse he myght hys tolle synde
And seyd unto yf ye ben blynde
And but ye come at that day set in Troye
He shal I never haue hys honoure ne ioye

For al so soth as sonne ypsi a motolbe
And god so wylly tholb me bwoful bretches
To resse me bryng oute of this cruel sowolbe
I wyl my self yf that ye dretches
But of my deth though lytel be to retche
Yet or that ye causen me so to smert
Divelle here rather myn olvne deth hit

For trewely myn olvne lady deth
The slayghthe that I haue bret polly faw
Hul shaply be to fallen al in faw
For soth is sayd whiche thynketh the bret
Yet al another thynketh his ledur
Your fider is wylle / & sayde is oute of dede
Men may the wylle at venne / but not at dede

It is ful hard / to halten bnatredy
Wyfote a Cnapul / for he can the crast
Your fider is in slayghthe / as argus is credy
For al he that his meoble be hym bestast
His old slayghthe yet ben borth hym last
Ye shal not blynde hym for your wamanlyde
Ne seyne a ryght / & that is al my dede

I note yf p[er]es shal euermo kelyde
But p[er]es or no for certe[n]t ne for g[od] me
I wote syth Caxas on the grecys syde
Hath ones ben andy lost so houlde his name
He datt nomore come fete aigeme fer shame
For whiche that they for ought I can csp[ec]y
To trust vpon nys but a fantasye

Ye shal eke see your fader shal polb g[od]se
To be a lyp[er] / as he can wel preche
He shal sem grecie so prestyse so bry a l[ost]e
That myssen he shal polb with his speche
Or doo polb doo by force / as he shal teche
And to plas of l[ost]ome he nyl haue routh[er]e
So causelos shal stende in his routh[er]e

Andi ouer al this yowre fader shal despise
We all and sey this Cypre nys but corn
Andi that the syge never shal arysse
For whyn the grecies haue it al y sborn
They be ben slayn / & downe oute wallys corn
Andi thus he shal polb with his wordes fete
That ay dede I / & shal bylme ther

Ye shal eke see soo many a lisen knyght
Among the grecies ful of worthynesse
Andi eche of them with fete wyt & myght
To rale polb lyp[er] doo al theyr lessynesse
That he shal oule of the rudenesse
Of bo Cely & twaues / but yf that routh[er]e
Remord polb of vertu / & of yowre twaues

Audi thus to me so gryuous is to synke
That so my fete it wyl my felde rente
Ne dedale in me therre can not synke
A good awrynon yf that ye wende
For whyn yowre faders stenghtes wyl be ther
And yf ye gone as I haue tolde polb yore
So synke I nam but dede withoutyn more

For whiche with humble trelve & ynglyss hert
A thousand tyme s mercy I wold purp
Soo welþþ upon myn asþre ynglyss smert
And doeth somþhat as I shal wold say
And lese vs seke alþey byllene vs leþey
And thynk that folþ is woken a man may cse
For accydent his substanc ay to lese

I mene thus that syþ ye molde no day
Wele seke alþey/ and be togyder so
What were it to put in assay
In cas þe shold unto your fader go
If that þe myght come ageyne or no
Thus thynketh me it were a grete folþ
To put that sykernes in to iopardye

And wylgarky to speke of substance
Of treþoute may we both with vs sede
Wnough to lyue in honoure & plesaunce
Tyl in to tyme that we shal be dede
And thus we may eschewe al this dede
For every other wey þe can recorde
Myn herte yllys may therwith not acorde

And hardely/ ne carþþ no pouer
For I haue kyng & frendes elles wþt
That though we come in oure bare shert
We shold neþþer lack gold ne gerte
But ben honoured wþyle we dwellen here
And go we anone/ for after myn entent
This is the best yf that ye wþl assent

Cresyde hym with a syke ryght in this wþse
Ansuerd yllys/ my dñe herte trelve
We may wele alþey as þe dñe yse
Or fynde suche knyfþþ weyes nelwe
But aþerward ful soone it woldy vs relve
As help me god at my last ned
Aþ causesles þe suffice al this dede

For thylk day that I for chryssyng
Or dide of fader or of other knyght
Or for estate desyre or for weddyng
We falle to yoll my Troylus my knyght
Saturnius daughter Juno thurgh her myght
As wood as Adamant doo me dresse
Eternally with seyng in the p[er]t of helle

And this on euery god celstial
I swere it yoll/and eke on eche goddesse
On euery nymph/ & deyce infernal
On Satyr and Fauny/more & lesse
That hylf goddes ben of wylernes
And Antropus my thred of lyf to creste
If I be falle noyl twelue me yf ye best

And tholb Synops that as an art he clore
Thurgh Troye rennest dounward to the see
Were wytnesse of this word that sayde is here
That ylke day that I vntelwe be
To Troylus myn owne heret fre
That thou retorne backward to thy helle
And I with body & soule synke to helle

But that ye speke albey thus for to goo
And leue al yoll frendes/godz forbede
For ony woman that ye holden so
And namely syth Troye hath noll suche ned
Of helpe/ & eke of one thyngz taketh he de
If this were wylste/my lyf lay in balaunce
And your honour/god shuld be f[or]d myschate

And yf soo be that p[er]es strafer take
As al day hapyng/after angyr game
Whit bord the sorolwe & Iwo ye wold make
That ye ne durst come agayne for shame
And er that ye icopart/soo youre name
Be not to hasty in this old fare
For hasty man wantyth never care

Whit trolbe ye cle / that peple here aboute
Wold of it say / it is ful lyght to ride
They wol say / & silvert it ouer of douce
That loue ne droue yow to do that dede
But lust voluptuous & colbard dede
Thus were al lost / ylups myn herte dede
Yours honoure whiche that nol shyneth so cle

And also shynketh on myn honeste
That swervyng yet / holloue shold I it shende
And with what fylth it spottyd shold be
If in this forme with yow I sholdy wende
As though I lyued unto the worldys end
My name sholdy I never agynwardy lyvynge
Thus were I lost / & that wert wylthe & synne

And for to see with reason as this be
Men syn the suffraunt ouercomyd parte
Also who wol knye lyf / lyf most late
I hys maketh vrtu of necessyte
Wy patience / & thynk that lordy is he
Wy fortune / ap that wyl not reche
And she ne dauneth but a wretche

And taisyng this that ar to her silve
Or pheyne suster Eucyna the sheene
The lypon passe out of this Aryst
I wyl be here withoute ony wene
I wene as helpe me Juno leuence queene
The tenth day / but yf that deth malayle
I wyl yow seen withoute ony fayle

And nol so this be trolbe / quod Twynue
I shal wese suffre unto the tenth day
Syr that I see / nede it most be thus
But for the loue of god / yf it be may
Soo lete us seale priuately alway
For euer in one / as for to lyue in tese
Myh her seyng / that it wold be the best

¶
O mercy god what lyf is this quodys she
Alas ye leve me thus with traytene
I see welke nold that ye mysete en me
For by yourte wordes it is wel y seen
Nold for the loue of Bathya the shene
Mysete me not thus caules for wuthen
Wuth to be trewe I haue pylght yold my trouth

Andi thynketh welke that somlyme it is wye
To spende a tyme ryght for to lbynde
Ne warden am I not from yold yet
Though we be a day or two a lbynde
Dyue out the fantesched yold withynne
Andi trusteth me / z leuyth eke yourte sorolue
O here my trouth I wyl not lyue to merolue

For yf ye wylle hold sore it dothe me smert
Ye wold waste of this for god thou wost
The wort syppyt therwythyn my herte
To see yold therpe that I loue moost
Andi that I moest goo to the graces herte
Ye wert that I wylle a remeche
To come ageyne ryght herte woldy I die

But arte I nam not so myc a ryght
That I ne can wel ymagyne a therpe
To come ageyne that day that I haue ryght
For who may hold a thyng that wel above
My fader nought for al this queynt pleyn
Andi by my thryft my wendyng oute of Troye
An other day shall come y3 al to ioye

For ther wylth al myn herte I yold byske
Lif that ye lyse doo ought for my pteyne
Andi for that loue / whiche I haue yold eke
That or I departe from yold herte
That of seo good comfort z cherte
I may yold see that I may bryng at rest
My herte whiche that is in peyne to leste

And over al this I pray yow quod she tho
Myne olde herdes/ sothfist suffysaunce
Syr I am thyne al hole withouten mo
The wylle that I am absent that no plesaunce
Of other do me from youre remembraunce
For whyn I am euer agaste / for whyn men dede
Loue is thyn/ & ay ful of besy dede

For in this wrold therre lyueth lady nene
If that ye were bntre we as god defende
That so betayped were/or wroo bygone
And I that al trouthe in yow entende
And doubtles yf that I other wende
I were but dede/ & or ye can so fynde
For goddes loue so keth not to me vnsynde

To this answerd Troylus & seyd
Wolb god to whome therre is no cause y wry
Me glad as wry I never to Cysyd
Syr thysk day I salve hys hyske with ey
Was false/ne never shal/tyl that I dye
At short wroldes wile ye may me leue
I can no more/it shal be funder at yngue

Gramercy goodly lete myn quod she
And blyssful Venus lete me never scorne
Or I may stonde in plesaunce of dñe
To quyke hym wile that so wile can dñe
And whyle that godly my wry wyl me cōscorne
I shal so done so trelle I haue yow founde
That ay honoure to me warden shal rewounde

For trusyeth wile that youre esact wryal
No wryne desyrt/ nor only wortynesse
Of yow in werte/ne tourney marchal
Nor pompe array/nossey or eke Rytesse
Ne made me to rylle vpon youre dysesse
But moral vertu groundyd vpon trouthe
That was the cause I had syrst on yow trouthe

Else gentyl hert/ andy manhood that ye hant
And that ye hant as me thynketh in despyte
Every thyng/ that solvned in to bad
As aduersesse andy proplyss te appetite
And/ that yourt reason brydledy yourt despyte
This made me aboue every creature
That I was yourt/ & shal wylle I may dure

And/ this may lengthe of retes not for doo
Ne remuable fortune defice
But Juppter/that of his myght may doo
Ye sorowful to be glad/ so reue to grice
Or myghtes eten to meten in this place
So that it may/myn hert & yourt suffyse
And farr ye welle/tyme is that ye ryse

But after that they soue pleyned hant
And/ I kyse/ and/ seteyt in armes holdy
The day gan ryse/ and/ twylus hym clady
And/ wilfullly his lady gan bryholy
As he that fest/dethes teme cold
And/ to hys gracie/he gan hym recomaunde
Wheret he was woor/ thus hold I no demaunde

For mannes syde ymagine ne can
Ne wentement consyder/ ne tonge tellle
The cruel peyneas/of this woful man
That passyn every torment down in helle
For when he salve/she myght not dwelle
Whiche that his sorow/oure of his hert went
Without mott/he out of the chambre went

Here endyng the Fourthe booke

And/ begynneth the Fiftthe

a
Wrochen gan þe fatal day of destyne
That Iouis hath in his dyfposycyon
And to you angry parcas sustre ther
Commytted to doo anone exectyon
For whiche Cresyde must ouer of the towne
And Troplas shal dvelle forth in pyne
Tyl lachys his thred no lenger abyne

The gold tressyde Chalus hym on lyst
Shyned had with his brames clere
The snowdes most / & Zephrys as ost
Y brought ageyne the lusty leues grene
Syth that the sone of Heccuba the quene
Wygan to kyn hys fyre / for whome his sorow
Was al / that she de part shold a morow

Ful redy was at pryme Dyomede
Cresyde unto the graces hooft to lede
For sorowe / of whiche she felte hys fift blode
As she that myt / what was best to rede
And trelbly as men in bookes rede
Men myt never woman haue more care
He was so both / out of a bywne to fare

This Troplas withoute rede or bane
As a man that hath his ioxes eke forane
Was bawtyng on his lady euermore
As she / that the sothfast crop & more
Of al his lust / or ioxes here before
But Troplas / nol faire wele al thy iox
For shalst thou never / see hys est in Troy

Sothe is whyle that he bode in this manere
He gan his woo ful manly for to hyde
That wele unnethe / it seen was in his clere
But at the yate therre she sholdy ouer ryde
With certeyne folk he houyd hys to hyde
So woo hygo / al wold he not compleyne
That on his hors unnethe he sat for pyne

For he se quode/so gan his hert.gnalbe
When Dyomedes/on hore hym gan dresse
And sayd to hym self this yelke salbe
Alas quod he/thus folwe g libichydnesse
Why suffre I it/lbhy nyl I it redresse
Were it not bet at ones for to drye
Than cuermore in langour/thus for to drye

Why nyl I make at ones ryght g poure
To haue ynough to doo/or that she go
Why nyl I brynge al Troye in Rount
Why nyl I flee this Dyomede also
Why nyl I rather with a man or two
Stele hym alwey/lbhy wil I thus endure
Why nyl I helpe to myn olvne cure

But why he nold doo so fel a dede
That hal I say/g why he lyst to spare
He had in herte alwey a maner dede
Lest that Cresseide in tounour of this fare
Shold haue ben slayn/so thus was al his care
Andi elles certeyn/as I saide ore
He had it done withoutte wordes more

Cresseide when she redy was to ride
Ful sorowfully she sighte/g saide alas
But forth she mote/for ought that may betide
There nys none other remedye in this caas
Andi forth she rode ful sorowfully a paas
What wonder is/though hit sore smert
When she forgoeth/hir olvne dret hert

This Troilus in wise of curtesye
With halwe on hond/g with an huge volwe
Of knyghtes rode/g dide hit companne
Passyng alle the valye ferre withoutte
Andi ferther wold haue ride/outt of doute
Ful fayne/g whoo was hym to goo so soore
But ryght with that was Antenor y gone

But turne he must / & else it was to done
Oute of the grettes boost / & every byghe
Was of it glad / & sayd he was welcom
And Tropulus nerre al his hert lyght
He peyned hym with al his ful myght
Hym to withhold of weyng at the least
And Anthenore / he lyfte / & made fest

And herte with al / his lades leis to take
He cast his eye upon hys pynalys
And nerre he wode / his cause for to make
To take hys lyf the hond / al sorowly
And wroth she gan wepe tendryly
And he ful soft / silly gan hys seye
Hold hold yowre day / & do me not to dye

With that his courser twined he about
With face pale / & unto Dyomed
No word he spak / ne none of al his reute
Of whiche the sonne of Tydeus took hede
As he that couthe more than his crede
In such a crast / & by the myne syt hent
And Tropulus to Troy homelward went

This Dyomed that led syr by the sydes
Weten that he salve the folke of Troy alwey
Thought al my labour / shal not be in ydel
If that I may / for somwhat shal I say
For at the leste yet / it may short out wey
I haue herd seyde else / tymes alwey tselue
He is a foole that wyl forget hym selfe

But netheles thuo / thought he were enough
That trespnesly / I am aboute noughe
If that I speke of loue / or make it tough
For douteles yf she haue in hys thought
Hym that I gesse / he may not be y froung
So soone alwey / but I shal fynde a mene
That she not yet shal wyte what I mene

This Dyomedē as he that couthe his goodē
When tyme was / gan falle forth in specche
Of this ē that ē asked whē she stood
In suchē dysesse / ē gan hēt byseche
That yf he entere myght or eche
With ony thyng / hēt ease that she woldē
Comaunde it hym / ē he doo it woldē

For trelbē yf he shōre hēt as a knyght
That ther nō thing with which he myght hēt please
That he nō do his vert / al his myght
To doo it / for to doo hēt hēt an ease
And y prayd hēt she wold hēt apace
And sayd plbys we gretēs conne haue iore
To honour polb as heles as folk of Troye

He sayd eke thus / I wote ye thynke it strange
No wonder ic for it is to polb nēlve
The queynaunce of these Troians for to chūge
For folk of gretē / that ye never knelvē
But wold never godē / but that as trelbe
A gretē ye myght amonge we alle fynde
A ong Twian is ē eke as kyndē

And by cause I shōre polb ryght nōlve
To be yowre frēndē / & helpe to my myght
And y for the more acquaenlaunce eke of polbe
Haue I had than another sciunge lyght
Soo fro this forth I pray polb day / myght
Comaundēth me hōlē soe that I smert
To doo al that may lyke unto yowre hēt

And that ye me wold as for yowre broder trete
And takyng not my frēndshyp in despyte
And thouz yowre sorolves bñ for thynges gretē
Note I not whēt / but oute of more despyte
Myhēt bath to amende it gretē despyte
And yf I may yowre harmes not redresse
I am ryght sorē for yowre knyngesse

For though þ Troiās be with vs grakes wroth
Haue many a day/ & ben yet parde
O god of loue syth we seauen bothe
And for the loue of god my lady free
Whome so ye hitte/ ne be not wroth with me
For trelvly there can no wryght yold seue
That half so wroth youre wroth wold deserue

And next it that we ben so my the tent
Of Calcas whiche that see vs bothe may
I wold of this noll teke al myn entent
But this enscaled shal be tyl another day
Pene me youre hande/ I am & shal be ay
God helpe me so wryghte that my lyf may dure
Youre olvne aboue ony creature

Thus sayd I neuer or noll to wemen born
For god myn herte as wryghte glad soo
I loued neuer weman herte byforn
As peramour ne neuer shal no moo
And for the loue of god be not my foo
Al can I not to yold my lady dere
Compleyne a ryght/ for I am yet to lere

And wondryth not myn olvne lady cryght
Though þ I speke of loue to yold thus blyue
For I haue herd or this of many a wryght
That bound thyng/ & neuer salve his lyue .
For I am not of woller for to scryue
Agaynst god of loue but hym obye
I wyl allwey/ & of mercy yold preye

There ben so worthy knyghtes in this place
And ye so faire that euerych of hem alle
Wylle pepnen hem to stondy in youre grace
But myght me so faire a grace falle
That ye me for your seauen wold calle
So wryght ne so trelvly wold seue
Nyl none of hem as I shal tyl I sterue

Caſeþe Unto that purpoſe lytel anſuerdy
As ſhe that was with ſorolue oppreſſyd ſeo
That in effect ſhe nouȝt hiſ tales ſterdy
But here & there / nowhere a lword or tlio
Hyr thought hyr ſorolufiſt hert brefe a tlio
For whan ſhe gan hyr fader fer aſpre
Wele nyghe dounē of hyr hors ſhe gan to ſy

But netheleſ ſhe thanked Dyomedē
Of al hiſ trauayle & hiſ good ſtere
Andi that hym lyſt hiſ freudshyp hyr to ſeſe
And ſhe accepþyng it in goodi manere
She wold do fayne / that is hym lyſe & deſe
Andi truſtyng hym ſhe woldy & wele ſhe myght
As ſeyde ſhe / & from hyr hors ſhe lyghe

Hyr fader hath hyr in hiſ armes nome
Andi elbenty tyme he lyſt hiſ daughter ſweete
And ſeyde dere daughter myn welcome
She ſayde ſhe was feyn with hym to mette
Andi ſtode forthi mylde & maniſte
Andi thus I ſeue hyr with hyr fader dweſſe
Andi forth I wyl of Troylus poll teſſe

To Troye is come thiſ lwoſiſ Troylus
In ſorolue aboue al ſorolues ſmert
With felon wole & face deſpytuous
And ſodenly dounē from hiſ hors ſe ſtert
Andi thurgh hiſ palayſ with a ſwollen ſtert
To chamber wene / of nothynge wole ſe liſe
For none durſt to hym ſpeke a lwordy for dreſſe

Andi theri hiſ ſorolues that ſe ſparcdi ſhidi
He gaue an yſſue large / andi deth ſe cryed
Andi in hiſ throlves ſtrentyl ſore & mad
He cursyd Juno Apollo & eke Cupyde
He cursyd Ceres Bachus / and Eypyde
Hiſ byrthe / hym ſelf & eke nature
And ſaue hiſ lady / euery creature

To bed he goth/ Walklyth there e turnyngh
In surge/as doeth he Iyoun in stalle
Andz in this Wyse/ knyght day sonounting
But tho bygan his herte/a kynd bnsidelle
Thurgh tyme/whiche gan vp to welle
Andz ppytously he credy upon Carseyde
And to hym self ryght thus he spak e sayde

Wher ic myn olde lady haf e dore
Wher ic hys therse/wher ic is if folde
Wher ben hys armes/andz hys eyen dore
That yseer myght this tyme with me therse
Noll may I leye alone manyn a tre
And gruspe aboute I may but in this place
Haue a ppylde I synde none to embanc

Holb shal I do wken shal she come agryne
I not alas wky lete I hys goo
As wold god I bid as tho be slayn
O ker myn Carseyde e sweete foo
O lady myn that I loue e no moo
To wthme for euermore myn ker I bolde
See holb I dyre/ye ldyk not me uscolde

Who seeth noll my ryght ker seete
Who syt ryght noll or stant in yowre presence
Who can comfort noll yowre kerres brace
Noll I am goo/who reueth holb andyng
Who speketh for me noll in myn absence
Alas no wryght/that is al my care
For wch I wolt as eyle as I ye fire

Holb shal I thus ten dayes ful endure
When I the fyre myght haue al this tyme
Holb shal ye doo swolful creature
For andyngnes holb shal ye eke sustene
Sucke wwo for me/holb ppytous pale e grene
Shal be yowre fresshe wwomanly face
For longyng or ye come in to this place

Andi wisten he fylle in ony stonbringes
Anone begynne he shold in grone
Andi deeme of ryght dedoful thynges
That nyght as mene that he were alone
In place horryble making ay his mone
Or metyn that he was amonges alle
His enemys in his bondes falle

And therwith al his body shold seert
Andi with the seyr al sedensly alwakie
And such a cumpe feele aboute his hert
That of the fere his body shold quake
And ther with al he sholde a noyse make
And seme as though he shold falle depe
From hie aloft and than he wold wepe

And it be on hym self so pytously
That Iwonder was to here his fantasie
Another tyme he shold myghetly
Comfort hym self andi say it was foly
So caused such dedys for to dñe
Andi after begynne his aspre sorolbes nelbe
That euery may myght on his sorolbe telbe

Who couthe tolle a ryght or ful descriptiue
His woo his pleyns his langour & his pyne
Not al the men that haue or ben alwyng
Thoweder mayse ful wel thy self dynyne
That such a woo my wyt can not desyne
On ydel shold I wryte it with ynske
Whyn that my wyt is wertyt to thy nke

On tuncne the stetnes were y fene
Al though ful pale woren was the mone
And wheten gan the corsoun shene
Al Eselward as it is wond to done
And wheten with his rosy cart soone
Gan after that to dresse hym up to fate
Whyn Troylus hath sent after vandare

This mandare that of al day byform
Ne myght haue come Troylus to see
And though on his bede/he hadz it sworn
For with lyng priamus al day Iwas he
Soo that it lay not in his lyberet
Nowhere to goo/but on the morow he went
To Troylus wher that he for hym sent

For in his hert he couthe wel dysayne
That Troylus al nyght for sorolwe wroke
And that he wold telle hym of his pyne
This knelwe he ryght wele withoute book
For whiche to his chābre the ryght wey he wroke
And Troylus tho soothly he grette
And on the bed ful soone he gan hym sette

My mandare quod Troylus the sorolwe
Whiche that I drye/ē may not long endure
I wolle I shall not lyue tyll to morolwe
For whiche I wold alwayes in aduenture
To the deyse of my sepulture
The fourme ē of my meoke thow dyspone
Ryght as the semeth best is for to done

But of the furze ē flammes funerale
In whiche my body etenne shal to gleede
And of the feest ē playes palestral
At my bygyles I pray take goody bede
That that be welle and offre mars my stede
My silverdē/myn helme/ē lyf brother dene
My shelde to passas reue that shyneth clere

The poudre in whiche myn hert brent shal write
That pray I the thou take/ē it conseue
In a bessel that men cleyn an vrne
Of goldē to my lady that I seue
For loue of whom thus p̄twisly I seue
So reue it hyt ē doo me this plesaunce
To pray hyt to kepe it for a remembrance

For wele I feele by my maladre
And by my dremes, noln & yore ago
Al certeynly that I mote nedes dñe
The Olde cle Whiche that hight Escaphylb
Hath after me shryght, al these myghtes elwo
And god Mercurye noln of me woful wrech
The soleil guyde, & when ye lyse it fetch

Wandare ansverd & sayd O Troylus
My dere frend, as I haue tolde the yore
That it is foly for to sorwolbe thu
Andi auseles, for Whiche I can no more
But who so wyl not swolben rede ne fare
I can not see in hym no remedre
But lete hym wortre with his fantasre

But Troylus I praye the telle me noln
If tholb wortre or this ony wryght
Hath kwyd peramour as wele as tholb
Ye god wort, & from manyn a worthy knyght
Hath his lady ben a fourtenyght
And he not yet made haluendre the fate
What nede is the to maken al this care

Synt day by day thou mayst thy self see
That from his loue, or elles from his wyp
A man mote klypme of necessyte
Ye though he loue hym, as his olde lyf
And though bytibene wyl were never no scryf
For wele thou wost my lyf broder dere
That albewy frendys may not ben y feire

Wolb done these folke that seen her loues wedded
Wy frendys myght, as it ketyd ful oft
Andi seen hem in her spouses bed y keddwyd
God wort they take it wryghtly faire & soft
Withoute wordes or bawbyng ouer aloft
And for they conne a tyme of sorwolb endure
As tyme hem hurt, tyme wyl hem reaure

So shall thou endure & last longe
The tyme/ & founde to be glad & lyght
Ten dayes is not so longe to abyde
And syth she to come hath besyght
She nyl byt heest breke for no lyght
For dide not but she wyl synde a wey
To come agayn my lyf that day I ley

Thy siluenes cle/ & al suche fantasye
Dipue oute & lete hem goo to myschauice
For though they procede of thy Melancolye
That doeth the sole in slepe al this penaunce
Stralbe for al thy siluenes sygnyspanne
Godz help me se/ I contynct hem not at a stene
These wchre noman a ryght whet dremes mene

For presyng of the temple tellen this
That dremes ben the truelacynys
Of goddes/ & as wchre they telle plrys
That they ben infernal illusyons
Andr leches seyn that of comple xpons
Proceden they of facyng or gloomyng
Who woot in soth what they sygneyn

Ecce other seyn it at wchre impesyons
As yf a lyght hath fise a thyng in mynde
That therof come suche vysyons
Andr other seyn as they in bookes synde
That after tymes of the yere by kynde
Men dreme & that the effect goeth by the mone
But leue no dreme syth it is not w done

Wchre worth of dremes al these old byues
Andr trewely angury of these folkes
For ferre wchre men wene to lese theyr lyues
As rauenys qualme/ & shrykyng of these oules
To twelven on it/ hys & houles is
Alas alas that so noble a creature
As is a man sholdy dide suche ordure

For whiche with al myn vertu I the bysesse
Unto thy self al this thou forwe
And ryse nolb vp withoute more speche
And lete vs cast holl forth may best fedryue
This tyme & else/holl fresshly we may syue
Whan that she comyth that shal be ryght soone
God helpe me soo this thyng me leste to done

Myse lete vs speche of lusyn lyf in Troye
That we hane had / & forth this tyme dryue
And else of tyme compyng / as of iore
That brynges shal oure blysse / nolb so llyue
And langour of these thre dynges syue
We shuln therwith / so ferrewe oure oppresse
That wele unmethe / it shal do vs duresse

This hollne is ful of lordys al aboute
And trewes lasteth / al this mene wylle
Goo we pley vs / in som lusyn route
To Sarpedon / not hens but a myle
And thus tholl shalt / the tyme wel keggle
And dryue it forth / unto thy blyssful morolle
That thou hyst see / that is cause of thy sorowe

Nolb ryse / my dret brother Twylus
For certeyne none honour / is to the
To wepe / & in thy bed to wylken thus
For trewely of one thyng / trust tholl me
If thou thus lygge / a day thwo or thre
The folke wyl say / that tholl for colbardyse
Thou feynest the seke & darsse not aryse

This Twylus ansuerd / O brother dret
This knolwen folke / that han suffred yngne
That though he wepe & make sorowful clere
That felyth harme / and smert in euery weyne
No wonder is though that I euer pleyne
Or alway wepe / I am no thyng to blame
Sith I haue lost / the cause of al my game

But sith of syn force I must arise
I shal arise as soone as euer I maye
And god to whom myn herte I sacrifice
So send vs hastely now the tenth daye
For was there never folible so fayne of maye
As I shal be when she comyth in Troye
That cause is of my tormenta/ & my Iore

But whider is thy rede quod Troylus
That we pley vs may best in this towne
My counsayl is by god/ quod pandarus
To ryde & pley vs with Sarpedon
So long of this they speken vp & doun
Tyl Troylus at the last gan assent
To ryse/ & forth to Sarpedon they went

This Sarpedon/ as he that honourable
Was euer he syf/ & ful of hys largesse
With al that myght scrued be at table
That deyns was/ al cost it grete rycheesse
He fed hem day by day/ that suche nobleesse
As sayden bothe the more & eke the leste
Was never seen or wiste at ony feste

Nor in this worldy ther myt none instrument
Desynt of songe/ or touche of corde
As fer/ as ony wright hath euer went
That tonge telle/ or herte may recorde
That at the feste/ it was herd acorde
Of ladies eke so fayre a compaune
On dauntes as tho/ was none seen with ey

But what auayleth this to Troylus
That for his sorolbe no thyng of it wrough
For euer in one/ his herte yntenuis
Ful fysly & rysyd his lady sought
On hys was euer/ al that his herte thought
Now this now that/ so fast ymagynynge
Ther glad ywys can hym no festenyng

These lades that at the feste been
Sith that he salve his lady was alwe
It was his sorwe/ Upon hem to seie
Or for to here/ Instrumentes pleye
For she that of his hert bare the kepe
Was absent/ so this was his fantasy
That no wyght shold make misbode

For there nas houre/in the day nor nyght
Wher he was there/that no man myght hym here
That he no sayde/O blyssul lady bryght
Hold haue ye fere/sith that ye were here
Welcome ylwyns myn olwe lady dere
But wele alwey/ al this nas but a mase
Fortune his houe/ entendyd let to glase

The letters eke/that she of oldy tyme
Had hym sent/he wold anone rede
And ofte tellbyyt/none e ymme
Refyngyng hyt shap/ e fyr womanysde
Within his hert/ e euery word e dede
That passed was/ e thus he drof to an ende
The fourth day with Pandare his frende

And sayd/lyue brother Pandarus
Entendyst thou/that we shal here blyue
Til Sarpedon forth wyl conuere vs
Yet were it fayrer that we took our leue
For goddes loue/ lete vs seone at eue
Our leue take/and home lete vs torne
For trewely I nyl not thus soiourne

Pandare ansuerdy/ he we comen hyder
To fetche fyppe e torne home ageynne
God helpe me soo/I can not telle n hyder
We myght gone/ys I shal sothly seyn
There ony wyght/ is of vs more feyn
Than Sarpedon/ e ys ye lens bye
Thus sodenly/ I hold it vylonge

With that we sayde/we wold bese
With hym a wyke/and noll thus fowrthly
The fourth day take of hym our leue
He wold wonder/on it toldeþ
Let us forth hold/our purpos fermey
And with that we brynghe hym for to abyde
Hold forward noll/and after let us ryde

This pandare with al peyne & wo
Made hym to dwelle/ at the dedes ende
Of Sarpedon ther wolt hym leue tho
And on theri bry thesp sped hym to Iwendi
Quod Iwylue/noll lord me gret sondy
That I may fynde/at myn home compyng
Cresyd y come/ & ther blith he gan seynge

Ye basyl woode quod this Pandare
And to hym self ful felyx he seyd
God wort myrde/may thy herte faire
Or Calme sondy to Iwylue & Cresyde
Wut netheles he iarpod thus & pleyd
And swort ylwe/his herte hym thus bryght
He wold come as soone as she myght

Whan they vnto the paleys bret y comen
Of Iwylue/they deune of hys alþyght
And to the chambre the bry thes ther namen
And in to tyme/that it gan to myght
They speke al of Cresyde the bryght
And after this/whan him bothe leue
They sped hym from solþer vnde vnt

On morowþe as lone/ as day brygan to clere
This Iwylue gan of his slepe to abyde
And to Pandare his olde leode ditt
For loue of god/ful prudelyx he seyd
As goo we see the paleys of Cresyde
For synþ we yet may haue no more fesse
Soo leue we see hym paleys at the leste

And ther with al hys meyne for to blende
A cause he sond in Tolvne for to goo
And to Ctesyde hous they gan to wende
But lord this tely Troylus was woo
He thought his sorowful hert baist a thoo
For wken he salbe hym dores spedid alle
Wel myght for sorolwe a dounre he gan to falle

Terlych wken he was ware and gan besyld
Holt shet was every wpyndolwe of the place
As frost hym thought his hert gan to colde
For whiche hym thought with dedly pale face
Withoutt wold for by he gan to pate
And as god wold he gan so fast to ryde
That ne wpyght of his countenaunce espyde

Than sayd he thus O walays desolat
Of honour of gladnes whiche best y dight
O walays emuly and dysconsolat
O tholde lamente of whiche quenchyd is the lust
O walays wholome day that nold art myght
Wel ought tholde to falle dounre I to die
With she is went that was wonre vs to gufe

O walays wholome towlne of hols alle
Enlumpned with sonne of al hlyffe
O ryng from whiche the Ruby is y falle
O cause of woo that cause hast be of hlyffe
Yet with I may not let farn wold I hlyffe
Thy wold dor me I durst for this wible
And farr wel shryne of whiche h corpe is out

Terlych he cast on Pandaris his eye
With chaungyd face and wpyus to bholdy
And wken he myght his tyme ryght espyre
As as he wold to Pandarie he wold
His nelwe sorolwe a lete his iores old
Soos pytously and with so dede an helwe
That enchy wpyght myght on his sorolwe nelwe

From thensforth/be rydeth vp & doun
And euery thyng come hym to remembraunce
As he rode by the places in the towne
In whiche he had/had his plesance
Loo yonder salve I last my lody daunce
And in that temple with her eyen clere
Me caught fyre/my ryght lady dore

And yonder haue I herd/ful lustely
My dore frere laughe & yonder pleye
Halbe I hys ones/ake ful blyssfull
And to me ones yonder gan she seye
Nolb good swete/soue me wele I preye
And yond soo goodly/gan she me behold
That to the deth/myn bret is to hys hold

And at the corner in the yonder hols
Herd I myn al ther leuest lady dore
Soo womanly with wyt meadowous
Syngen so wele/so goodly and so clere
That in my soule me thyndeth I here
That blyssful solvne/and in that yonder place
My lady fyre me took vnto hys grace

Thin thought he thus/O blyssful lord Cuppyde
When I the processe haue in memorye
Holt thou me haue bretayd on euery syde
Men myght a book make of it lyke a storie
What nede is the to seke of me bytowre
With I am thyn & woly at thy wylle
What ioye hast thou thyne oþne folk to spyke

Wel hast thew lord swike on me thyne tre
Thou myghtful god/ & dreadful for to greue
Nolb mercy lord/ thou wroost wel I desyre
This grace moost of al lustes leue
And syue and dore I wyl in that byldeus
For whiche I ne ave in guerdon but a boone
That thow me send Cresyd ageyne soone

Dysteyne hyt ferre as fast to rewurne
As thold doest myn to bonge hyt to see
Than bothe I leue/that she myl not forourne
Wold blyssful lord/soo cruel thou ne be
Unto the blodd of Troxe I pray to the
As Ioue was/Unto the blodd of Thebaine
For whiche the folk of Thebes/caused thei bane

And after this/he to the yates went
There as Creyde/wode oute a ful good pas
And vp & doun there made he many a lvent
And to hym self ful ofte he sayd alas
From hens wode/my blyss & my solas
And wold blyssful god noll for his ioye
I myght hyt seen agayne come to Troxe

And to the yonder hylle/he gan hyt gyde
Alas/ & there I wok of hyt my leue
And yond I salve hyt/Unto hyt fader ryde
For sorowe of whiche/myn ferre blyss to cleue
And hyder home I come/lbken it was eue
And ferre I dwelle oute cast/ from al ioye
And shal tyk I may see hyt este in Troxe

And of hym self/ymagyned he ful ofte
To be defeted/pale andy lweye lesse
Than he was wont/ & that men sayden softe
What may it be/lbho can thi sothe gesse
Why Troxus hath al this scrupnesse
Andy al this nat but his melancholre
That he had of hym self such fantasie

- Another tyme ymagyned he wold
That every blyght/that lvent by the lweye
Had of hym tolthe/andy they seyn shuld
I am ryght sorry/Troxus blyss depe
And thus he dwote forth yet a day or threwe
As ye haue herd/such lyf he gan led
As he that stood betwene hope & drede

For whiche hym lyked in his songes shelbe
Thenkeson of his Iwo/ as he lost myght
Andi made a song of Iwordes but a felbe
Somwhat his Iwoful herte for to lyght
And Iwten he was from euery mans spght
With softe wope/ke of his lady dñe
That absent was/gan syngen as ye shal heare

O sterte of whiche I haue y losse the spght
With herte sore/ought I to be waple
That euere derke in turment/npght by npght
Tolbare my deth/with Iwnde I haue a swape
For whiche the tenche npght/ys that I haue
The Aymement of thy beames/bryghte a cure
My shyp and me a cybde Iwple dronke

This song Iwten he haud songen soone
He syngaynec in to his spghes oldy
And euery npght as he was wonke to done
He stood the bryghte mone to sholdy
Andi al his swolbe he to the mone wold
And sayde plbys Iwten thou art hornd nelbe
I shal be glad/ys al the wold be swolbe

I swalbe thyne hornd eke/old by the motolde
Wten sene rode my ryght lady dñe
That cause is of my turment a my swolbe
For whiche bryghte Encyna the clere
For knic of god renne hise aboute thy spet
For Iwten thy hornd nelbe gynne syryng
Than shal she come/that may my blysse lange

The day is more/andi lenger euery npght
Than they be wont to be/hym thought tho
And that the sonne went his cours vnyghte
Wy lenger sleep/than he is wont to do
And sayde plbys me dreddeth euermo
The sonned sonne chyron to be a lyue
And that his car amys he doth drue

Upon the wallys/first he wold walke
And on the greeves first he wold see
And to hym self ryght thus he wold talkie
Eoo ponder is myn olde lady free
Or elles ponder/where the tentes be
And then compyth this ayre/that is so swot
For in my soleil I sele it doth me wot.

And hardly this/wynde more & more
Thus scoundre mele encracted in my face
Is of my lady deere/sygnes sore
I vteue it thus/for in none other space
Of al this tolde/saue onyl in this place
Helle I no wynde/that toldeynth so lyke pena
It seyth alas/whyt appyned be the tyme

This long tyme se dryuyth forth ryght thus
Tyl fully passed was the mynthe myght
Andi an besyde hym/was this Pandarus
That besyly dide his ful myght
Hym to comfort/& make his hert lyght
Peuyng hym hope alvey the tenthe morolle
That she shal come/& synt al this sowile

Upon that other syde was this Cresyde
With Ippumen felbe among the greeves stronge
For whiche ful oft/alas al is she syde
That I was born/wel may myn hert longe
After my deth/for nolb syue I to long
Alas & I may it not amende
For nolb is wers/than euer yet I wende

My fader my for no thyng do me grace
To goo agayn/for nought I can hym quene
And yf so be that I my terme pase
My Ecclius shal nolb in his hert deme
That I am fale/& so it may wel seme
Thus shal I haue unthank on evert syde
That I was born/so welc alvey the tyde

Andi yf I me put in ieo, wordye
To stelle albey to nyght/ & it byfalle
That I be caught I shal be holde a spye
Or elles/ so this dreed I moost of alle
If in the handes of somme wretche I falle
I am but lost al be myn hert treble
Now myghty god thou on my sorolbe tolbe

Ful pale was woye hys frught face
Hyr lynes leene/as she hat al the day
Wrood when she durst/ and lokyd on the place
There she was borne/ & therre she dwelld ay
And al the nyght wepyng/ alas she lay
And thus dyspeyred oute of al cure
She laid hys lyf/his woful creature

Ful ofte a day/she sygged for dyserset
Andi in hir self/she went ay portayeng
Of Troylus the grete mortynesse
Andi al his goodly wordys recordyng
Syth first y day/theyr loue bygan to spryng
And thus she set hys woful hert a fyre
Thurgh remembraunce of that she gan desyre

In al this world/therre nys so cruel hert
That hys hnd hrdy compleyue in that sorolbe
That nold hane wept for peynes smert
Soo tridlyly she wept bothe eue & morolbe
Hys nedyd no crys for to sorolbe
Andi this was yet the worst of al hys peyne
ther was no wyzt/ to whom she myzt cōfesse

For wlfusly she loked vpon Troye
Wyfely the tures hys & eke the hallas
Alas quod she the plesaunce & the ioye
The whiche al nelbe turnedy in to galle is
Haue I hndy oft within yonder wallys
O Troylus what doest thou nold she seyde
Lord wherther thou yet thynde vpon Cresyde

Alas I ne had trolbed/ Upon you, sore
And wend with yow/as me rei or this
Thin had ynolb not spgled/half so sore
Who myght han seyde/that I had done amys
To stel alwy/with such one as he is
But al to late/comyth the lectuarie
When men the corps unto the gracie carie

To late is nolb/to speke of that materie
Prudente alas/one of thyn even thre
Me lakked/ alwy or that I come leire
Of tyme passed I wyl remembre me
And present tyme/welc counthe I see
But future tyme/or I was in the snare
Counthe I not see/that causith al my care

But netheles setide/what betyde
I shal to morowbe at myght/bz est or west
Oute of this hostel/on som manere side
And goo with Troylus wþre so hym leſt
This pntþos wyl I hold/and this is best
No fors of wþslie tunges/jangelerþe
For euer on loue/hauie wretcheþ enye

For wþo so wyl of cuery word take heire
Or welke hym self/bz cuery wþgheþ wþt
Ne shal he neuer thryue oute of dreede
For that somme men blamen euer yet
Eoo other men/yet comendyn it
And as for me/as suche farþaunte
Felpyeþ clepe I my suffysaunce

For whiche withoute ony wordes mo
To Troylus wyl I/as for conclusyon
But god it wott/or fulli myghtes alwo
She was ful fer from that entencion
For boþe Troylus and I wroþe toþ
Shal knotteles thurgh hys hys slyde
For she wyl another purwoþ abyde

This Dyomedē/ of whom I tellle yow/gan
Both nold within hym self/ ay argyng
With al sleyght/ and al that erer he can
How he may use/ with shorste tangyng
In to his net/ & it seydes herte bryng
To this entent/ he woulde never syne
To fyschyn hym/ he leydon oure hooke & lyne

But netholes wel in his herte he thought
That she was not withoute a buse in Troye
For he never syth/ he herte thens brought
Ne woulde hym see laugh/ne make ioye
Ex upse helle best/ hym herte to aye
But for to assay/ he seyd not ne grymþ
For he y nought ne assayeth/nouȝt ne grymþ

Yet sayd he hym self Upon a ryght
Nold am I not a fool/ that herte wel hold
Hym who for buse is of another ryght
And upon to goo assayre nold
I may wel ryght/ it wyl not be my wrold
For wylse folk in bookeis it eryste
Men shold not wolle a ryght in knyfesse

But who so myght wyinne such a flour
From hym/ for whom she moenþ nyȝt & day
He myght say/ he werte a conquerour
And ryght anone/ as he that bold was ay
Thought in his herte/hap hold I hap may
Al shold I dye/I wyl hym herte secke
I shal no more lese/ but my specke

This Dyomedē/ as bookeis do declare
Was in his dede preste & comyngous
With sterne boþs/ & myghty lynges square
Hardy ryght strong/ and chyualrous
Of dedys lyke his fader Tydeus
And some men seyn he was of tonge large
And seyr he was of Calydoyne & Arge

Creseyde medyaotte/ was of stature
Taller of shap/of face/ & else of cheere
There myght be no fayrer creature
And of tyne this was hym manere
To goo v tressyd with hym selfe cleere
Doun by hym Coler/at hym bale behynde
Whiche with a thred of golde/she wolde bynde

And saue hym brawdes ioyned in fere
There was no lack in ought I can espyen
But for to speke of hit eyen clere
Trewly theyn bryten al that hym shen
That paradysse stodid formed in hit eyen
And with hym ryght beaute euermore
Schoofte loue in hym ay/ whiche was more

His selue was symple/ & wypse with al
The best norriture else that myght be
And goodly of hym speche in general
Charytable estatly/lusyn/ and free
Ne neuermore lackyd hym wytte
Tendit heretid/ slydynge of couraige
But truelly I can not tolle hym age

And Troylus wese woren was in kynght
And compleat fourmed by proporcyon
Soo wese that kynde not amende myght
Vong/ fresshe/ swong/ and hardy as lyoun
Trewle as swete in eche condycyon
One of the best ented shyd creature
That is or shal whyle the wold may dure

And truely in store/as it is founde
That Troylus was never vnto no kynght
As in his tyme/ in no dege secoundy
In daryng doo that longeth to a kynght
Al myght a Spaunt/ passen hym of myght
His force ay with the fyre/ & with the bise
Shood ptegal/ to do wher hym leste

But for to telle forth of Dyomed
It syl after/ that on the tenth day
Syth that Cresyde/ out of the cyte rede
This Dyomed as frissk/as braunch in may
Come to the tent/there as Calcas wip
And seyned hym with Calcas haue to done
But what he ment/ I shal yow tell toone

Cresyde at short wordys for to telle
Welcomed hym/ & dyd hym by hyr set
And he was ethen ynone/ to make duelle
And after this withoute long set
Spres & wynn men forth hym set
And forth they speke of this & that y ferre
As frendys doo/ of whiche som ye shal here

He gan fyrest falle of the werte in specke
Welbyyt hem & the folk of Troye Tolyn
And of thasshege/ he gan hyr li seche
To telle hym/ what was hyr oppynoun
Fro that demaunde/ he so descendyth doun
To asken hyr/ yf that she straunge thought
The grykes gylde/ & werkys that they wrought

And why hyr fader/ tarxeth hit so long
To wedden hyr hit to somme worthy knyght
Cresyde that was in hyr pynnes strong
For loue of Troylus hyr oldne dore knyght
As ferforth as she connyng had or myght
Answeyd hym tho/ but al of his entent
It semed not/ she wiste what he ment

But nethelss this ylke Dyomed
GAN in hym self assur/ and thus he seyde
If I a ryght/ haue take of yow he de
Me mynketh thise/ O lady myn Cresyde
Syth that I fyrest honde on yeure brydel leyde
Whyn ye oute come of Troye by the morwylb
Ne couthe I never sic yow hit in sorwylb

Can I not seyn whtat may the cause be
But it for loue of somme Troian it were
The whiche ryght sore wold a thynk me
That for ony lygght that dwelleth there
Sholden spylle a quarter of a tre
Or p̄blyssly/youre self too begylle
For dredles it is not worth the wylle

The folke of Troye/as who scyth al & some
In p̄seune be/as youre self see
For thens shal none a spye come
For al the gold bytewene sonne & see
Trisepth ryght wele/ & understande me
There shal not one to mercy/goo alspye
Al were he lord of worldes tlynes tyme

Suche wreche on hem for fetchyng of Heseyne
Tare shal be take or that we knis wende
That Maunes whiche goddes sen of peyne
Shold sen agast/holb grettes sholde hem shende
Andi men shuln drede vnto the worldes ende
From sens forth to rauysshe ony quene
So cruel shal oure wreche on hem be sene

Andi but yf Calcas led us with Ambages
That is to sey with double wordes sye
Sneche as men clepe a wond with two usages
We shal wel knollethat I nought ne sye
Andi al this thyng ryght sone with youre eye
Andi that anone ye wyl not trolle holb soone
Noll taketh heede/for it is to done

What wene ye youre wylle fader wold
Haue youe yelb/for Anthenor anone
If he ne wylt that the cyte shold
Destroyed be/wyl nay so mote I gone
He knolbeth ful wele ther shal escape none
That Troian is/ & for the grette fere
He durst not/that ye duallyd lenger there

What wold ye more loue som lady deere
Let Troye & Troians from your bret pac
Dyspe out your blyster bope / & make good cheere
And clepe ageyne the beaute of your face
That ye wylth salt tress so deface
For Troye is brought in such jeopardy
That it to sauie is nolhert remedye

And thynketh Welle / ye shal in gretes synde
A more parfyt loue / or it be nyght
Thin ony Trojan is / andy more kynde
Andy set to scire yow / wyl do his myght
And yf ye wouch sauif my lady bryght
I wyl be he / to scire yow my selue
Ye leuer than be kyng of gretes threue

And wylth that word / he gan to weye to de
And in his speche a spetl wryght he quokke
And cast a spide a spetl wylth his bide
And synt a shyppe / andy astillward he wole
Andy seþþysþþe on hym that he his boke
And sayd I am / as he is to yow no roþe
No gentyl a man / as ony wryght in Troye

For yf my frater Tryonis he seþþe
I wuld haue / I had be long or this
Of Casydonys and Arge / a kyng / Casydonys
And so I hope I shal be yet yowþþo
But he wad sleep / also the moþ batme is
Unþþysþþ at Tylkes / as to wylthe
Wolemyþþe / and many a man to scathe

But seþþ myn syþþ I am yourt man
Andy to the kyng / of whome I seþþ grader
And scire yow / as ferþþ as I can
Andy euer shal wylþþe I to kyng haue spade
Soo or that I deþþe oute of this place
That ye me graunt that I may to metolle
A better leyser / telle yow my sorolde

What shold I telle his wordes/that he seyd
He spakynough for one day at the meest
It preueth wele he spak,soo that Cresyd
Graunted hym a morow/ at his request
To haue a specke with hym at the leste
Soo that he wold speke of sucht matere
And thus she sayd to hym as ye may se

As she that had hym bret on Troylus
Soo that ther may none it auice
And straungely she spak,/z seyd thus
O Dyomed I knoue thatylke place
That I was born in/and loue for his grace
Desyure it soone/of al that doo it care
God for thy myght/soo lene it wel to fare

But grettes wold in Troy their wrath brake
If that they myght I knolle it wele yllys
But it shal not fallen/as ye speke
And god to forn/z further ouer this
I wote my fader wyl se andy redy is
And that he bith me wrought/as ye me wold
So dore I am the more to hym holdy

These grettes ben of hyske condreyoun
I wote it wele/but certyn men shulyn fynde
As worty folk withyn Troye Town
As connynges/as pacfice/z as knyde
As hys bene Crades/z ynde
And that ye wulthe wele yowre lady seue
I wolle it wele/hys thank for to desue

But as to speke of hyske yllys the seyd
I had a lordy to whome I wedded was
The whiche myn bret had,ysk that he dyd
And other bret/as helpe me nobly passas
There in myn bret nys ne never was
And that ye be of noble/z hys knyde
I haue it herd wel telle oute of dede

And that doeth me to haue so gret a wonder
That ye myl scorne ony woman so
Eke god woot soue and I ben fer a sonder
I am dysposed/bet so moche I goo
Unto my deth to playne & make wo
What shal I doo after can I not seye
But trulwely as yet me lyf st not to pleye

Myn hert is noln in trybulacion
And ye in armes besy day by day
Here after wiken ye wonnen hane the wolnes
Chauenter than so it hap may
That wiken I see/that never yet I say
Than myl I werk/that I never wrought
This wold to yold ynough suffysen ought

To morwoln wold I speke with yold fayn
So that ye touch not of this mastere
And wiken yold lyf ye may come herte agayne
And or ye goo/thus moche I say yold herte
Help me pallas with hir herte cleve
I that I holdy on ony gretre haue woulthe
It holdy be yowre self by my trouthe

I seye not therfor that I myl yold soue
Ne I say not nay/but in conclusyon
I mene wole by god/that sytis aboue
And therbyth al the cast herte eyen doun
And gan to syghe/& sayd O I woxe Colyne
Yet byd I god in quyete & in rest
I may the see/or doo myn herte breste

But in effect as shertely for to saye
This Dyomedes al fresshe welle agayne
Gan pechen in/fast herte mercy praye
And after this the soth for to seyne
Herte glose he wold/ of whiche he was ful fayn
And synally wiken it was woxeneue
And al was welle/he wold & tolde his leue

The bryght Venus follyd/ and by taught
The weye ther brode Aphibus a douny lyght
And Cythere the chare hors ouer myght
To whylle oute of the syoun/ yf she myght
And Signifer his candel shalbed bryght
Whan Cresyde unto hir rest wrent
In with hir faderes faire bryght tent

Retournyng in hir solele lypp & douny
The wordes of his sondyne Dyomed
His grete estate & perylle of the tolne
And that she was alone/ & hady nede
Of frendys/ & thys lygan to hit de
The cause whyp the sooth for to telle
That she wokse purpoos fully for to duelle

The morolle cam/ and goostely for to speke
This Dyomed is come to Cresyde
And shortely lest that ye my tale hitte
Soo welle he for hym self spak & seyde
That al his syghtes sore a douny he leyde
And fynally the sooth for to seyne
He left of the grete/ of al his peyne

And after this/ the story telletth vs
That she hym yaf the fayre bryg siede
The whiche she once had of Troylus
And eke a breech that was lytel nede
That Troylus was/ she yaf this Dyomed
In dede the bet/ from sorolle hym to relue
She made hym were/ a pensel of hir sleue

I fynd eke in the storie elles wher
Whan thurgh the body/ hurt was Dyomed
Of Troylus tho wept she many a tere
Whan that she salbe his bynde boundes bledde
And that she wok to kepe hym goodly bledde
And for to hele hym of his sorolbes smert
Men seyn I note/ she yaf hym hir hert

But trulbly the scorp sleepth so
ther made never woman more woo
than she when she falleth Troilus
She sayd alas/for nold is clene a go
My name of twalthe in loue for euermo
For I haue falleth one the gentyllest
That euer was & she the worthyllest

Alas of me unto the worldes ende
Shal neyther of me be wryt nor sence
No good word/for this book wyl me shende
I tolkyd shal it be on manyn a tonge
Through out the world/my bille shal be tonge
And/ wrymmen wyl me shal moost of alle
Alas that such a man shold me bysalle

They wyl say in as moost/as in me is
I haue hym doo dyshonour wile alwyte
It be I not the first that dyde arwe
What helpe that to doo my blame alwyte
But syth I see ther nys no bister wile
And/ that to late it is nold for to wile
To Dyomedes algate I wylle tellve

Unt Troilus syth I no bister may
And syth that thus deporten ye and/ I
I vnyr god/yeue yow ryght good day
No for the gentyllest knyght trulbly
That euer I salve to haue feythusly
And bise can ay his lady honouur kepe
And/ with that word/ she bise anone to wile

And/ arre yow fayn shal I neuer
And/ frendys loue/that shal ye haue of me
And/ my good ywold/ al myght I lyueh euer
And/ trulbly I wold ryght soray be
To see yow in ony aduersite
And/ gyltles I wot wile I yow leue
But al shal passe/ & thio I take my leue

But twelve houres long it was bytene
That she forsoke hym for this Dyomed
There is none other auctor telleth I wene
Take euery man nolle to his booke's bede
He shal no tyme fynde eche of dide
For though that he began to loue hym soone
Or he hym wan yet was there more to done

Ne me lyse not this tely weman chyde
Forth than the storp wyl deuise
Hyr name alas is vnyssed so wylde
That for hym gylt it ought ymowe suffysse
And yf I myght excuse hym in ony wryse
For she so soray was for her vnioutis
Wryse I wold excuse hym yet for wrythe

This Troplus as I byfore haue told
Thus dryueth forthe as wele as he myght
But ofte was his herte hote & cold
And namely that place mynthe myght
Whiche on the mowthe she hid hym behyght
To come agayne god wott ful lytel rest
Had he that myght nothynge to slepe hym lese

The lautter entuned Plesus with his herte
Come in his wirts ay vnyard as he went
To warmen of the eest the walbes were
And Ceres daughter sang to hym goodly entent
When Troplus his pandare after sent
And on the walbes of the Tylme then pleynde
To looke yf ther can ought see of Cresyde

• Tylit was none ther stood for to see
Who that ther come & euery maner myght
That come from her they sayde it was she
And that ther couthe knowen hym a myght
Nolle was his herte heup nolle was it lyght
And thus besyed they stonde to stare
Aboute nouȝt Troplus & Pandare

To Pandarus this Troylus the seide
For ought I wot/before none sykerly
In to this toun not cometh here Cresseide
She hath ynoch a doo there hardyly
To Ruyne from hyr fader/so trolle I
Hyr old fader wold yet make hyr dyne
Or that she goo/god wulc his herte wulc

Pandare answeryd/It may wel be certeyn
And for thy lete vs dyne I the kyseide
And after none/ than mayst thow come ageyn
And home they gone withoute more speche
And come ageyne/and long may they seche
Or that they fynde/that they after gare
Fortune hem wulc/theynkethe for to iape

Quod Troylus I see wel ynowle that she
Is caried with hyr old fader so
That or she come/it wol nyte euen be
Come forth I wylle unto the gate goo
These porters ben uncomyng euermo
And I wyl doo hem holde open the gate
As nought ne were/ al though she come late

The day goth fast/ & after that come eue
And yet come not to Troylus Cresseide
He waketh forth by hedge/by tree/by galue
And fer his hede on the walle he leyde
And at the fast he turned hym & seide
By god I wot hyr menyng nol pandare
Al moost yllys/as wel was my care

Nol doubtles this lady can hyr goody
I wote she comyth rydynge pruyely
I commende hyr wylsdom by myn hooch
She wyl not make people nyctly
Galbryng on hyr wulc she comyth / cut softly
By nyght in to Colme she thynketh ryde
And dore broder/theynk not long to abyde

We haue not else to done ylbye
And Pandarus nolb shalb tholb truble me
Haue here my trouthe / I see yond wher she is
Heue vp thyne exen / man mayst tholb not see
Pandare answerd / nay so mote I the
All wrong by god / what feire y man wher arte
That I see yond my but a fure carre

Alas tholb seyst ful soth quod Troylus
But hardyly it is not al for noughe
That in myn herte that I miopse thus
It is ageynst som good / I haue a thought
Note I not holb / but syth that I was wrouȝt
He felte I such a comfort sothe to seye
She cometh to myght / my lyf dure I seye

Pandare answerd / it may be wel ymough
And held with hym of al that euer he seide
But in his herte he thought / a fasse laughe
And to hym self ful sorly he seide
From Basi Elwoode ther yoly Robyn pleide
Shal come al that tholb doest abyde here
Ye fare wele al the snoide of fern yett

The Warden of the gate gan to calle
The folke / whiche without the gate were
And bad hem dryue in theyre festes alle
Or al that nyght they must abyde there
And seid within nyght with many a cote
This Troylus gan homeward for to ryde
For wele he salbe / it helppyd not abyde

But nethesles he gladdyd hym in this
He thought amys he had compyted his day
And sayde I understande haue al amys
For thylk nyght / I late Cresyde say
Sle sayd I shal be here / yf that I may
Or that the mone / or dore herte silere
The lyoun passe oute of this Arrete

For whiche he may yet hold hym lyfe
And on the morowle unto the pale he went
And vp & doun / by West & eke by Easte
Upon the walkys made he many a went
But al for nought / his hope alway hym blent
For whiche at nyght in sowolbe & sygges sore
He wente hym home withoutt any more

His hope al clene oute of his herte fled
He ne hath wistow / no lenger nold to honge
But for the peyne hym thought his herte bled
So went his thowes sharp & wonder stenge
For when he salbe she abode soo longe
He nyse wist he ymagyne thowf myght
Sith that she hath broke / that she hym behyght

The thrid / the fourth / the fyfthe / & the syxth day
After the dayes ten / of whiche I told
Wyt wene he pe & rede his herte say
He somwhat trystyng on hym heestes old
But when he salbe / she nold hym teme hold
He can nold see none other remedye
But for to shape hym soone sor to dye

Then wylth the mylkyde spyrte / godz vs blesse
Whiche that men clepe woodde jelousye
Can in hym crepe in al this huyngesse
For whiche by cause he wold soone dye
He ne eft ne dranke for his melancholys
And eke from euer y companion he fled
This was the lyf / that al this tyme he led

He sooo defetd was that no maner man
Hym knolde myght / unnt he wist he went
Soo was he leue / & ther to pale & wan
And feble that he walked by potent
And with his feet thus hym self he shent
And who so asked hym / whatof he smerte
He seyde his herte was al about his herte

Pandanus ful ofte / & eke his moder dore
His bretheren & his susteren gan hym freyne
Whi so sorowful was / in al hie chere
Andi what thyngi was the cause of his peyne
But al for nought he nold his cause pleyne
But seyde / he felte a grevous maladie
Aboute his hert / & fayn wold he dye

Soo on a day / he leyde hym doun to slepe
And so byfelle that in his slepe he thought
That he walkid in a forest to wepe
For knie of hym that his peyne wrought
And up & doun / as he the forest sought
Ther thought he salb a bore with Tuskes gote
That slepe a geyne the bryght sonnes herte

Andi by this bore / fast in armes foldi
Lay kyssyng ap / his lady bryght Cresyde
For sorolwe of whiche / whan he gan kyholdi
Lounde he cryed on Pandanus & seyde
For sorolwe of whiche / almost ther he deyde
O Pandanus noll knolle I crop & rote
I am but dede / ther nys none other boote

My lady bryght Cresyde hath me bryayed
In whome I trustyd moost of ony bryght
She esles wile hath noll hym hert apayed
The bessful goddes thurgh theyre grete myght
Haue in my dreame shewedy me ful ryght
Thus in my dreame Cresyde haue I beholdi
Andi al this thyng to pandanus he woldi

O my Cresyde / alas what sublypte
What nelve lust / what beaute / what scrence
Hath thus withdrawne your hert / & loue frō me
This is the cause of your long absence
Hirh from me rast / alas your aduertence
O trust / O feydh / O depe assuraunce
Whi hath me rast Cresyde al my plesaunce

Alas whyp lete I wolv from hys go
For whiche wel myght out of my wyt I breide
Who shal wolv twolle on ony othes moo
God wote I wende lady bryght Cressyde
That euery word was gospel/that ye seyde
But who may bet begyde/ys hym lyf
Than he on whome men wrene best to tryse

What shal I doo / my pandatus alas
I feele wolv so sharp / & a nelve peyne
Syth that ther lyeth noo remedye in this cas
That bet it were I with myn hondes tveyne
My self flee / than thus alvey to pleyne
For churgh the deth my lwo shold haue an ende
Than euery day with lys my self I shende

Pandare answerd / & sayd alas the wylle
That I was borne / haue I not seyd or this
That dremes may many a man begyde
And whyp for folle exfoluen hem amys
Holv durst thow sey / that false thy lady is
For ony dremes ryght for thyne olbne dide
Lace be thy thought / thou canst no dremes rede

Parauenter ther thou dremest of this woor
It may so be / that it may sygne hys
Hyt fader elie / whiche oldy is & hoore
Ageyne the senne lyeth in woynt to dye
And she for sorolle gynneth wepe & crie
And ther lyeth kyssyd hym on the groundy
Thus sholdest thou thy dremes ryght expoundy

Holv myght I than done quod Troylus
To knolle of this / were it neuer so lyte
Wolv seyst thow myself quod / tho pandatus
My rede is this / syth thow canst wese endyte
That hastely a letter thou to her wryte
Through whiche thow shalt bryngen it about
To knolle a soote ther thou art in doult

And see nolb wþþy/ for I dñe wel seyn
That yf so is/she vntrelve be.

I can not trowe she wþþe wþþte ageyn
And yf she wþþte tholb shalþ soone see
As whþþer she hath/ ony lyþerete
To come ageyne/or esþes in som clause
If she be let/she wþþle assygne a cause

Tholb hast not wþþte to hyr/syþh shz went
Ne she to the/andz this I dñse leþe
There may suchte cause be in hyr entent
That hardly tholb wþþt thy self seye
That hyr awde/the best is for yolb tþþere
Nolb wþþte hyr than/ & tholb shalþ see soone
A sooth of al/ther is no more to done

Acordydgþ sen they to his conclusyon
Andz that anone these yþþe lordes tþþo
And hastely syt Troylus a doun
Andz wþþlyth in his hert to & fro
Holb he may best descriuen hyr his woo
Andz to Cresseyd his olvne lady dñe
He wþþte ryght thus/andz saydgþ as ye shal here

Ryght fræsþe flour/whos I haue sen & shall
Withouten part of esþes wþþre scrupule
With hert/bodþ/lyf/lust/thought & al
I wþþful wþþgt in euery humble lþþe
That tonge can telle or hert may deuyse
As oft as materre occupreþh place
Me recomaunde I vnto yourt noble gracie

Lyketh yolb to wþþte silvete hert
As ye wel knolbe/holb long tyme agone
That ye me left in asþer pepyns smert
Wen that ye went/of whiche yet boode none
Haue I none had/but euer wþþt bygone
From day to day am I/and sooo mote dþþelle
Whyle it yolb last so ye of wþþle & wo my wþþle

For whiche to yow with dreadfull stet tolle
I wryte as he that scwolb dryue th to wryte
My lwo that every houre encreaseth nolbe
Compleynynge/ ac I dare/ or can eny gte
And that a facyd is/ ye may welle lufe
The tretys whiche that sw myn eyn tyme
They wold speke/ yf they attuthe complesynge

Yow fryst/ bysch I wth your eyn clere
To wokе on this dforbldy/ & vnfoldy
And ouer as thio/ ye my lady dire
Wil wuchsarif this letter to bpholdy
And by the cause eke of my care woldy
That sleeth my lwyd/ yf ought amys me stet
Horpue it me myn olvne swet hert

If ony seruauant durst or ought of ryght
Upon his lady yf wrytly compleynge
Than wene I that I ought be that wryght
Consparyng this that ye these moneths theryn
Haue taryd ther/ ye leyde sooth to seyne
But dayes ten ye nold in hrost soorene
But in the monethes yet ye not trowne

But for as moch/ ac I most nedes lyke
All that yow lyketh I dare pleyn no more
But humbly wþth sorowful sygnes speke
Yow lwyte I myn vntesp sowlees sett
From day to day despyng euermore
To knolbe fully/ yf yowre lwyte wert
Holt ye hine ferd/ and doo wþple ye to therr

Who welsate/ ande fese god eke enteasē
In honoure huse/ ad vnlard in degre
It grolbe alber so that it never cease
Lyke as yourre self best can my lady see
Deuyse I vnyt to god/ so most it be
Ande graunt that ye loone won me wile
No wrytly as m as I am yourre tolle

And of yelb spile to knolle of the fure
Of me Iwes Woo ther may no wyght ascrive
I can no more but chese of eerty care
At wrytings of this letter I was alwyng
Al redy cut my woful goode to dispue
Whiche I delay, and hold hym yet in hondys
Wyn the fynge of mactte of yowre sondy

Myn eyn thoo in wrene/With whiche I see
Of woful treas salt/are woven welles
My songe in plenynt of myn aduersyte
My goodys in barme myn case woven felle is
My rore in woo/I can polb see not elles
So turned is/for whiche my lfe I hathe
Eerty rore/is turned to me contrary

Whiche with your comynge home agayn to Tione
Ye may redisse/and more a tholsandys sythe
I am erer I haue encyng in me rore
For this thynne nace ferre yet so blithe
To haue his lyf as I hold he as blithe
As I polb see/though no manere woulde
Cany meare yet thynke vpon polb twylthe

And of so moche my deit I haue descreid
Or of polb lyf no more vpon me see
In gardon yet of al I haue polb senid
Applesse I polb my treas lady ffe
That knwyn/it wyl brete me
For knue of god my ryght hode sterte
Or deit lette make an ende of al my lve

For their cause ought that deth polb for to duelle
That deth poure fete re me recomforde
For though to me poure absence be an helle
With wachant I wyl my lve supprete
And with your letter of loue I wyl consolte
With myght fletis/for me thyn not plyne
With hoope or deth deluyer me from wrene

þibys myn olvne dñe herde trelle
I wrote than/ whan ye next wpon me see
Soo lost haue I myn helthe/ & eke myn halfe
Cresyde shal not conne knolbe me
Wibys myn herdes day/ my lady free
Soo churcypth ay myn herde to bholdy
Yowre knauet that my lyf vnneth I holdy

I say nomore/ al haue I for to scye
To wold wel more than I tolle may
But whethir ye done me lyue or deye
Yet pray I god/ so yeue wold ryght good day
And faryth wel/ ryght fayre fresshe may
As ye thal lyf or deeth may me comauande
And to yowre trouthe I me recomaunde

With helthe such/ that but yf ye yeue me
The same helthe/ I shal never helthe haue
In wold lyeth/ whan wold lyf/ it so shal be
The day on whiche me clothen shal my graue
In wold my lyf/ yowre myght is it to saue
Me from dysese/ of al peynes smerte
And fare wold welle myn olvne swete herde

This letter forth was sent unto Cresyde
Of whiche hys answter in effect was this
Hul ppwly she wrote ageyn andy seyd
That as soone/ as euer she myght wibys
She wold come/ andy mende that was amys
Andy fynally wrote/ & sayd hym than
She wold come/ but she wylt never whan

But in her letter/ she made such seestes
That wonder was/ & swore she louyd hym best
Of whiche he fond/ but bottumles syflestes
But Troylus thow mayst now Est or West
Wyze in an yng leef/ yf that the lest
Thus goth þ world/ god sheld vs frō myschāce
And euery myght/ that meneth trouthe auāce

Entreasen gan the woo from day to nyght
Of Troylus/for taryng of Ctesyde
And lassan gan his hope & eke his myght
For whiche al dount vdon his bed hym leyde
He ne ece ne drunk/ne slepe/ne no word seyde
Vnagynnyng ay that she was vnsynde
For whiche wel myght he way oute of mynde

This dreme of whiche I told haue here byforyn
May never come oute of his remembraunce
He thought as hele/he had his lady born
And that joynt of his puruaunce
Hym shelyd hid in slepe the sygnyspaunce
Of hys vntrouwthe & dysaumenture
And that this was shelyd hym in sygure

For whiche he for Syble his sister sente
That callyd was Cassandra al aboute
And al his dreme/he told hir or he wente
And hys besought/assaylen hym the dount
Of this stronge bote with tuskyt stoute
And synally within a lytel scoundre
Cassandra ryght thus his dreme expoundyd

She gan first simle/ & sayd brother deit
If tholb a sothe of this desyrest to knolle
Tholb must a felde of old storres haue
To purpos holl that fortune ouertholbe
Hath bodes hre/whiche within a tholbe
This bote shalt y knoll wel & of wher synd
He comyn is/as men in booke syndy

Dyane whiche that brouthe was & in yre
For grecies nold deo hys satyfye
Ne entens on hys aulter set a syre
She for that grecies/gan hys desunse
Wroke hys in a wonder cruck wyse
Her with a bote/as gret as Oye in stalle
She made hym etc vpp hys come & hysnes alle

To see this boore was all the countre rynged
Amonges whiche therre come this boore to see
A mayde one of this wold bese y rynged
Andi Mcleager lordy of that countre
He boord soothis fresshe mayde fire
That with his manhood/or he wold sent
This boore he sholde/andi hym the heire he sent

Of whiche as old bookes telien be
There was a conteste / a gret enye
Andi of this lord descendyd Tydeus
By lyne/or else/old bookes lyre
But hold this Mcleager gan for to dye
Through his moder myl I polle not tell
For al to long it went for to duelle

He toldi/else/hold Tydeus he sent
Unto the swong cyte of Thebes
To clayme kyngdom of the cyte / Went
For his felawe Dan Polypmptes
Of whiche his olde brother Ethyocles
Hul wrongfullly of Thebes heldi the strength
Who toldi he by processe / by lengthe

He toldi/else/hold he monyde avert
When Tydeus slaugh hym knyghte siuer
He told al the prophecie by herte
And hou that saken kynges with therte wout
By syzedi ther the cyte al aboute
Andi of the holly scriptur / the wolle
And of the surye al gan he hym aile

Affusat profugum/ Tiduo primo Dolimides
Tidea legatum / docti insidias or scandis
Tetraus Hermodien / canit et hunc latitantes
Mors furie Leuine / quinto narratur / angues
Quartus habet reges / inuidit utra septem
Archynon lusum / sexto ludi et leguntur
Dat Graios Thelye / hunc septimus Umbrio

Octauo eccladit. Eideus spes vita pelagis
Iuomeden nono moritur cum Parthone pro
Fulmine percusso / decimo Canapue superatur
Undecimo scse / perimunt per vulneta fratre
Argiuam fletam / narrat duodenis et ignem

¶ Of Archenotes suryeng/ and the playes
And holt Amphoray/ fyl thurgh the gwund
Holt Tydeus was slayn lord of Argeys
And holt Ipmedon in a lytel stounde
Was dreynt & dede/ Parthonepe of wounde
And holt Canapus the wylde
With thonder was slayn that cryd hulde

Set gan hym eke teste/ hols that eyther Ceder
Ethpocles andr. Polempyle also
At a scarmuch eke of theym solwe other
And of Arctu e hpt Weppynge & hpt Woo
And hols the wldn was brent/she told eke tho
Andr so descendyd dounne from gestys oldy
To Promede/ & thus she spack & toldy

This ylde bore bytkeneth Dyomed
Tydeus sonne that dounie descended is
To Meleager that made the bote to Elide
And thy lady felice that she be ylde
This Dyomedes hys best battis / & she his
Wepe yf tholb mylt or lue / for oute of doute
This Dyomedes is in / & thou art out

I holde seynt not sooth thou falle sorcres
With al thy falle goode of prophecie
Tholle benest to be a gret dynyncre
Hold seynt tholle not this foole of fantasie
Deyneth herte on ladies for to lie
Al bery quod he thercoupe reue the swolbe
Tholle shal be falle pacciente not to metrolbe

As wele myghtest hold sye vpon Alciste
That was of creatures/ but men sye
That ever was the kyndethe & best
For wher syr husbond was in recarde
To dye hym self/but yf she wold dye
She chas for hym to dye/ and goo to helle
And starf anone as vs the bokes tolle

Cassandre goth/ & he with cruel herte
For that his woo/ for anger of her speche
And from his bed al sodenly he stert
As though al hole hym had made a leche
And day by day/ he gan enquire & seche
A sooth of this with al his besy cure
And thus he dryneth forth his aduenture

Fortune whiche hath the permatacyon
Of thynges hadz/as it is here commyngedz
By puruaunce and dysposycyon
Of hym Ioue/as Reyngnes shul be fylledz
From folk in folk/or when they shal be smitten
Can nul alvez the fethers Erpght of Troye
From day to day/ tyl they be bare of ioye

Among al this the syn of the parody
Of Heaw gan a wroche wonder hlyue
The frate wold/his soule shold vnbody
And shapen had a mene oute to dryue
Agynste whiche faat/hym helpyth not to dryue
But on a day to syght gan he wende
At whiche alao, he caught his last ende

For whiche ne thynketh yf every maner wyzt
That hauntyth armes/ ought to felawysle
The deth of hym that was so noble a knyght
For as he dwolle a syngs by the auentayle
Wylbare of this Achylles thurgh the mayle
And thurgh the body gan hym for to dryue
And thus yf worthy knyght was knyght fro lue

For whome as oldy bookees telleyn hys
Was made suchy wo that tonge may it not telle
And namelyste the sorolle of Troylus
That neyt hym was of worthynes welle
And in his wo gan Troylus to duelle
That for that sorolle / & leue of his vntre
Ful ofte a day he had his herte brest

But netheles though he gan hym dyspeyne
He dredy ay his lady was vntrewe
Yet ay on hym his herte gan repaire
And as hauers done / he soughe ay nelwe
To gete ageyne Cresyde ryght of selve
And in his herte he wente ay excusynge
That Falstas causedy al hym taryng

And of hym he was in purpos grett
Hym self lyke a pylgrym to desguise
To seen hym / but he couthe not counterfeite
To be vnkrolle of folk that were wypse
Ne sondy excuse a ryght / that myght suffysse
If he among the gretes knolven were
For whiche he wepte ful ofte many a tere

To hym he wrote yet estre al nelwe
Ful ppyously he lete not for swouth
Bysechynge hym / that syth he was trewe
That he woldy come ageyne / & hold her trouthe
For schise Cresyde vpon a day for vntre
I take it so / touchynge al this matere
Wrote hym ageyne / & sayd / as ye may he

Cuppedes sone / ensample of goodlysted
O silverdys of knyghthode / sours of gentylnesse
Holle myght a wypght in turment / & in dede
And helthles sendy holles / as yet gladnesse
I herdeles / I syghe in grett dysersetse
Syth ye wch me nor I wch holles may dele
Holles may I send neyther bice ne helle

Yours letters ful the pappre as be pleynted
Concreued hath myn herdes ppre
I haue eke seyn with artes as be wrynted
Yours letter / & hols me requiren me
To come agayne / whiche yet may not be
But whyn list that this letter found were
No menysoun make I nolb for fere

Crueous to me god wote your vntesse
Yours hast / & hat the goddes ordynaunce
It semeth not / ye take it for the best
For other thynges nys in your remembraunce
As thynketh me / but only yourt plisaunce
But he not wroth / and that I wyl byseche
For that I tare / it is for wrykkes speche

For I haue sed wyl more than I wende
To lylchynge he illo hols thynges haue y sedde
Whiche I shal with dysfymlyng amend
And be ye not wroth I haue eke vnderstonde
Hols ye ne doo / but holdy me in honde
But nolb no fore / I can not in wyl gesse
But al twythe euer / and al gentylnesse

Come I wyl / but yet in suche disiogn
I stondy as nolb / but what houre or what daye
That this shal be / can I not wovnt
But in effect / I wyl yow as I may
Of yourt good wordy / & of yourt frndshyp ay
For twelvys / whyle my lyp may dure
As for a frnd / ye may in me assynt

Yet I pray wyl / on eysl ye ne take
That it is short / whiche I to wyl wryte
I datt not ther / I am wyl letters make
Ole never / yet couthe I wyls endynt
Eke grete effect / men wryte in place lyte
Exentent is al / & not the letters space
And farith nolb wyl god haue you in his gracie

Troylus this letter thought al straunge
Wher he it salbe/and seton fuly he syght
Hym thought it a skalendys of chaunge
But synally he ful ne trowden myght
That she ne wold hold hym that she syght
For wifful eyyl wylle/lyst hym to leue
That fourth wile in sucht mās thouȝ hym grieue

But nethelesse men seyn that at the last
For ony thyng/men shuln the sooth see
And sucht a mās betyd/and that as first
That Troylus wile understood that she
Was not so kynde/as hym ought to be
And synally he wote nōb oute of doute
That al is lost/that he hath ben aboute

Wrod on a day/m his melanchye
This Troylus/and m suspect youn
Of hym / for whome he wende for to dre
And soo byfel that thurgh Erre Toll ne
As was the gyse/bore was Up / & doun
A maner cote armure/as seyth the stori
By fore Depylius in sygne of Vperty

The whiche Cote/as seyth Lollus
Depylius had rent from Dymede
The same day/and/ when this Troylus
Set salbe he gan to take of it he de
Aunsyng on the lenghe/ & of the hede
And al the werk / as he gan byfylde
Hul sodenly his herte gan to coldy

As se that on the coler fonda wifhim
A broche that he Ceseyd wate at mārolle
That she from Troy must medes wypnne
In remembrance of hym / & of his swosse
And she hym seyd her fift ageyn to wrolle
To kepe it/lut nōb ful wile he wylle
His lady was no lenger for to tryst

He goth hym home/ and han ful scene hi sende
For Pandarus/ & al this nelli chaunte
And of his brok/ hi told hym wordz & ende
Compleynnyng of hys hertes beryaunce
His long loue/his trouthes & his penaunce
And after deth he withoute wordes more
Hul fast he cryed his rest hym to restore

Thin speake hi thus/O lady Eryght Cresyde
Wher is youre syth/Wheire is youre syght
Wher is your loue Wheire is your trouth hi seide
O Dyomedes/hauie ye nold al this fest
Alas I wold haue trowed at the lse
That syth ye nold trowe to me stonde
That thus ye nold haue hold me in honde

Who shal nold trowe ony othes moo
Alas I wold never haue wende or this
That y Cresyde couthe haue chaunged so
Not but I had a gyft/ or done amys
So cruel wende I not youre herte ywys
To slee me thus/ alas your name of trouth
Is nold fordone/ & that is al my trouth

Was therre none other brok/ ye lyf to lke
To fese with youre nelli & lie quod hi
But thysk brok/ that I with tress weete
Yolb yafe/ as for a remembraunce of me
None other cause alas ne haddeyn ye
But for despys/ & cle for that ye ment
Al vterly to shewre youre entent

Through whiche I see clene out of your mynde
Ye haue me cast/ and I ne can ne may
For al this worldy wthyn myn herte fynde
To vnboue yolb a quatter of a day
In cursyd tyme I borne was wel alway
That ye that doo me al this vbo endure
Yet loue I leste of ony creature

Nold god quod he yet sendy me that grace
That I may mete with this Dyomed
And trelbely yf I haue myght and space
Yet shal I make I hope his sydes bled
O god quod he that oughtest taken he de
To further trouthe / & wronges to punyce
Why nyl thold doo a vengeaunce of this vpe

O Pandare that in dremes for to tryse
Me shamed hast / & ofte me vþ creyde
Nold mayst thold see thy self yf that thold list
Hold trelbe is nold thy next creyght & creyde
In sondry fourmes god it wote he seyde
The goddes shelbe / bothe ioye & tene
In slepe / andy he my dreme it is sene

And certaynly withoute more speche
Form hem forth as ferforth as I may
Myn owne dethe in armes bylle I seid
I retke not hold soone le the dave
But trelbely Creyde swete may
Whome I haue ay with al my myght y scayd
That ye thus doo / I haue it not desayd

This Pandaris that al these thynges seyd
Andy bylyst welle / he sayd a sooth of this
He not a woldy to hym ageyne answeyd
For sory of his frendes / sorwe he is
Andy shamed for his next haid done amys
Andy stood asteiryd of these causes tibey
As stiffe as stone / a wold couthe he not not sey

But at the last thus he spak / & seyde
My brother dere I may doo the no more
What shold I say / I hitte yllys Creyde
And god wote I wyl haite hym cuermore
Andy that thou me bysoughtest done of yore
Hauyng vnto myn honoure / nor to my rest
Ryght no rebardi / I deed al that ye leste

If I dyd ought / that myght liken the
It is me leſt and of this trefor noln
God wot that it / a ſorethe is unto me
And dardes for ſterre eaſe of you
Right frpm wold I it amende / blis I haue
And two thye woldy almyghty godz I haue
Despere hpt ſone I can no more ſay

Cret was the ſowle & the playnre of twilue
But forth his cours of fortune gan to hold
Enſide burch ſo the ſone of tydus
And twylus moſt wept in care & colde
Huck is the wold who ſo can beholde
In eche reaſon is hit ſterre wre
God lete he take it al for the beſte

In many cruel batayle out of dñe
Of twylus this yle noble knyght
As men may in thiſe old bookeſ reſe
Was ſeen his knyghtyde & his gret myght
And dardes his pit dyp andy myght
Full cruytly the gretpe ay abouȝt
And alwey moſt thiſ diomedē he ſouȝt

And ofte tyme I fynde that they mete
With hody ſtukces & with wordes gret
Aſſayeng hou their ſpors weor I leſte
And god wot with many a cruel ſte
Can twylus vpon his ſonne to ſte
But netheleſe fortune / it not ne wold
Of other hand that eyther dyre ſhuld

And yf I had taken ſor to myȝt
The armes of thiſ yle worthy man
Then wold I of hiſ batayles endyȝt
But for that I to myȝt it first began
Of hiſ ſone I haue ſayd as I can
His worthy dede who ſo leſt hem ſte
Rede dares he can tolle hem al in ſte

Wysechynge every lady byghe of helpe
And every gentylwoman what she be
That al be that Cresende was Untrue
That for that glyt ye be not broth with me
Ye may byt glyt in other weles see
And gladsyng I wold write of yow leste
Penelope's trouthe and good Alcest

He I say not this as onyl for this men
But moost for wyvmen that betayed be
Through hilis folk god reue hem sowle amen
That with theire gret wordes & subtylyte
Wyttayeth yow & this nolle meueth me
To speke & in effect al yow I prep
Wyth wate of men & wraken what I say

Goo lytel book goo lytel Tregedye
That god thy maker yet or that I die
So sende me myght to make somme comedye
But lytel book make thow none enye
But subgryfe thou unto al Poche
And kyssis h strewes wiste as thow seest spax
Of Vryggle Cupid Domest Lukan & stax

And for ther is so gret dypersate
In Englysshe & myghtyng of oure tonge
Hoo pray to god that none myslipyte the
Ne the mysmetere for defaute of tonge
And wdy wiste so thow be or elles songe
That thow be understande god I buseche
But yet to purpos of my rather speche

The warhe as I began yow for to seye
Of Troylus hold the gretes weight deere
For thousandys of his fannes dyd he dye
No he that was without ony pate
Sane Hector in his tyme as I can seye
But wile albes sauft onyl goddes wyle
Dysportously hym swolbe the heros Achylle

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And when that he was slayn in this manere
His lyght geoste/ful blyssfullie is went
Unto the holibnes of the lyght spere
In his place leynynge eth element
And therer he salve with ful aduysement
How he was slayne/ alas al to rathe
The folke of Ioye to moche harme & shathe

And dounen from thens spere he gan aduysse
This spetl spot of erthe/that with the see
Enbraeþi is/ & fulli gan despysse
This wretchedy world/ & helle it hanþe
To respect of that pleyng felþeyte
That is in heuene aboue/ & at the last
There he was slayn/his laking dounen he cast

And in hym self he leigh ryght at the woo
On hym that heþen for his dede so first
And dampnen al ourt werles that folwen so
The blynde lust/whiche that may not last
And shold al ourt his dede to heuene cast
Holle forth/ he went shorly for to tell
There as Mercuriþ setþyd hym to dwelle

Suche syne bath wo/this Ioye lus for lone
Suche syne his lone/suche syne his noblesse
Suche syne hath his estate that aboue
Suche syne bath woldes wrothynesse
Suche syne bath al his gret wrothynesse
And thus lygan his kynge of Cressyd
No. I hine woldy/ andy in this woyse he dyde

O yong frende folkes/be or she
In whiche that leue vp growþþ with your age
Repayret home from woldely hanþe
Andy of youre ferre vp casteth the wylde
To thysk lord/that after his ymage
Holle made/andy thynketh al is but a fayre
This woldy that passyth lone/ as floures faire

And louyth hym whiche that ryght for loue
Upon a crosse oure soules for to brye
Fyrst scarf z wose/ z syth in suene aboue
For he wyl fale no wyght dore I seye
That wyl his herte as haly on hym leye
And sothe/ he best is to loue/ and moose melle
What nedeth fyned/ loue herte for to seke

Loo here of paynemis cursyd oldi rytes
Loo here what al theyr goddes may auayle
Loo here these woldes wretched apperayles
Loo here the syne z querdon for traunayle
Of loue Apollos/ of mares/ such rascayle
Loo here the forme of old clerkes speche
In wretche/ of ye theyr wokes seche

O moral Golver this boke I drite
To the and to the phylsorhical stude
To touchsauf there nedis to correct
And of poure lernynghytes/ and yelpe good
And to that sothfist/ Criste that scarf on wole
Wesh al myn herte of mercy I prep
And to the lorde ryght thus I speke z sye

Thou one andi ilwo/ andi the etern al lye
That regnest ay in the ilwo andi one
Inaccumscirt/ z al mayste circumscirt
We from hysyble and mynysyble soon
Defende z to thy mercy euerchond
So make we Ihesu for thy mercy digne
For loue of mayden/ z moder thyngyngne

Herte endith Ieophas/ ac wuchynge Cusseyde

Expiat per Layton